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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XXX.

WHEN Roger Carey awoke the next morning, he did not, for a moment, understand the void of dismay in his mind.

Then it all cleared, and his intolerable self-knowledge surged back upon him. Like some insulting hand, his shame struck him again and again in the face, while, with set teeth biting through a cigar which he had forgotten to light, he moved about the room, getting his things together for his departure.

For of course he was going away. There was nothing else for him to do, — nothing except to write the letter which must be sent up the hill. The brutality of such a course made him shiver; but what else could he do?

He looked at his watch to see how much time he had before the stage went, and discovered with dismay that it had gone. Under his breath he cursed his luck. To lose the stage meant that he could not leave Old Chester until afternoon, unless, by good fortune, he could hire a vehicle, and a driver willing to face the heavy rain which had begun to fall since dawn.

Here he was, in this primitive little tavern, pulled every moment by soft, invisible cords, in the midst of surroundings which stabbed him at every glance, with the steady rain shutting out the river and the hills, but revealing the dreary street, the drearier barnyard; how could he endure it until four o'clock?

Suppose he should see Lyssie? She did not mind the rain, he remembered.

"I'll walk before I stay here till four!" he said to himself; and then he drew a small, painted pine table up to the window, and sat down, a sheet of the tavern note paper and a bottle of watery ink before him.

He must write that letter even before he sought for means to escape from Old Chester.

He thrust his hands down into his pockets, and stretched his feet out under the table, and stared at the blue wool mat on the bureau. Then he lifted his pen, looked at it critically, and put it down with a fling. "My God!" he said.

It was hideously ludicrous, the incongruousness of the words she had heard him speak the night before with those which he was about to write on this thin bluish sheet ruled in pink lines, with a picture in the upper left-hand corner of a bird sitting on a fence rail.

He put his hands in his pockets again, and looked out at two dripping hens who had sought shelter under an empty cart. The rain fell with an increasing pour. The spout from the eaves above his window gurgled and chuckled, and there was a gush of water into the pebbly gutter below. "And of course I haven't an umbrella," he thought, absently. "Curse this rain!" He took up the pen and stabbed it into the ink bottle; then he looked out of the window again. He felt a sullen envy of

a hostler, who, his hands in his pockets, stood chewing a straw at the stable door; suddenly the man buttoned up his jacket, bent his head against the rain, and went running across the yard to the house, to sit for the rest of the idle morning, with steaming clothes, by the kitchen fire. If that red-faced, good-humored fellow caught one of the plump maidservants about the waist and gave her a smacking kiss, once in a while, it was as natural as eating, and just as unmoral. "What a row we make about nothing!" Roger thought, looking with savage resentment at the blank sheet of paper.

A dog, with a dripping coat, trotted across the overflowing wheel ruts of the road. A sulky came jogging down the street, and drew up before the tavern door.

The recollection of the last rainy day when he had seen Dr. Lavendar's sulky pierced Roger Carey's heart; he got up impetuously, nearly overturning the table, and flung himself away from the window. So it happened that he did not see the old clergyman emerge from under the streaming rubber apron, or hear him say, "What, upstairs? I'll just come in, then, for a minute."

But that stab of memory, that vision of the fresh and wholesome past, — the rainy day, the old clergyman and his little blind horse, and — and Lyssie, — made the sheet of thin paper, and the words of renunciation which he was arranging in his mind, seem melodramatic and disgusting. After all, he had been a fool; that was the amount of it. "There's no use palavering!" he told himself. He pulled out one of his cards, and wrote on it, with that fierce haste which fears to be overtaken by a change of mind, "I must not see you again. Forgive me if you can. But I will never see you again."

He loathed himself; he said between his teeth that he was a brute and a coward; but he slipped the card into an envelope and sealed it, pounding it with his

fist until the little table shook. He did not hear Dr. Lavendar's step upon the stairs, and leaped back, as though detected in some shameful deed, when, under a thundering rap, the door flew open with such suddenness that the old clergyman pitched forward into the room.

"Dear me!" said Dr. Lavendar, "I thought that door was shut! Well, sir, this is first rate." His face beamed with pleasure. "Van Horn told me you were up here, and I thought he'd lost his wits. But I never heard better news, sir. Come, now! the boy's writing a sonnet to her eyebrow. Well, that's right, that's right. Young things will have their quarrels, being young. But they make up, when they're good for anything. They kiss and are friends, as the children say. Well, sir, have you kissed?"

"It's very good in you to hunt me up," Roger stammered. "I'm just packing, just leaving. I" —

"What!" interrupted Dr. Lavendar, sobering. "You don't mean that little Lyssie would n't?" He unbuttoned his great-coat, on which the mist stood in fine drops, and sat down on one of the lean, unsteady chairs. "She's a most superior young woman, sir!"

Rogermurmured an assent. He looked desperately about the room for means of escape.

"Most superior; and therefore, if she would n't kiss, it's because you did n't go about it in the right way. Now, I tell you, young man, it don't do to be proud. Tell her you were a fool! Of course you were?"

"Oh yes, yes."

"And ask her to forgive you, like a man, sir!"

"You're very good, I'm sure," Roger said hurriedly, "but I came down here on business. I have not seen — Miss Drayton. Mrs. Philip Shore wished some advice; legal advice." His voice shrank, and fell; but Dr. Lavendar did not notice it.

"Oh, is that all? Not but what I'm glad for you to try and bring those two mad people to their senses; but I hoped — I would n't have spoken if I had n't supposed you had come down on — another matter."

"Do you think I can hire anybody to drive me over to Mercer in this storm, Dr. Lavendar?" Roger said, shutting his portmanteau with a snap, his back to his guest.

"Oh, don't hurry," commanded the other. "Now you're here, stay over till the afternoon. Perhaps you can make it worth your while!" he insisted with vast significance, his eyes twinkling very much, and feeling himself to be exceedingly subtle.

"I'm obliged to be back in town tomorrow, thank you," Roger answered stiffly.

Dr. Lavendar sighed. "Well; tell me about Philip, then. Could you persuade Cecil to go back to him?"

"I hope she will," answered Roger Carey; behind his shut teeth he was swearing softly. "I'm afraid I'll have to leave you now, sir. I've got to go down and see Van Horn, and get him to hunt up some sort of conveyance for me."

Dr. Lavendar was silent. He got up from his chair and tramped over to the window, and stood staring out at the steady downpour; then he turned around. "Look here, my boy. *Don't.*"

"Don't what?"

"Go away without seeing her."

"My dear Dr. Lavendar, it's perfectly impossible! You don't understand. It was all my fault."

"Why, then go and tell her it was your fault!" The old sentimentalist came and put his hand on the young man's shoulder. "My dear boy, you are young. I'm an old fellow, but I was young once, too. And I was a fool — just like you. We fell out, and I could n't make up my mind to eat humble pie. Well, she married somebody else. And

every tear that girl shed — and she shed enough of 'em! — was my fault. Don't you see? It was just because my wicked pride kept me from telling her I'd been a fool. Now don't you do that, Carey; don't you do it, boy!"

"Good Lord!" Roger burst out, and then begged pardon. "You are very kind, sir, but I must not intrude upon Miss Drayton."

"Well;" said the old man, and sighed. "I suppose you know your own business. I won't say anything more. I hope I have n't offended you? But you're wrong, you're wrong."

"Yes, I'm wrong."

Dr. Lavendar looked as though he would like to make one more plea; but he closed his lips, and silently followed Roger downstairs. He heard him arrange for a carriage, and watched him give a note to the landlord, with instructions to have it sent at once to Mrs. Shore. "These lawyers have no feelings," he thought indignantly, for Roger stood staring at the note, even after it was in Van Horn's hands, as though he could think of nothing else. "Absorbed in his everlasting legal quibbles, and that poor child crying her eyes out! Well, I don't know; I believe she's well rid of him!" He said good-by to Roger rather coldly.

"Joey is not showing intelligence in his choice," he thought, as he climbed into his gig, "but I'd rather have him have some heart than be as intelligent as this young man."

Dr. Lavendar was distinctly gentler to his brother, when, in all the rain, Mr. Joseph arrived by the morning stage. At dinner he told him of his talk with that cold-blooded young jackanapes, Carey, and he declared that Lyssie Drayton was well rid of him.

"Most superior girl; really intelligent," he said.

Mr. Joseph nodded, and agreed; but there was a look of absent melancholy in his mild face. Joseph Lavendar had

had a blow ; he had learned, beyond any shadow of doubt, the particulars of the late Mr. Pendleton's will.

The information had come to him casually, but it was not the less deadly. Coming down from Mercer, a passenger on the coach announced himself as the man of business of a lady who resided in the charming village of Old Chester, — a Mrs. Pendleton. Did his fellow-traveler chance to know her? He had to get her signature to some papers, he said, and he had come to Old Chester for that purpose. Then, with a generosity ill befitting a man of business, he gossiped most entertainingly about his employer. Mr. Lavendar, thirsting for one particular bit of information, tried, faintly, to stop him, but held his breath at the reference to "Pendleton" and his will. "If she marries, she loses every cent. But I guess she won't marry. That kind of thing works both ways: it keeps the widow from marrying a poor man, and it keeps a rich man from marrying her," and the man of business laughed very much.

Mr. Joseph felt sore and bewildered. He thought that it would be generous to tell James this melancholy news; James would be so relieved to hear it. But he could not, just yet. He must think it over a little longer. He thought about it all that afternoon. It was in his mind when he climbed listlessly into the organ loft for the choir-practicing.

Feeling that blank which comes to a man deprived of an interest, — a blank which may easily be mistaken for grief, it was a relief to him that Mrs. Pendleton was not present. "She's afraid of the rain, I suppose," said Susan Carr, with a curl of her lip. It seemed to Mr. Lavendar that Susan Carr's voice, of late so unsympathetic, was kinder; so he could not help being kinder himself, and resolving to overlook that officiousness which had so annoyed him. He told her, while they picked out the voluntary, several bits of news, and he asked her advice

about a new chant with all his old simple friendliness.

Miss Susan answered politely, but somewhat at random; in fact, they were both preoccupied. "James will be glad," Mr. Lavendar was saying to himself, sadly; and Susan Carr, her cheeks hot, her eyes happy, was thinking that Mr. Joseph would walk home with her, as Mrs. Pendleton was not there. "I ought to have arranged something so that he should n't have such an opportunity," Susan Carr said to herself, severely, her eyes shining with content.

The practicing had never seemed so long. When it was over, Lyssie hurried out into the rain, and Mr. Tommy ran after her, to beg to hold his umbrella over her head; but Miss Susan found several things to detain her.

She picked up two Prayer Books from the floor, and said that it was a bad day. She wished that she knew how to say to Joseph that she was sorry she had been disagreeable; then, if he *should* press it again — At that a sudden fear touched her like a cold finger: suppose he should not press it? Suppose her systematic snubbing had discouraged him so that he was not able to recognize her contrition? Susan Carr drew in her breath and set her white teeth on her lip, and said to herself that she was not a silly girl, but a middle-aged woman; she and Joseph had known each other all their lives, and if he did not understand, if he should be afraid to speak, why, then, she must just say — something friendly!

"I wish it was n't raining so hard," she announced, in a fluttered voice, listening to the persistent sweep of the rain on the roof.

Mr. Joseph agreed absently. The trouble in his face brought a remorseful mist into Susan Carr's eyes. Oh, how unhappy she had made him! Well, it should stop now; yes, if she had to say plump out, "Joseph, I was a fool. I did n't know my own mind. But I do now. And — and" —

Miss Susan beat the two Prayer Books together, and said, tremulously, that they were shamefully dusty. "I think your touch grows finer every year, Mr. Joseph," she continued, with much agitation for so simple a remark.

"You're very good to say so, ma'am," he answered, with a melancholy air, shaking some loose sheets of music evenly together on his brown broadcloth knees.

"I don't know what St. John's would do without you. I've often been afraid you would have an offer from some great city church." She bent down to put on her overshoes, and her voice was muffled and breathless.

Mr. Lavendar shook his head. "You're very good. I don't know; sometimes I've thought it might be well to stay away for a while."

"Oh no!" she burst out, stamping down into her rubbers, her face scarlet; "no, indeed, Mr. Joseph."

Mr. Joseph did not insist; he sighed, and peered over the rail of the loft down into the church.

"How early it gets dark now! It seems to me that when I was a boy it did n't get dark so early in the afternoon in November." Then he opened the loft door politely, and Miss Susan started down the narrow circular flight of stairs. Her breath came fast; she stopped abruptly by the narrow window, where, through the mat of ivy stems, the gray light struggled in.

"We'd better shut this," she said, pulling at the cord of the little swinging sash. It was quite dark here on the stairs, and Joseph was behind her.

"Mr. Joseph, I've been wanting to say to you — I've been wanting to tell you, that I've thought over — what you tried to tell me. Oh — you know?" she ended faintly, tying down the window cord in a series of bewildering knots.

She could say no more. The tears were in her eyes from the effort of her words. Joseph Lavendar was quick to

feel the frankness of her repentance for her hardness.

"You are just as kind as you can be, Miss Susan," he said, looking down at the top of her bonnet from his height of three stairs above her, "but I had n't any right to trouble you in the first place."

"Oh yes, yes, you had! and I did appreciate it. I felt it was a great honor; only, I had never thought of such a thing, and — and it did n't seem right."

"I quite understand, ma'am," he said, the wrinkles deepening on his high forehead. He felt no bitterness, even though Susan Carr put into words his own scruple. Her sincere friendliness was too apparent for offense. "No, it was n't right; and you were kind to try to hold me back. And I realize myself that I'm a poor man. I've only my small earnings. I had no right to ask" —

She turned around quickly and looked up at him; even in the dusk he could see that her straightforward eyes were full of tears, and there was a deeper color on her cheeks. She made a quick gesture. "Oh, how could you think such a thing? I never thought about money! It was — Donald. And I did n't know my own mind. But I do — now." Then, with great energy, she tied another knot in the window cord, and went on down the little dark winding stairs.

Joseph Lavendar, with his mouth open, looked after her. He grew pale, and then red. He said something under his breath, violently, and turned, with two skipping steps, as though to flee for shelter back to the organ loft. Then he stood still, palpitating.

"Miss Susan!" he called faintly, and went stumbling after her. "Miss Susan, I'm afraid you — I'm afraid there's some misunderstanding; you are so kind — I'm afraid" —

"No," she said boldly, smiling, but with her eyes full of tears. "no; it's only that I know my own mind now. I did n't let you speak because I thought

I could n't return it. But now I know my own mind. And so — I've told you. It is n't as if we were young things. We are such matter-of-fact, middle-aged people, not two young things — I thought I could tell you?"

Joseph Lavendar gasped; he rubbed his hands together, and opened and closed his lips.

All Susan Carr's strength and force had melted into shyness. "I hope you did n't think I was forward," she murmured.

Mr. Lavendar swallowed once; then his face grew very gentle and noble. "Take my arm, my dear Susan," he said. "I hope I may be worthy of the honor you have done me."

XXXI.

All that day the rain fell steadily. Roger Carey, his face bent against the wind, driving in an open wagon across the hills, was following in his mind, with deadly humiliation, his letter to his friend's wife. In imagination, he saw John receiving it at the door; carrying it upstairs on his tray; fingering it, perhaps, with the supercilious curiosity of his kind, but handing it to his mistress with his usual immobility. Probably she would be in that very room where — Roger's hands tightened upon the reins, and his teeth set.

Well, she would take it; open it, perhaps with that silver dagger on her desk; read it! He reached forward for the whip, and struck the horse viciously. "This confounded beast never goes out of a walk," he told the boy on the seat beside him.

Yes; she would read it; he tried to remember what he had said: —

"*I must not see you again. Forgive me if you can. But I will never*" — Was it "will never" or "must never," in that last sentence? Why had he not made some excuse? "Unexpectedly

summoned to town — will write" — Anything, rather than that confession of fright, and shame, and remorse. For the moment, all his self-loathing was concentrated on his *gaucherie*: —

"*I must not see you again. Forgive*" — "Good Lord!" groaned the young man; and the boy beside him said, "Sur?"

"I could walk faster than this brute!" his fare told him, angrily.

But the note did not reach its destination quite as early as it should have done. Van Horn said it was a shame to send a "human critter" out in such a rain just for a letter; he would wait till he saw some one driving up that way. He waited until nearly noon; then John came down to the post office for the morning mail, and stopped at the tavern for a chat, and there was Van Horn's opportunity. Mr. Carey's dollar for immediate delivery went towards paying for the extra oil which that young man had burned. "Fer I give you my word," said Van Horn in confidence to John, "that young feller burned the lamp all night; it was burning there this morning when my wife went in to red up after him."

So it happened that when Cecil Shore read Roger's card, twelve hours had passed since, with that terror-stricken look, he had left her; twelve hours of reality. When she heard the door bang behind him, it was like some frightful awakening; she stood, gasping, staring about the empty room; then sank down, cowering, and hiding her face. She shut her eyes, quivering and crouching, as though she still felt the storm of his presence. He loved her! And he had gone — at such a moment! Her heart rose in passionate exultation at his strength. But he loved her. "When I am free! When I am free!" she repeated in a whisper.

She got up, and walked hurriedly up and down, her breath broken, the tears wet upon her face.

"I love him!" she said to herself, and covered her face with her hands; then, standing still, swaying back and forth, she burst suddenly into dreadful crying.

"*I love him,*" she said again.

As she spoke, her eyes fell on some little scraps of paper which he had torn with nervous fingers as he talked to her; and she stooped over and brushed them into her hand and kissed them, — once, twice. Then she stood still, trembling for a moment, before, with violent haste, she went to the window and flung it open. As she leaned out, the cold air struck on her neck and face, and the spasm in her throat stopped; it had seemed as if she could not breathe. Touched, for the first time in her life, by the great Human Experience, her whole body answered to the summons of the soul.

But she had no consciousness of morality, she had no thought of self; she had forgotten that she was Philip's wife; or that Roger had been Alicia's lover.

A great experience transcends morality, because it bursts the shell of personality; and in the empty moment which follows it identity seems lost, swept out on the surge of those eternal currents we call Life. At such a moment a soul knows all things but itself; it apprehends the knowledge of beasts, it feels the thrill of the stars shining; it understands the color of crimson in the sun; it is acquainted with grief; maternity belongs to it, and death. It is a moment of terror and magnificence; it is the moment of Moses on Sinai; but whether it be for good or evil, only that discarded personality can say.

When Cecil drew back and shut the window, her face had curiously changed. Living was stamped upon it. Eagerness, fear, desire, all those emotions from which her satisfied life had shut her out, began to dawn and deepen in it. She paced up and down, her lips tightened upon each other; but her eyes softening, and glowing, and dimming. She had

decided swiftly not to see him in the morning; she, too, would be strong. No; they must both wait: "and he must have nothing to do with the case," she thought; "we must not speak, we must not look, until I am free! He said, 'when you are free!' Oh, how few men could have turned back when he did!" An adoring tenderness shone in her eyes; she smiled, her lip quivering, as she stood looking over at the spot where he had repulsed her.

She watched the dawn come cold over the hills; the candles in the sconces sputtered and guttered, and went out, and the lamps burned with a sickly light. She walked softly about her room: "He stood there. He looked at that picture. He touched this book." But over and over she came back to that one moment of renunciation when he had left her, — when it seemed as though he dragged her heart out of her body. She wanted to protest, to demand, to compel; but instead, she exulted.

And so the morning broke, gray with sweeping rain; the wind rumbled sometimes in the chimney, and a chill crept into the room, for the fire had burned out.

"He will be here soon," she thought, a deep color burning in her face, and her breath quickening. She would hear his voice asking for her; hear him being sent away. Well, thank Heaven, he would understand; he would even care more for her because she would not see him; because she would meet him on his own level! For, with this first appreciation of anything but herself, such mere decency of life seemed high to this poor soul.

She had had her coffee, and put on a charming gown of some soft silk; her face was full of delicate color. Though she did not mean to see him, she felt the impulse to be beautiful just because he would come and stand in the doorway downstairs, even though it was only to be told that he must go away.

And so she waited.

The day darkened as the morning passed; the rain shut her in upon the passionate centre of herself.

But it was curious that he did not come.

Somehow or other, the morning wore on. Molly clamored at the door, and came in to play with her paper dolls on the rug before the fire. The cook wanted instructions for dinner; Cecil gave them carefully, speculating a little as to whether a certain white soup could be made with this sort of stock or that; she stopped once abruptly, as she was speaking, and listened. Then she said dully, "Yes, try it, Jane; but don't put in too much wine;" and listened again.

By noon she had begun to pace up and down, up and down. She sent Molly away, telling her sharply that she was a perfect nuisance with her dolls. She stood with her hands behind her at the window; her mouth rigid, her eyes troubled and wandering.

Very likely he had gone back to town at once. How like him! how superb in him! But he ought to have sent a line; and, though he might have known she would not see him, it would only have been civil to come — under the circumstances.

At noon his note came. She grew white as she read it, and sat down, trembling. Then she dashed it from her, and flew to the door, bolting it and clinging to the doorknob, her teeth grinding down upon her lip, her eyes furious.

"So: it was an insult."

The color surged into her face, and left it white again. She raged back and forth across her room, breathing hard.

"How dared he!" Her hands gripped and twisted upon each other as though they would tear the life from the throat of the man who had kissed them, and kissed them.

He had *dared* — and then gone!

"The insult, the insult, the insult!"

She was suffocated by hate. Standing

with clenched hands, she ground her heel into the floor. "I wish it were his face!" she whispered, quivering all over. The card was lying where she had thrown it on the rug before the fire. "I despise him!" she said, and stooped to pick it up, crumpling it furiously in her hand.

Then, suddenly, she carried it to her lips, and burst into tears.

"Oh, why do I love him, when I hate him so?"

.

It was late in the afternoon that, very curiously, she went and looked in the glass. She sat before her dressing-table for a long time, leaning forward, staring into the mirror with miserable, hopeless eyes. It was as though her soul looked out of the windows of its prison. Yet it was only now that she had recognized that it was a prison, this ruthless body of hers that dragged her into all its dreadful delights; this body, with its love of sloth, its sensual droop of the lip, its cruel indifference to anything but itself.

"No; I shall never be good," she said aloud. "I'll get over this in a week, and I shall see how amusing it is."

The consciousness of this ultimateness of the environment of the body is very horrible. Some time in our lives every man and woman of us, putting out our hands towards the stars, touches on either side our prison walls, the immutable limitations of temperament. "I can never be good," she said hopelessly, watching her heavy, tear-stained face in the mirror; "and perhaps I should n't like it if I were. No, I'll get over this, and then I'll want to *kill* him! — I know."

But she was wrong. Cecil Shore's was not one of those fluid souls which slip, quicksilver-like, between the fingers of circumstances, returning always to the unimpressionable sphere of self. This experience was moulding her as molten steel is moulded. She would never think of it with amusement; she would always be a better woman, no matter how bad

she might become, because of this one shuddering glimpse of righteousness.

She held the crumpled card in her hand, and looked at it now and then. "*I must not see you again. Forgive me if you can. I will never see you again.*"

"He does n't care," she said to herself; "it was n't love. What must he think of me?" Her face scorched under the slow tears; she could not bear the shame of it; and yet — and yet —

"I'm not good enough for him," she thought piteously. "I was wicked. He belonged to Lyssie. I was wicked." She groaned as she spoke. The soul is not born without agony; this beginning of the moral consciousness knew the throes of birth.

He had told her that she was not good enough to take care of her own child. Well, he was right. She saw herself in Europe, living the lazy, easy, suffocating life that she loved. He was right; such a life would be dreadful for Molly; it meant meanness, selfishness, unrestrained impulses, sloth; it meant all that intellectual enjoyment of materialism which is a sensuality of the mind. But it could not be helped, unless — unless she gave Molly up.

"If I have her, she will be as bad as I am," she thought dully. She wished passionately that she were dead, so that Molly would be safe.

"Oh, she ought not to be with me," she said, with a wail. "I'm no woman to be trusted with a child; he said so. He was right. He knows what my life is."

Molly ought not to know such a life; Molly ought to be good.

"Not like me! Not like me!" she said, dropping her head down on her arms crossed upon the dressing-table.

It was nearly a week later that she wrote to him: —

"Of course I did not take you seriously; nor you me, I hope. So go back to Lyssie — some time. For me, I'm go-

ing away. Perhaps you are right about Molly. Anyhow, I shall leave her with her father. I hope he will give an occasional thought to her soul, in intervals of saving his own. Will you tell him so from me? I will never see him again; nor you. Well, this is the end; is n't it all queer? C."

XXXII.

"Shore, are you at liberty? I want to see you."

Philip put down his pen, and stretched out his hand. "Why, hello, Carey! Look out, don't tumble over that waste basket. It's so dark in here, I did n't know you for a minute."

The afternoon dusk was rising like a tide in the small office, and the pale sunshine was climbing the wall to escape it; climbing the wall, creeping across the papers on Philip Shore's desk, breaking into rippling shadows on the ceiling, as a flag on an opposite building blew taut and strong, or swerved and clung to its mast, and then whipped out again in the high wind.

"You are just the man I wanted to see," Philip said. "I did n't know you were in town."

"I'm not. At least, I only came this moment. I was in Old Chester last week; and I've come now to see you."

"Ah," said Philip. "Well?" His caller, it appeared, was his wife's legal adviser, rather than his old friend or Lyssie's lover, — he had not heard of the broken engagement; so with some formality he offered Roger a chair, and braced himself for a conflict of words about the situation. He had expected a fierce and friendly remonstrance, such as this which he thought he saw in Roger's eyes, before Carey should assume his professional character, and betake himself to the attorney in whose hands Philip had placed his affairs; or rather, to whom he had stated his position and his wishes about Molly. For Philip, having given

up the management of his wife's money, had in fact no "affairs" of his own. Indeed, when Roger entered, he had been engaged in adding up columns of figures, and subtracting the smallest possible living expenses from the sum total of his probable assets, and he was aware of that curious mixture of poignant anxiety and absurd humor which can be felt only by the man who, never having known the necessity of work, finds suddenly that if he does not work, neither may he eat.

"I can't even be a brick-layer. I've had no experience," he thought, morosely amused. He had meant to consult Roger Carey, for the fact that Cecil had put her business matters in his hands had no bearing, in Philip's mind, upon their friendship. But in the younger man's set face, as he stood beside his desk, Philip instantly read the impossibility of this.

"Well?" he said, curtly, again.

"I've come to see you on — Mrs. Shore's behalf."

"So I supposed. I knew that she had asked you to look after her affairs. I'm very glad of it, Carey."

Roger sat down, bending his stick across his knees in a fierce, unconscious grip; his face was pale, and had in it a suggestion of struggle, — a struggle which had burned something out of it, and left it strangely refined, but almost haggard.

Philip said, impulsively, "Are you under the weather, old man?"

Roger did not even notice the question; his hands tightened upon his stick until the knuckles whitened.

"I'm not here in any professional way" —

"My dear fellow, that is the reason that I appreciate the professional part of it," Philip began warmly. "I know what your friendship is, and" —

"Yes. Well, never mind that; I've come to ask you to go back to her."

"What!"

"I want you to go back to your wife."

"Did she send you here with that message?" said Philip.

"She send me! Don't you know her better than that? No, I'm here on my own account. This plan of yours is so incredible to me that I — I can't believe it! You cannot be aware of what you are doing."

Philip sighed, and seemed to draw himself together. "We don't agree on this subject of divorce and separation, so what is the use of discussing it? Although I appreciate your motive in wishing to discuss it."

"You do, do you?"

A thread of anger in his voice made Philip look at him, but Roger went on, calmly: —

"No; of course there is no use in discussing your theories. I don't believe in divorce. I think I told you that some time ago. I — I still don't believe in it."

"So far as I am concerned, there should be no question of divorce in this matter," Philip said.

"I know; you want to separate. And I believe you put it on the ground of morality!"

"Absolutely," the other answered, with a surprised look. "Why, Carey, look here; put the personal equation out of this for a moment. What makes marriage? A priest's gibberish, or a legal decree, or the tyranny of public opinion, which holds a man and woman together who are separated in every thought and impulse and belief? They are husband and wife by a Law that transcends all these things; or else — they are not husband and wife!"

"If you don't mind, I'd rather not go into that kind of thing," Roger said. "The duties of a citizen, I can understand; but when you come to 'higher laws,' I'm all off. Common law's good enough for me. But what I'm here for is not to discuss the abstract; it is to ask you to go back to your wife."

"Apparently you are not speaking for Mrs. Shore," Philip answered, frowning; "and as we don't agree as to the

principle, what's the use of talking about it?"

Roger was silent for a moment; then he said quietly, "I have a message for you, Philip, from — your wife. She is going abroad (unless I can persuade you to prevent it), and she has decided to leave Molly with you."

Philip Shore half rose. "Leave Molly?" he repeated, in a dazed way.

"Yes."

"I don't understand. She told Woodhouse — I thought she meant to bring suit, and get possession of the child? Carey, what do you mean?"

"What I say. If this theory of yours is carried out, and she goes away, she proposes to leave Molly with you. She has also given me certain instructions as to money matters in relation to Molly. But I don't want to go into that now. I hope it may never be necessary to go into it. I hope you will go back to her."

Philip's face was sunk in his hands; he was silent for several moments. Then, in a low voice, "What are Mrs. Shore's reasons for this decision?"

"Do you think," answered the other, "that you have any right to ask Mrs. Shore's reasons?"

Philip got up and went over to the fireplace; he leaned his forehead upon his arm along the mantelpiece, and looked down at a little fire that was shrinking and creeping back into the narrow grate. Roger watched him silently.

"No; I've no right to ask her reasons."

"I suppose," said the younger man, in a hard voice, "that you are perfectly willing to let your wife make this sacrifice?"

Philip turned upon him savagely. "Is this a time to say whether it is agreeable to me to accept a sacrifice? I've got to think of Molly! You know she ought not to be with her mother."

"So you'll accept the sacrifice?" Roger insisted, with contempt that was like a blow.

"I accept my child!" said Philip

Shore hoarsely. "You can't understand this thing, Carey" —

"You're right. I can't."

— "But the humiliation to me of letting Cecil give up is not to be considered. Good God, do you suppose, if it were just *myself*, that I would let her do it?"

"I can't say, I'm sure. You're letting her do a good deal."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You are letting her take advantage of a theory which you consider essential to your personal integrity, whether it is for her welfare or not."

"It is for her welfare."

"Is that why you are doing it? I wonder if it has ever occurred to you that salvation can cost too dear!"

"I don't understand you," Philip answered impatiently.

"I mean that the pursuit of righteousness for personal ends is just a yielding to a spiritual appetite; and it may be as demoralizing and debauching as — as the yielding to a physical appetite!"

Roger Carey's stick broke suddenly across his knee; his hands trembled.

"Race regeneration begins with the individual," Philip began.

But Roger broke in with a sort of groan: "Who is going to be regenerated, in this case — beside yourself? That part of the race included in your immediate family? Your — your wife, for instance?"

Again in the darkening room a note in his voice made Philip stare at him.

"Let's look at the value of this sort of regeneration: suppose every man who got tired of his bargain" —

"Carey, you go too far!"

— "every man who thought the preservation of his own precious integrity depended on it, should throw over his wife" —

"What the devil is the matter with you?"

"I want to make an illustration," Roger said between his teeth. "Suppose he left his wife, feeling that the

honor of marriage and the salvation of his own soul depended on it,—you see, I am granting absolute integrity of purpose.”

The blood came up into Philip Shore's face as if at the touch of a whip lash.

“Of course,” Roger went on, “it is conceivable that the woman being left, some other man might be attracted; and—but I need n't go into all that. You see what possibilities it opens up?”

“Yes,” Philip agreed; “and why not?”

“Why not?” Roger stammered, recoiling. “Why, because public morals are to be considered!”

“Public morals will not suffer by private virtue,” Philip said contemptuously. “I maintain that a loveless marriage is n't a marriage. The question of absolute divorce is n't a question of re-marriage, but of marrying at all. The first relationship is n't marriage, it is legalized prostitution; but we are not ready, yet, to make the results of such a mistake permanent, so the right to marry righteously, decently, is necessary. It's a concession to human nature, I grant, but it's perfectly reasonable and proper, even though one may repudiate it for one's self.”

Roger said something under his breath, looking at Cecil Shore's husband with a sort of terror.

“Of course,” Philip went on, “I realize the possible abuses of freer divorce, but I do not believe such abuses are inherent in divorce. And beside, other people's weakness or wickedness does not affect individual duty.”

“There's no duty that makes other people either weak or wicked,” Roger burst out. “‘If meat cause my brother to offend, then will I eat no meat.’”

“My brother's offending is his own business. Beside, meat-eating is not a necessity. Purity, honor, decency even, are necessities.”

“Shore,” the other answered, his voice trembling, “hell might be a necessity, if

you went there to keep somebody else out; it's the old idea, to lose one's life for somebody else's sake is to find it. I can't talk religion, but that's the way it seems to me.”

He was profoundly agitated. He got up and walked over to the window, and stood looking through the glass grimed with the smoke from innumerable chimneys below; far off, beyond the crowding, huddling roofs covered with streaked and dirty snow, he could see a yellow line of sunset; his anger and his shame fighting for words left him silent. He came back and sat down again by Philip's desk.

“Shore, I'll take your motives for granted. I will believe that you believe in them; but go back, go back!”

Philip was silent for a moment; he watched Roger closely; then he said quietly, “There's no use prolonging this. You don't understand the situation. Mrs. Shore wishes to leave me.”

Then the rein broke. “You know the proposition was yours. For God's sake don't be a Jesuit; it's bad enough to be a saint! And you are willing to accept your freedom at any cost to her? You'd go over dead bodies or dead souls to save yourself! damn you, you're not worth saving!”

“You're mad, or else you're drunk. There's the door.”

“You'll listen to what I have to say first. The Lord knows I'm not anxious to talk to you, but you've got to listen,—and I've got to speak! What about your wife, if you leave her? and what about the fellow you dig a pit for when you send her out into the world?”

“Your words are an offense. You will speak with respect of Mrs. Shore in my presence or I'll put you out of it!”

The two men were standing. Philip was trembling with rage. Roger's hand was clenched on the edge of the desk; there was a solemn frown in his face which made it almost beautiful and strangely devoid of self. The sunset,

loitering and lifting on the wall, had been swallowed by the rising tide of gray, and the room was quite dark.

"You've got to hear, Philip," Roger said. Then, lifted far above self-consciousness, using, as it were, his own sin as an instrument of salvation, he leaned forward and touched him on the shoulder.

"*I love her.*"

There was no answer.

"Well, what's the matter? 'Why not?' as you said yourself. I love her. How do you like that? I held her in my arms. I held your wife in my arms. I — Keep back, keep back! You've no right to resent one word I've said! You throw her over, I take her" —

Philip's hands leaped at his throat. There was no resistance. Flung neck and crop like a dog out into the narrow entry, Roger Carey leaned, breathless and ghastly, against the whitewashed wall. His face was full of exultation; it was as though some mighty hand of justice and insolence and insult had wiped shame out of it.

XXXIII.

The grimy sunshine, lifting and lifting in Philip Shore's office in the city, resting on crowded roofs, gilding with sudden pallid glory the edge of a chimney, or striking a red shine on smoky windows, was lying in an ebbing tide of placid light on the white hills around Old Chester. It crept across Cecil Shore's leafless garden, and up the west front of the house, touching the closed shutters, and peering for a fading instant into the open doorway of the hall, where everything was confusion and haste.

"The stage and baggage wagon will be here at five," said Mrs. Shore, fastening her long glove as she came slowly downstairs. "Just see that everything is put on, John; then tell Jonas to drive down to the rectory for me. Come, Polly, come along with mamma."

"Will Eric come with John? Can't

he come to say good-by to Dr. Laven-dar, too? Shall we say good-by to aunt Lyssie and grandmamma over again?" Molly chattered, as they went down the steps.

"Come, hurry," Cecil said crossly. "What did you bring that dog for? He'll fight Danny." She looked down at the child running to keep up with her, and drew in her breath in a sob. Molly was full of questions: Where was father? What made the moon so thin? Had the sun bitten a piece out of it? Should they see father to-morrow in town?

"Do you want to see your father?" Cecil asked, her voice strained and harsh.

"I don't mind," Molly answered cheerfully. "I'd like to see Mr. Carey. He loves Eric."

"Is that why you like Mr. Carey?"

Molly shook her head, and took two little skipping steps. "I don't like him *very* much. He laughed at my tooth. I like father better. Don't you like father better? Mamma, when shall we go on the ship?"

They had come to the iron gates at the bottom of the garden, and Cecil lifted the great rusted latch; but when they closed behind her with a clang, she stopped, shivering, and looked back at the garden, leaning her forehead against the bars.

"I'd better say good-by to her here;" and she called the child, who had run on a little distance ahead. Yet when, with laggard obedience, Molly came, her mother only said, with a curious breathlessness, "Take mamma's hand. Don't run ahead that way. (No, I can't yet; I can't yet!)" she told herself.

As they walked down the lane in the gray twilight, she kept putting off those last words; she talked constantly, but so entirely at random that once Molly said, in a puzzled way, "But, mamma, you told me 'yes,' and now you tell me 'no.' I don't know *what* to do!"

"Molly, you will be a good girl?"

Cecil said feverishly, as though insisting upon something to herself. "You must be good. That's the main thing. Promise mamma you'll be good?"

Her voice frightened the child, whose face puckered into a sort of whimper. "I'm *not* a naughty girl!"

"Oh, I know, darling, I know! But promise mamma you'll try and be good. (I'll wait until I get to the rectory,") she thought, gripping the child's hand until Molly cried out, and pulled it away from her.

They came along the narrow path to the sunken door of the rectory. The shades were not down, and they had a glimpse of Dr. Lavendar sitting in his shabby dressing-gown by the hearth. The little dusky room was full of lurching firelight, brightening and fading, and brightening again. This was his free hour, and he was sitting by himself, his pipe between his lips, thinking of many things. With one hand he rubbed Danny's gray head, and the other was fumbling in the pocket of his dressing-gown with some uncut topazes. Once he pulled out a handful of them, and held them close to his eyes, gloating over them with the greatest satisfaction; then he thrust them deep down into his pocket again. He was trying to decide a matter of taste: was it better to preach on the New Jerusalem descending out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband, her walls of chalcedony, jacinth, amethyst, and jasper, the Sunday before Joey and Susan were married, or the Sunday after?

"That match," he was saying to himself, "was about as good a thing as I ever accomplished in my life!"

As they drew near the house, Cecil stopped and looked in at the tranquil scene. "I'll wait till I have spoken to Dr. Lavendar," she thought, shivering. "Molly," she said hoarsely, "give me a kiss before we go in." The street was deserted and nearly dark; no one saw her crush the child against her breast,

kissing her until Molly, out of breath, laughed and struggled, and tried to wriggle out of her arms.

("I'll say it the last thing; the last thing.) Oh, Molly, you will be good? That is all I want. Promise me you will be good! Come, we must go in.")

Then she pushed the door open and went down the little narrow hall to the library.

She came in, wrapped in her great crimson cloak, and smiling, in the fire-lit dusk; yet for an instant, until she spoke, the old clergyman felt the grip of actual terror upon his heart.

"I came to say good-by, Dr. Lavendar" — She stopped and caught her breath. "The stage is to come here for me. I felt that I must have the blessing of the Church before I left the home of my childhood for good!"

"Left for good?" he stammered, but she interrupted him.

"It may be for bad. But it's leaving, anyhow. May I sit down? Polly, don't drag at mamma's cloak. Dr. Lavendar, I want you to do something for me."

"Sit down, Cecilla, sit down," he said, waving his pipe at her. "I am glad to see you: I've something to say to you. I've been four times to your door, Cecilla, but was not admitted."

"Oh, not really?" she said absently, her eyes fastened upon Molly.

"The person who opened the door," proceeded the old man, "said you were not at home. *But I heard your voice, Cecilla!*"

"Really?" Cecil answered, vaguely; and then suddenly laughed, as if at first she had not heard him.

"I fear he is an untruthful person; but that was not why I wished to speak to you, though I do feel that you are responsible for the morals of your servants" —

"My dear Dr. Lavendar, my own morals are more than I can attend to properly," she said, smiling, "and I

have only five minutes; the stage will be here, and I must speak to you."

"Send the child away, for I must speak to you," he began, sternly; but Cecil shook her head.

"Oh no, please don't. In fact, you can't, before Molly," she reminded him maliciously. "Beside, it's no use; everything is settled. But I've come (I'm so glad *you* are at home) to ask you to give Philip a message from me."

"Mamma, are we going to see father to-morrow?" Molly asked fretfully.

"You will, Kitty, in a day or two. There! don't you want to go and play with Danny? Dr. Lavendar, I am going away. I am going to sail for Europe on Saturday."

His bushy eyebrows twitched with angry anxiety; "I can't believe that you will do any such wicked thing! I went to implore you not to, those four times that I called. My child, you can't do such a thing! I have written to Philip—I think you are both beside yourselves," he ended incoherently.

Cecil sighed impatiently. "Dr. Lavendar"—But he interrupted her.

"Lyssie, poor child, is heart-broken about it; she sat here yesterday and cried until she could n't see!"

Cecil started, frowning. "If I've given Lyssie any grief, the sooner I get away the better. Yes, she'll be happier when I'm gone. That's one reason I'm going. Oh, please don't talk to me; there's no use. Listen to what I want to say: I'm going away, and I'm going to enjoy life. I want that distinctly understood. I'm going to enjoy life. Only, I've thought it all over, and I won't take Molly. She would be—she would be in the way. But I want you to tell Philip Shore one thing: say, 'Cecil says, *You saved yourself, so you could not save any one else.*' Possibly he will understand. Yes, I think he will understand. 'You saved yourself, so you could not save any one else.' Will you remember? You might add

that, having saved his life, he may lose it; but no; he'll find that out for himself, perhaps." She rose and pulled the crimson cloak about her, shivering a little.

"I know what you mean," he said tremulously, "but Cecilla, my dear child, just let me make one plea; not for yourself, not even for the child. Listen to me, my dear. There is nothing in the world so awful as the knowledge that you have injured a soul. If you go away, Philip will understand that. Yes, you will grow harder to reach, Cecilla, and it will be his fault. He will have injured your soul; there is no anguish so dreadful as such a realization! *Can't you spare him?* Are n't you generous enough to spare him?"

It was a high appeal.

She turned and looked at him, and laughed, drawing in her breath between her shut teeth.

"I hope the thought of it may take him down to hell. I should be willing to go there, if it would make him suffer!"

As she spoke there was a trampling at the gate, and the rattle of harness chains, and the scraping of a wheel against the gatepost. "Here's the stage," she said lightly, her face white to the lips. "I've arranged that Molly is to go to Lyssie, until her father comes for her. Come, Polly, you are to stay all night with aunt Lyssie; shall you like that?"

"And Eric, too?" clamored Molly.

"I told Lyssie I would send her over by Rosa at half past five; I did n't want to make my adieus under Mrs. Drayton's windows. Good-by, Dr. Lavendar." She held out her hand carelessly, as she went into the hall; the front door was open, and the stage loomed up in the dusk, with its lamps glimmering through the evening fog.

"Molly! Come here!" Cecil said, sharply.

Dr. Lavendar had followed them into the hall; Rosa was standing in the doorway; the stage driver was leaning down

from his seat, tapping the wheel with his whip; John had come up the path to ask some question. Cecil looked about her like a hunted creature.

"Jonas is in a hurry, ma'am," John ventured.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," Cecil said breathlessly. "Have you got everything, John? Is Rosa here? Rosa, take Molly right over to Miss Lyssie's" —

"Mamma!" Molly began, half frightened.

Cecil looked at her, and then suddenly knelt down in front of her. "Kiss me! *Kiss me!*" she whispered, and hid her face in the child's bosom; then she rose, brushing past the little girl as though she did not see her.

"I'll miss the train at Mercer if I don't hurry. Dr. Lavendar, congratulate Mr. Joseph for me. At least his choice has not been impulsive; they have known each other all their lives, have n't they?"

Then, smiling out of the coach, she kissed her hand to Molly. "There, Kitty, don't cry; you are going over to grandmamma's to stay all night." She pulled the stage door in with a bang. "Tell them to start," she said hoarsely. "Why don't they start? Oh, hurry, hurry! Good heavens, are they never going to start?"

XXXIV.

In April, in southern Pennsylvania, there comes one day when the brown fields dim suddenly with green, as though a warm breath passed over them. The full, white clouds hang low, but part now and then, and bursts of sunshine move swiftly over the meadows and up the hillsides; the little runs brim and bubble in their narrow beds, and the larger streams whirl against the big stones in their paths, and hurry on, streaked with foam and chattering loudly. In the orchards threads of water gush out from

under tussocks of winter-bleached grass, or spurt up under a footstep, and when those sunbursts travel swiftly over the countryside, all the fields are agleam with these innumerable springs. The air has been warmed through and through by the sunshine behind the clouds, yet it has a cool edge that comes from its touch upon patches of melting snow up in the northern hollows of the hills. The buds have hardly begun to open, but it seems as if there were a faint green smoke in the woods; and the stems of the willows are reddening as though some mysterious wine were rising in them.

Such a day is full of peace and promise; one feels a springing joy that reason does not explain. No doubt the grief of the world is just the same; the grave is still new in the churchyard, perhaps; faiths have been broken; the soul has earned its own inviolable solitude; nay, the sordid anxieties of life and living are all unchanged; — yet on such an April day of sunshine moving over brown fields, of brimming brooks, of greening hillsides, the heart rises, the feet dance, and a song comes bubbling to the lips.

Alicia Drayton felt this unreasoning joy as she walked slowly up the long hill on her way back from the upper village. Far down the road, behind her, the stage came tugging along. She had meant to hail it at the cross-roads, and spare herself a half hour's walk; but she had not waited for it, and had walked on absently, yet with this April joyousness nestling warmly at her heart. Once she stopped to look back at the stage crawling up the long slope, and saw a great stretch of sunshine flood all the valley, and move swiftly up the hill. The fields looked greener for its touch, Lysie thought. She drew a long breath and trudged on, saying to herself that it was pleasant to be alive.

This was a new feeling to little Lysie. It had been a hard winter for her.

First there had been the bewildering

grief about Philip and Cecil; then the interest and beauty of life had seemed to go out on the day that Roger Carey slammed the door behind him and went off into the rain; and, while that pain was still new, the filial instinct had been killed in her: Alicia Drayton had learned to know her mother.

With such knowing had come the tenderest love and pity; but the reverence of the child for the parent, that noble reverence which makes life deep and beautiful, was dead.

This grief had come to the girl in mid-winter. A letter had arrived from Mr. Drayton announcing his immediate and final return to Old Chester; and there was a dreadful scene when his wife, in the miserable fright of a selfish woman, had had no decent reserves before Lyssie. The dignity and sacredness of marriage were insulted before the child's eyes: her mother had cried and screamed with disappointment and passion; she had revealed her hatred of her husband, and her fear of his interference with her comfort. Afterwards, there was the simpering smile to her little public; her upraised eyes; her "heartfelt gratitude for her heavenly Father's goodness in thus blessing her by her dear William's restoration to health."

It turned Alicia sick. The instinct of the child for the mother agonized and died; and with it went the divine and beautiful believing of youth. But she went on loving. Other knowledge had come to Lyssie in connection with this same experience: Mr. William Drayton had come back looking very broken; his health was just the same, he said curtly; he had returned because he had lost a — a friend by death, so he did not care to live abroad any longer.

"At least it must be a comfort to feel that he is at rest in heaven," Mrs. Drayton said. "Who was he, dear William?"

"You would n't be any wiser if I mentioned the name," he said slowly; "and I don't care to talk about it, please."

Perhaps the look in his face suddenly instructed Alicia Drayton as to what that friendship was. She grew deadly pale, shamed to her very soul. The somewhat conventional affection with which she had welcomed him went out in swift indignation. For a long time it was an effort to speak to him; she shrank from his touch, and his commonplace questions and comments were answered almost curtly. But that did not last: she knew her mother. So pity, in spite of shame, began to take the place of anger. At first she was sorry for him, then, after a while, came a sort of friendliness. That she could make excuses for him was a sad commentary on the child's loss of youth. She thought about him now, as she walked up the hill in the scudding sunshine, and noticed, with a pang of joy, a bluebird balancing on a rail, and the sharp greenness of the grass in the sheltered triangle of the zigzag fence. "If only he had come sooner," she said to herself, "I need n't have said three years; and it would all be different now, perhaps."

Mr. Drayton had been told of the broken engagement, and had called Lyssie to him one day, and said quietly, "Tell me why it was, child." She had told him, simply enough. He had listened, and nodded, and looked at the end of his cigar, and told her to bring him another light. That was all; but he had pulled her ears at tea-time, and called her his little monkey; and it was after that, that this silent friendship grew up. There were no explanations; they were sorry for each other, and understood; and one forgave.

"But if he had been here, it would have been different," she thought, and stopped to look back at the stage; she did not reproach her father, even in her mind.

Alicia had had a swift hope that his return would mean some way out of the distress and grief and shame that had come to Philip and Cecil. But such hope had quickly died. Mr. Drayton

showed no inclination to interfere. He listened to the story, drowsing through Mrs. Drayton's excited and pious embellishments of it, and then he took his cigar from between his lips and knocked off the ashes.

"They know their own business," he said, in his slow, dull voice. "I'm glad there was no scandal. I'm glad everything was done decently and in order;" there was a flicker of humor in his half-shut eyes at Mrs. Drayton's disappointment at his indifference. "And on the whole, I think they were very sensible; it's better to be open and above-board."

"I do not know what you mean, dear William," said Mrs. Drayton.

Her husband smoked on, stolidly. "No, I don't suppose you do."

"But," sighed Lyssie to herself, beginning to go down the hill into the village, "it was too late, anyhow; nothing could have been done; Cecil would never have gone back to Philip."

She was quite right. The tragedy of human selfishness destroys the fabric of life beyond repair. Yet Lyssie had tried to repair it. When Philip, with passionate haste, came down to Old Chester, only to be confronted by the dark silence of the empty house, — Alicia had done her best.

"Oh, Philip, did you mean to come back? Philip, Philip, hurry! go after her; you may catch her before she sails! Oh, perhaps she will forgive you!"

He was very gentle with her, but he silenced her.

He had come to accept Molly from her mother's hands; to let gratitude overcome his humiliation; to defer to Cecil in every possible way, — but that was all. The citadel of his spirituality, where Self had entrenched herself, was absolutely fast.

"If Philip and Cecil would not listen to — Roger, there was no use for me to talk," she thought, as she stopped a moment on the bridge, and looked down into the water. And then the stage drew up

behind her, and some one got down, and came and stood beside her.

"Lyssie, will you please — speak to me?"

And she turned and saw him; older, graver, his face quivering, his eyes imploring her.

There was not much explanation; to talk over a quarrel, with its inevitable accompaniment of self-justification, is too much like handling cobwebs to be very successful. Roger said "Forgive me," and Lyssie said "Forgive me," and that was about all there was to it. Of course Roger had to shake hands with Mr. Drayton, and be forgiven by Mrs. Drayton, and dine with the family, and feel exceedingly like a whipped puppy; which, after all, was perfectly right and just.

Late in the afternoon, they went out to walk; and somehow Roger fell silent, and Lyssie did all the talking. She said, softly, "Cecil will be glad. I will write and tell her."

Roger stared down the road.

"Do you hear from Mrs. Shore often?"

"Not as often as I should like to," she answered sadly; "she is so busy; she is very gay. But, oh, Roger, she is n't happy; though she does n't seem to miss Molly much, she hardly speaks of her. Only, I know she is n't really contented; and I am so happy! — it does n't seem fair. Did you see her before she went away?"

Roger shook his head.

"Well, then, you don't know how dreadful things were. I heard afterwards that you came down, just before the end of it all, to try to reconcile them. It must have seemed strange to be here, and not see me. Did you think of me, Roger?"

He pulled a budded maple twig, and twisted it between his fingers.

"Yes. I — thought of you."

"What did you think?"

"I'll tell you — another time."

"Philip came down for Molly," Lyssie went on, telling her little story, "and I said everything I could. But it was n't any use. But there was one thing that happened I want you to know about. Just as he was going away, he came back and took my hands, and he said — oh, Roger, he said, 'Lyssie, if he comes back, forgive him. He is a good man.' He meant you, Roger. (Of course, Philip did n't understand, or he would n't have said 'forgive.'")

The twig snapped between the young man's fingers, and he looked away from her.

"What did you say?" she asked him softly.

"Nothing; nothing. Do you forgive me, Lyssie?"

Her look told him.

"Oh, I don't deserve it," he said brokenly. It was growing cold as the twilight fell upon the river road; they stood quite silently, with a little sadness in their joy which they had never known when they had loved each other less.

"You ought n't to be standing here," he told her suddenly, "but I've got to say something; I've got something to confess, Lyssie." They were standing under a little dogwood tree, its shelving branches white with blossoms; it was very still in the soft spring dusk. Roger looked up and down the deserted road; then he said, "Will you kiss me just once, first? Perhaps you won't forgive me when I've told you."

There was something in his voice that sent the color out of her face. "There is nothing you could tell me that is not forgiven already; so — don't tell me."

"Yes, I must tell you," he said; but turned away from her, and stood staring into the dusk for a little while. "Lys-

sie, I do love you. I've loved you more every minute since we" —

"Yes, I understand," she murmured, "since we" — But neither of them spoke the cruel word.

"I've loved you all the time. But once — you will never understand! but I've got to tell you; once I thought I loved — your sister."

She started and shivered, her hands tightening on each other; but she did not speak.

"It was that Friday night I came down. I" —

But she stopped him, tenderly, though truly with no understanding of what he meant; with only love — love — love. She took both his hands and pressed them against her bosom in ineffable tenderness.

"Oh, Lyssie, do you forgive me?"

"There is no talk of forgiveness between us."

And then he said passionately, "*I love you!*" and dared not kiss her, even.

Afterwards they talked of other things, and Roger, square with his conscience, was able to forget that he had had cause to be forgiven, but Alicia was a little absent; until she said, suddenly, tremulously, "I just want to ask you one thing, and then we'll not think of it again: I want to know if — if *she* cared?"

There was no pause between her question and Roger's instant and generous lie; but her lover was quiet for a while afterwards. It was a pity that she had asked him; but a woman in love rarely knows the value of ignorance.

After a while, as they walked home, Roger began, timidly, to say that he would wait as long — as long as she wished. But she interrupted him.

"There is n't any need to — wait — very long."

Margaret Deland.

RETROSPECT OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

THE poet tells us, "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate;" and he includes among "all creatures," human beings and lambs, who sport till death ends their little day. But many things at the disposal of Fate, hidden from lambs, are disclosed, even if through veils, to human beings. True, there is only one positive certainty known as to any and every human life begun on the earth; that is, that it will have its close, "the one event," "the inevitable hour." But the length, the tenor, the experience, of life, though so varied in their conditions, are seemingly gathered under conceivable limitations of possibility. We may find, especially in elegiac poetry, both of youth and age, laments and benisons running through the whole scale of sentiment, on an early release from life and on protracted age. The poetry of life covers all the moods of rapture and of wailing. From the *Lycidas* to the *In Memoriam* we have all the strains of pathos and grief over shortened careers. Is lengthened life, with that "which accompanies" it, a privilege to be desired? There is not in all literature a passage that will match the exquisite symbolism and the tender pathos of that delineation of old age drawn in the book of *Ecclesiastes*, xi. 1-7. So richly wrought in its figures of speech and in its emblems is that passage that many readers fail of the key to its interpretation.

It is accorded, however, as a privilege, to those who have had the full term of years, that they have seen in it the complete possibilities of life and experience. They have the whole before them. They have followed the play on the stage, with its "seven ages," through a thousand dramas. As what I here write is necessarily and pardonably egoistic, I will venture the avowal that I have found the last quarter of my present term, the Indian

summer of my life; though intervals of it have been clouded and saddened, solitariness is not loneliness. I prefer, like the Sun Dial, to number only the hours that are bright. Other people's children are around me, and I love to observe in them the earliest ventures in the experiment. *Carpe diem.*

Like so many who lived before me, and have lived with me, amid the same scenes, surroundings, and privileges coming from birth and education in Boston, while my calling for more than half my life has been a professional one, my occupations and mental proclivities have extended beyond professional bounds. In that I have followed honored traditions and honored precedents. From the earliest days of Massachusetts, its clergymen, so called, — or ministers, as they called themselves, — have also been the chroniclers of its history and the promoters of all literary culture. It has never been a ground for censure, as for a neglect of sacred duty, that ministers have sought likewise to be scholars, helpers in any service to which education and a love of good learning prompt them. So I may say that my term of life has, in nearly equal parts, been professional and literary in its occupations. As is the bounden duty of every educated Bostonian, I have delivered "orations." On uncounted and unremembered occasions, of celebrations, commemorations, conventions, and dinners, I have answered to the call to "offer a few remarks." One "oration," however, I have evaded, that of the Fourth of July in Boston, though proffered to me by my esteemed friend Mayor Green. Even on this point I recall that I compromised; for when I was a trustee of the Asylum for the Insane at Somerville, I did consent to address the majority of the patients there gathered one Fourth of July for a garden party. I have many

times emptied the inkstand, which I have used for more than fifty years, in painting with its contents countless sheets of fair paper. Close and critical study in books and manuscripts, research for certified information as to facts and opinions, and the varied interpretations of life, truth, and duty, have given me diligent and grateful employment in special fields. This employment of early years would find its full reward if only in resulting in an intense love and craving for reading, the richest resource and solace of age. But I confess that, increasing with my years, is a preference for miscellaneous and discursive reading, with wide tolerance for all the Babel utterances of our confused generation, — a confusion not merely of speech, as was that among the builders of the Tower, but of ideas, beliefs, and purposes. Wide and miscellaneous reading, especially in history and biography, offers the best compensation for the brevity of human life. It helps indefinitely to extend our term and enlarge our experience, by presenting to us those elements and impressions of thought and feeling we should have had if we had repeated our own existence in thousands of human lives for thousands of years.

One full year of life and travel in Europe has satisfied my inclinations in that direction. There has indeed been nothing in my lot or condition for a quarter of a century to hinder my making even an annual voyage. But I dislike to live in a trunk, a bureau, or a closet, and to sleep on a shelf. I also agree with the poet, that when one is favored in resources and daily companionships, "wisdom and pleasure dwell at home." But that one year abroad, while including the common privileges of roamers, had some special days and favors. Not many of my contemporaries have seen that most gorgeous of English observances, a royal coronation, with all its outside pageantry of parade, procession, equipages, representatives of place and dignity, and the

inner old-time ceremonial of anointing with the holy oil in this case a girl of eighteen years as queen of the earth's proudest nation. The scene in that whole week of shows, festivities, and merrymakings, which most pleasantly impressed me was that when, a few days after her coronation, the queen was driving in the park in an open carriage with her mother, some little children in the charge of their maids raised the cry "God bless the queen!" she stood up in the carriage, and lovingly kissed her hand to them.

A fruitful theme for the fancies of essayists has offered itself in discussing the question as to what period in the history of the earth it would have been most exciting and interesting to have known through a span of eighty years. As we read history, neither its greatest epochs and crises nor its giants and heroes have been evenly distributed over the eras and cycles of time. Periods marked by startling convulsive and revolutionary events are interchanged with periods of comparative uniformity and calm. We assign certain eras as the occasions and opportunities for the appearance and activity of great men, either singly or in groups. It may be that the sun has photographed every scene and event on the earth on which it has ever looked, and has preserved the negatives for a future reckoning. But no one who has lived through the last eighty years can lack any of his full share in the weightiest and most momentous movements in a cycle of ages.

There is no need of a summary here of this race in progress and triumphs, nor of the successive goals which it has reached and passed. The common air is impregnated with the boast, including even the microbes and the bacilli. I count into my share of experience in this development the privilege of having personally witnessed, in the course of eight successive years, the initiation, the actual birth, of three of the most memorable feats of our age. I saw the first sun-pictures of Daguerre himself in his

own camera in Paris, and in the same city the exhibition by Professor Morse of his magnetic telegraph before Louis Philippe and his cabinet; and I was present at the first successful trial of anæsthetics in the Massachusetts General Hospital in this grateful city.

To have lived through the period of a full manhood during the throes and horrors of our civil war, whether as a privilege or a discipline; to have marked the mutterings of threat and dread which prepared it; to have shared the anxieties and distresses of its course; and then to have watched the tentative measures for restoration and recuperation after the nation's victory and salvation, was an experience which, though one might not have asked or wished for it, was burdened with an intense solemnity. The issue was not, as so many viewed it and proclaimed it, the simple alternative whether the Union should be peacefully severed or forcibly maintained. For the severance, however peacefully secured on political and civil terms, would have involved the most direful and protracted elements of a forcible struggle to maintain it. The severance would not have been as when one with a sharp diamond-point draws a straight line through a sheet of glass, but as when the plate is shivered by a blow at the centre, with fractures, angles, and points of ruin covering its whole field. Where would have been the border line? And what a pandemonium, what a hell upon earth, would have been the regions on either side of it! It was open and truthful for any Northerner to say, as many generously did say, that he would sustain the army for the Union if only to save the South from the follies and miseries of a fatal success. So while some, in the breathings of friendliness, said, "Erring sisters, go in peace," others, with the resoluteness of remonstrance, said to the South, "Friend, do thyself no harm!"

All the marvelous development, strides, and triumphs, insuring what we call the

steady advances of progress won by positive science in the years of this century, are altogether of secondary moment when viewed in comparison with the ventures of free and bold speculation, and the spirit of inquisitive, critical dealing with subjects that had been jealously reserved as sacred against the intrusions of free thought.

The conflict between the so-called "scientific spirit" and the "theologic spirit" has by no means first presented itself in our own time, for we trace its active workings in times long past. But as a matter of course it has been quickened into an earnest and vigorous strife by the secured triumphs of science in the present age. The scientific spirit assumes an air of boldness and confidence from its splendid achievements. It affirms not only that there is no subject of high concern to men on which it may not engage its methods and tests for the certification of truth, but also that an attempt to forbid the application of those methods and tests in any direction or on any subject of transcendent interest is a token of timidity, distrust, and of a shrinking from the searching scrutiny of the light. The scientific spirit is identified with the skeptical spirit. The conflict which has run through the ages between the physical, or "natural," and the "spiritual," as holding the secret of the universe for man, has been invigorated and vitalized by the triumphs of modern science. So the scientific spirit assumes a tone of boldness and confidence. But is there not a trace in the vivacious Essays of Huxley, especially, of a triumphant and even of a defiant and taunting tone against those who jealously guard what he and others call the theological field and realm and method? He seems to say to them, "We men of science are now making reprisals on your own field for the ban which you have so long attached to free speculative inquiry about subjects over which you have claimed a ghostly guardian-

ship." The inference which he leaves us to draw as to his own personal attitude of mind is this: that most, if not all, the dogmatic beliefs of men, especially those drawn from Revelation, won their stupendous influence, and now hold their sway, under conditions very unlike those which guide the inquiries and assure the convictions of men; that they were the outgrowth of ignorance and superstition, received by an easy credulity without the scrutiny of testimony, and have been fondly and reverently passed down the ages enshrined in tender affections and associations. The intimation is that the severe processes of science are to undo and reverse the "theologic" process; slowly, it may be, and against protests and struggles, but none the less in the end effectively. The conclusion in view is hardly a dubious one: that either in frank avowal, or in the implications of reserve and silence, a large number, in proportion unknown, of modern thinkers and writers, whose tone is boldest and freest, have committed themselves in full pupilage solely to the revealings of nature, observation, and experience, and have cast in their lot for time and eternity with that of our whole race, the votaries of all religions, philosophers, and sages, and the children of savagery and barbarism. This, in our day, is the full, bold challenge of science to the beliefs and reverences which have so long been the inheritance of Christendom. The panic which followed its first announcement has subsided. There is no question as to its effect in winnowing the chaff of ignorance and superstition that has mingled with the believings of men. But who can doubt that there is a limitation in the field and the subjects, within which the scientific spirit can wisely employ its methods? The theologic spirit rightly maintains its prerogatives and its realm. The august mystery of existence, its beginnings and its consummation, are still veiled to us.

A span of eighty years of life is often said to be as brief in the retrospect as it is long in the prospect. But that depends upon the office of memory, its fidelity of impression and its activity in recalling. When memory is set to its full task and performs it, it makes the retrospect of the longest life elastic, and fills in the space of years with their full contents. There is a difference, however, between remembering and recollecting. It may be that by a scientific process, with instruments of ingenuity, precision, and consummate skill, there might be traced on the most traveled stone or brick thoroughfare the impression left by every footprint made upon it. So in the crowded chambers of the brain memory has stored its gatherings, and they are all there, subject to a recalling, however baffling may be the effort at any moment to recollect a special matter from its vast repository. Memory works more actively and faithfully by its own spontaneous recallings than in answer to our questionings of it. I once agreed with Dr. Holmes that we would not admit that we forgot anything, but had only more to remember with each passing year. If the office of a future retribution should be committed solely to the judicial workings of memory, its pangs and pleasures, its satisfactions and regrets, would be fairly awarded.

The wonder — sometimes, even, the awe — with which young persons look upon the aged would be increased rather than lessened, if the young could form any adequate conception of that long and infinitely varied succession of risks and perils which attend upon life from infancy onward, through diseases and accidents in every shape and form. Our way is through them, our lot is subject to them, and to survive them is indeed a marvel. It is observable, none the less, that of nearly all these risks and perils we are wholly unconscious, thoughtless, or unobservant. Our most vivid sense of perils is of those to which we have purposely or heedlessly exposed ourselves.

Some special perils of self-exposure, not of "providential" necessity, which I recall as if I had not even now outlived them, I will here mention.

On a visit in the morning to the Giant's Causeway, on the coast of Ireland, on a breezy day, I had in view, as I was bound for Scotland, to intercept in the afternoon a steamer that daily came out from Londonderry to go up the Clyde. The signal for leaving the Causeway was the sight of the steamer's smoke over a point of land. I had engaged four wild Irishmen, in a rickety boat, to row me into the caves of the Causeway, and then to the steamer. The distance mentioned was a little more than half a mile, and the fee was to be four shillings. I was alone, my trunk with me, and no one known to me knew of my whereabouts. As the breeze increased and the sea was roughened, the "boss" of the boatmen, on the plea that they would have to row out farther, demanded successive shillings in further payment, and I assented up to eight, but no more. One shilling down was asked as a pledge. On receiving this the boss disappeared, and soon returned with a bottle of "the crathur," preparing to pass it to his mates for a swig. Being already uncomfortably anxious in view of the risk before me, I snatched it from him, saying that not a drop should be had from it till they had left me on the steamer. So I embarked, holding my umbrella, with a white handkerchief attached as a signal, in one hand, and the bottle in the other. As it was, the boat was nearly swamped, and I was drenched through under the paddle wheel of the steamer.

I recall, still with shudderings, another rash venture, when, during a sharp eruption of Vesuvius, I, with two young companions, against the warnings of our guide, crept up, through heated stones, scoria, and ashes, to the third, the innermost ridge around the mouth of the crater, and looked for a moment into its belching fires. The penalty was riding

shoeless on my donkey all the way back to Naples. Again, when, after miles of subterranean progress in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, I found myself in a boat to cross an underground stream by the light of the guide's lantern, I felt that I had willfully taken myself out of the protection of Providence. And something of the same dread came over me from anxious experiences in Washington, at the close of Buchanan's administration.

From the crowding memories of some more pleasurable scenes and incidents connected with memorable persons I select a few. Many of the contemporaries of Mr. Webster who happened never to have heard or seen him, though they might have done so, first realized the fullness of their deprivation in the exaltations of his grandeur after his death. It is generally admitted that he appeared in the complete grace and glory of his port and eloquence when he stood, himself monumental, to dedicate the shaft on Breed's Hill. The completed monument was then the substitute for Lafayette's presence at Webster's address at the laying of the corner-stone. As I was at the time the minister of one of the churches in Charlestown, I was made chaplain for the superb occasion, enjoying many privileges and opportunities. President Tyler and his cabinet had come to Boston as guests, at the invitation of the city. Military, civic, Masonic, and other organizations, in mighty throngs, made a procession, for nearly three hours, in fine weather, through the streets with bannered and bedecked buildings. Mr. Webster modestly had place in the procession for only a part of the route, in order that the chief courtesies might centre undivided on the President. I was favored with a seat in an open carriage, with the President, Mr. Webster, and Secretary Upshur of the navy. Vivid impressions of the whole scene remain to me. Mr. Webster was elate, cheery, and even humorous in his full spirits. Tyler

seemed still and reserved in his dignity. Among the variety of topics of chance remark, the President had referred to much public discussion then current as to disputing claimants to some discovery or invention. Mr. Webster, with much gravity, referred to and named some of the well-known cases of like rivalry. Then, still grave in look and tone, he specified the homeopathic theory of Hahnemann, — of “like curing like,” — then warmly agitated in the community; adding, “Now, Hahnemann has appropriated the honor which properly belongs to quite another, — even the poet of my childhood, Mother Goose” — repeating in full the lines, —

“There was a man in our town, and he was
wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush, and
scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out, with all
his might and main,
He jumped into another bush, and scratched
them in again.”

I have just been looking at a fine full-length engraving of Mr. Webster as he stood upon the platform raised on the slope of the hill back of the monument, — a superb specimen, in majesty, grace, and dignity, in symmetry and poise, of our humanity. His garb was unique, and seemed to be left unimitated by others, as if fitting only to him. He spoke his strength and wisdom, his glowing patriotism and noble counsels, for two hours.

The procession, on its return, made rapid way to Faneuil Hall, where a rich banquet awaited the exhausted guests. And here, to explain an incident characteristic of Mr. Webster, I must state the condition enjoined by the city authorities that the banquet should be sumptuous, as it was, but without stimulants. A friend, a few days before, had suggested to me that Mr. Webster, before mounting the platform on the hill, and on leaving it, would need “to be set up.” Precisely what was meant by that suggestion, and the means by which I complied with it, I leave to the reader. But he was “set

up.” My place at the platform table was between Webster and Upshur; and as soon as we were seated, the latter, who had not been “set up,” after looking anxiously over the table for certain objects which he missed, asked me, “What are we to have to drink?” I replied, “Coffee, lemonade, and water.” Leaning in front of me, Upshur said, “Webster, they are not going to give us anything to drink.” Webster, though “set up” himself, taking in the situation, produced a bill, which he handed to a waiter, saying, “Get me a bottle of brandy.” The waiter soon returned with it, and the cork drawn, Webster smelling at it pronounced it “right,” courteously handing it first to me. Though, wearied, empty, and exhausted, I would have welcomed a few drops from it, I felt bound to decline. Upshur, on receiving the bottle, which he held under the table cover, mixed a glass with water, which he drank, and then, mixing another, set it upon the table, curling around it his bill of fare. Webster also mixed a glass, setting the bottle plainly on the table. Glancing at his side, and seeing Upshur’s disguised glass, he with thumb and finger snapped down the covering, saying, “Upshur, show your colors.”

The next year the secretary was among the victims of the explosion of the trial gun in a steamer excursion on the Potomac. And Webster! In all the line of statesmen of the highest distinction for splendid patriotic service to our country, there has not been one who received from those to whose welfare he devoted his life such extremely contrasted returns of idolatrous homage yielding to obloquy and contempt. Let it not be forgotten that his course involved a question of *motive*, whether of ambition or of patriotism. That is only for “the all-judging eye of Jove” to interpret.

I have referred to the first trial of anæsthetics in the Massachusetts General Hospital. It may be that I am the only one who can relate an interesting inci-

dent in connection with that memorable event. The late Mr. Thomas Lee, of Boston, an eminent and prosperous merchant, was known, in his advanced and retired years, as of a most generous public spirit, a lover of flowers, and appreciative of various forms of benevolence; marked, however, by idiosyncrasies and preferences. His recognition of the inestimable and transcendent sum of blessings in relief and mercy for the human race from the new boon did not fall short of a tender devoutness in gratitude. He was proud that the glory of the triumphal test accrued to this city. He was moved to provide a fit memorial of it. I was privileged by a homelike intimacy with him, in friendship, kindnesses, and hospitality. He often gave expression to his intense appreciation of the appliance for stilling the throb of anguish. I recall one day when, after I had dined at his table with him alone, he took up and opened a portfolio containing many etchings and written sheets, which his friends, at his request, had sent to him, including sketches, suggestions, and inscriptions for his projected memorial. He asked me for another; but, thinking there were already enough of them, I silently concluded not to add to the number. He afterwards told me that he had sent the whole collection for examination, advice, and choice to that honored, learned, and versatile sage, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, who returned them with some selection and device of his own. This Mr. Lee next sent to that severely critical classical scholar, Mr. Charles Folsom, who, in his turn, found fault with the whole and all the parts. Mr. Lee used the vernacular strongly in expressing his impatience and vexation at the result, with a fling at scholarship, and said, "I will choose for myself, in design and inscription." The result is the symbol of the Good Samaritan, in the Public Garden, and the inscription, Neither shall there be any more pain. (Revelation.)

I had met, when in Florence, the ven-

erated Dr. Charles Lowell with his wife and a daughter. I regarded him as the saintliest person whom I had known in Boston. He was then an invalid, and under a depression of spirits. Some weeks after I had reached Rome, he joined me there, about the middle of December, 1838. Two incidents in our intercourse, not without an amusing element in them, come to my memory. On the previous Sundays of Advent, I had attended the elaborate and stately observances in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, where the cardinals, an impressive company in dignity, mien, and array, with their pages, pay obeisance to the Pope. There are three sections of the chapel: the innermost one being the place for the holy service; then, divided by an iron screen, one open only to men; the outermost one being appropriated to women. I invited Dr. Lowell to accompany me there the first Sunday after his arrival. He did so, and was denied admission to the middle apartment. This was because of an oversight on my part. Missing his presence, I immediately went to his lodgings, and learned the reason: I had neglected to inform him of the strict requisition of *full dress*. He said the officer at the door took hold rebukingly of one of the skirts of his "frock coat." And the amusing part of the affair was in the good doctor's telling me that it was the first and only garment of the kind he had ever had. Gentlemen in Boston had not as yet appeared in that garb. Clergymen especially would have objected to it. The doctor accounted for the offending garment thus. He had met in Nice his intimate Cambridge friends, Professor John and Mrs. Farrar. Coming to need a new article of outer clothing for approaching cold weather, he consulted the professor as to a tailor. His friend advised him to have, as he had done for the first time, a "frock coat," explaining that, in driving, much warmth would come from drawing the skirts over the knees.

The other incident had to do with his more famous son. I was in Holland on Commencement Day at Harvard in 1838. My regret at my absence was deepened because my brother, the late Dr. Rufus Ellis, was to carry the highest honors of his class. James Russell Lowell was of the class, but under discipline for neglect of studies, and forbidden to read in Cambridge a class poem which he had prepared. On one day of my time in Rome with Dr. Lowell, the mail had forwarded to me quite a number of letters from home, while the doctor had not one, adding to his usual depression. "You must read me some of yours," he said, which to some extent, from those known to both of us, I did. Among them was one from my brother, which, on glancing at its contents, I felt would greatly please my revered friend. It gave a full account of Commencement, and stated that the disappointed young poet had been invited to read his pages at a dinner of some of his classmates away from Cambridge. My brother had borrowed the manuscript and copied some of the pungent passages, which I read. Anything but gratified with the hearing, the doctor's gravity deepened, and with a nervous earnestness he said:—

"I do not like that. James promised me, before I left home, that he would give up his poetry and keep to his books."

Being in Rome, it was natural that I should wish to be privileged with a personal interview with the Pope, then Gregory XVI., holding what still remained to him as Pontiff, more than to his present successor, of a sway and power which once bound together the monarchs and realms of Christendom. That power was then still mighty, trespassing by temporal sovereignty upon a province denied to his ministers by the Head of the Church, and now stripped wholly away from his assumed earthly vicegerent. Our consul, George W. Green, on application, procured the privilege of an interview for myself and three other young men, my

traveling companions from England and New York. A day was assigned for it, which was December 15, 1838. It proved to be a costly enterprise,—the court costume, the handsome equipage, the fee to the consul in uniform, with chapeau and plume, and tips to some servitors. I find pages about the affair in my journal, but I cannot here transcribe them. The Pope, then seventy-three years of age, had filled his pontificate seven years. He had the repute of being profoundly ignorant of common worldly affairs. An English gentleman told me that his favorite topic of conversation with the English was railroads, then a novelty, and that he insisted that great rapidity of motion must injure respiration. He had strong prejudices against England, and a hearty regard for the United States, with whose citizens his favorite topic of discussion was the Canadas. He asked why the States did not interfere, free them, and take them into the confederacy; seemingly oblivious of the two facts that the States had no right to intermeddle, and did not then think the Canadas worth taking.

My journal deals largely with description of five halls, or rooms, through which we successively passed to reach the Pope's private apartment, and of the groups of attendants and officers of various functions and grades, servants, guards, priests, and nobles, rising in the richness and splendor of their array in robes and decorations till they reached the presence of his Holiness. I find that my attention was much engrossed by noting the singular combination and contrast of formalities, of etiquette, symbols, ornaments, and observances here brought together, a part of them distinctive of a court and military sovereignty, and a part of the spiritualities of ecclesiasticism. Indeed, the combination befitted the papal claims in both worlds. Crucifixes, paintings of saints and martyrdoms, crosses, breviaries, and rosaries put themselves beside knightly and military symbols and weapons.

The richly robed ecclesiastic and the caparisoned soldier were side by side. Laces, silks, epaulets, the plumed hat, the boot and spur and the sandal, the embroidered coat and sash, gold chains, gewgaws, and various trappings, strangely mingled the elements of humility and pride, the concomitants of worship and of courtly social display. At one moment you were saluted by a presentation of firearms, and the next by a muttered benediction. The private room of his Holiness had a canopied throne, a crucifix, and rich furniture. Our consul had drilled us as to the *congees* expected of us. We were to make three reverences, or bows, — one on entering the door, another midway in advance, and a very profound one as we faced the Pope. But the formalities seemed not to be needed, as they were anticipated by the simple demeanor and courtesy of the Pontiff, who came close to us as we formed a line, with the consul on the right. The conversation was in French, with each of us singly, for perhaps half an hour. The Pope was dressed in a white woolen robe bound with satin, with a small cape and sleeves, buttoned down to his feet, and a silk skullcap. And truth to say, he presented a most untidy appearance. His face, hands, and breast, and his robe all the way to his feet, were filthily stained with snuff, with which he plied himself during the interview. His nose was large, red, and swollen by disease. He was most easy and affable in his manners, a good-looking old gentleman, strong, stout, and benignant. He spoke most warmly of the United States, and appeared greatly pleased with the equal footing on which the Roman Catholics — then becoming numerous by immigration — stood with all religious communions, the way for progress and strength being thus left free to that fellowship which had the lead in zeal and piety.

For a brief interval I was placed in a somewhat embarrassing position. The

Pope having asked each of us as to his home, and it appearing that I alone came from Boston, he rather sharply put me to the question about something which seemed exceptional to his satisfaction as to his co-religionists in the States. He had been informed, of course imperfectly, of the destruction, by fire and a mob, of the Ursuline convent in Charlestown, four years before. He thought it was in Boston, and asked of me an explanation, while I thought my companions were enjoying my discomfiture. I told his Holiness that the occasion by no means indicated a general hostility of Boston Protestants to his communion. On the contrary, some of the liberal Protestants had generously aided in building the first Roman Catholic church in the town. There had been some grievance expressed that, in the planting of the Ursuline convent in the neighborhood, the name of one of the saints in his calendar had been substituted for the name which the hill had borne as one of the historic sites of the Revolutionary War; but that the school of the convent had many daughters of Protestant parents among its pupils, and that they esteemed it highly. The disaster began in the rumor that one or more of the Sisters had rushed out complaining of ill treatment in the convent. These rumors inflamed a mob-spirit, and as the civil authorities of the town failed in their duty or ability to deal with it, the outrage was madly perpetrated. The Pope listened kindly, and thanked me. He asked us how we enjoyed the sights of Rome, told us of a new planisphere in construction for him, related a strange story about the devil, and then, with a polite bow, closed the interview. By turning his back upon us as he went to his table, he relieved us of all anxiety about our own "backing out," to which we had been instructed. So we followed our noses, as nature seems to have designed for us, and faced our way out, attended by obsequious menials. A few days

later, one of the papal officials called at our lodgings, as was the usage, to collect — was it a gratuity or a due? There was but one drawback for me to the pleasure of this incident. It was midwinter, and snow was visible on the surrounding hills. The only provision for warmth in the Pope's apartment was by a bronze tripod, or brazier, filled with ignited charcoal, the fumes of which had been burned off in the Vatican gardens. For the first and the only time in my life I wore smallclothes, long silk stockings, and light pumps. Being chilled through, I got as near as possible to the tripod, and ventured to stir the contents with the bronze rake provided.

It was about the middle of March that I saw, in his own camera, some of the first sun-pictures caught and exhibited by M. Daguerre, who thus gave his name to the results of the earliest experiments, the subsequent improvements on which have provided for us valued and marvelous treasures.

I was in Paris at nearly the same time with Professor Morse, when he exhibited and illustrated his magnetic telegraph for Louis Philippe and his cabinet for the purpose of procuring patronage for it. The telegraphic system then in use in France was the semaphoric, by fortified towers in sight of each other; there being two lines, one to Strasburg, the other to Marseilles. They served for military and police purposes, but of course, at night and in fogs, were unavailable. The fact comes back to me that, strangely enough, the French monarch seemed to have no thought of the uses of the wonderful invention for civil, peaceful, and commercial purposes; for, while expressing his admiration of the appliances to Professor Morse, he added that they would be of no service to him, because wherever the wire passed, above or below ground, it might be so easily severed.

I have no space for any further reminiscences of experiences on the other side of the ocean. On this side of it they

come to me in floods, filling the retrospect of years with incidents and events, surprises and catastrophes, known to me as of closer concern to others than to myself. I will recall one both of personal and of public interest.

I am moved to mention the fact that, on the fiftieth anniversary, in 1883, of my graduating from the college, when I was invited, as representing my class, to make a speech at the Commencement dinner, I had a most felicitous text for the occasion. My maternal ancestor in this country — and the late Francis Parkman had the same progenitor — was the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, of Ipswich, Mass., who, coming here in 1636, brought with him a young boy, who graduated from Harvard, among the stumps of the wilderness, in 1649, in his twentieth year. That boy was John Rogers. He became, in 1683, just two hundred years before I was speaking, the fifth president of the college, being the first of its graduates to become its head. The text which carried me through my speech was a charge of the bursar, or treasurer, of the college, as follows: "Sir Rogers, Debitor by a pastor [pasture] for his Cow befor her appisall, 2s." The explanation of which is that, in those days of small things in the wilderness, of frugality, not really of poverty, but of barter of commodities and "country pay" without coin, the student drove a cow from his father's farm, thirty-five miles distant, to cover his dues, being charged for her pasturage till he could be credited for her hide and carcass. Two hundred years had wrought vast changes in the college grounds, halls, and mode of life. In the same speech I was privileged to make the announcement of the intention of Mr. S. J. Bridge, my friend for nearly half a century, who died last year in his eighty-fifth year, to present to the college a bronze statue of its founder. He had already given to the city of Cambridge a statue of his ancestor, John Bridge, one of the earliest settlers and worthies of the town. The

generous donor was a man of great business ability, honored for his probity and fidelity in important public trusts. Harvard had given him an honorary A. M. in 1880. This good man, munificent and public-spirited, with his self-acquired means, had been a wide traveler, compassing the globe more than once. He had marked eccentricities, among which, in his long wanderings and voyagings, and having no woman to attend to his apparel, was untidiness, and even extreme shabbiness and seediness in his garb, from head gear even to his feet. He was a frequent visitor of mine, especially on the matter of the Harvard statue. About a fortnight before its unveiling, in 1884, when I was to deliver an address in Sanders Theatre, he presented himself before me, from mere carelessness in the matter, in such a dilapidated guise as to induce me to run a bold venture with him, founded on our long intimacy. Knowing that, on the occasion to which he was ardently looking forward, he would be a conspicuous object on the platform and the lawn for cheers and "rahs" from a grand concourse, I mildly made a suggestion. "Sam, you have been such a wanderer, without female oversight, that you have become neglectful of appearances, and you will be under sharp inspection. Let me take you up town for a wholly new rig." He pleasantly replied, "It would be a good thing." And it was.

Not melancholy to me, as so many report it to be to them, are the retrospections of a lengthened life. Vastly predominant over its sadnesses and disappointments have been its multiplied and varied satisfactions. I have been privileged, personally, professionally, and socially, with the favored fellowship of the wise and the excellent, the distinguished and the honored, of this century. In twilight reveries, alone by my winter's hearth, I musingly recall them as they pass illumined in shadowy outlines. More faithfully even than do the tablets

on which the acidulated sunbeams have stamped their lineaments in photography does memory keep the impress of their full vitality, and even the intoning and cheer of their speech. Nor does any one appear in that shadowy procession whom I am not glad to see.

The longest retrospect closes with the opening of another prospect. I must not sermonize, but I may think aloud. It is natural that, with the extension of a life to what we call its completeness in lengthened years and the sum of its possibilities, the question should come how the aged, as a rule, — allowing largely for all individualities of experience, feeling, opinion, conviction, and belief, — gaze into the future, with desire, hope, belief, or doubt, as to a continued or renewed conscious existence. That acute and free-minded essayist, W. R. Greg, in his *Enigmas of Life*, deals delicately with the theme as to the varying phases of desire and expectation of "immortality" at different stages of human life. He pronounces the desire strongest in youth, with its keen and vivacious hope, its relished pleasures, with a thirst for felicity and knowledge to be slaked at no earthly fountain. The cares and turmoils of middle life, with its struggles and engrossing aims, preoccupy the whole activity of mind and heart, while the future is curtained off from thought. Then in the languor, exhaustion, and placidity of age there is less of confidence and desire thrown into the future. Tired, satiated, with loosening ties, and the shadings and limitations even of the highest successes and pleasures, there is a yearning for peace and rest. The condition most suggestive of these is *Sleep*.

I must not trespass here on the field reserved for the sanctities and assurances, the "sure and certain hope," the "comfortable faith" for those of a peaceful trust and a sweet serenity of spirit; though even among those most devout and saintly in life whom I have known, whose belief in "the glory yet to be re-

vealed" is most strong and radiant so as to yield "open visions," I recall none who would not have welcomed some assuring confirmation. The earnest questionings and credences of "Spiritualism" attest the wide craving for something beyond the affirmations of Holy Writ. Confining myself to the natural realm of experiences and belief among a class who have vastly increased in number and in free and frank utterance in recent years, I may say that, after much of confidential intimacy with aged persons in their infirmities and decay, I have inferred that the desire for and the belief in a future life are by no means so universally strong or clear as is the generally affirmed opinion. Rather is there an equilibrium of the mind and an acquiescence of spirit between the alternatives. Familiar enough to us are the cases in which the full belief is reduced, suspended, clouded, and even wholly yielded with disinclinations and disavowals. There rise in my professional recallings "last utterances" of three aged persons in their lingerings in life, varying in their furnishings, lot, and culture. All

of them had been blameless, useful, and esteemed, each with his full share in the good and ill of existence, all serene and patient. "I am waiting for what comes next," said one of them. The words of the second were, "As to life here or anywhere, I have seen enough of it. I want no more." The third, whose life work as a mechanic master-builder may be inferred from his reference to uses of the spirit-level and the plummet, said, as he lay on his last bed, "Life seems very different as you look at it perpendicularly or horizontally," — which means whether you are standing and moving in the world's concourse and affairs, or alone, still and prostrate, for contemplation. I inferred that, for himself, he expected the "horizontal position" to be the permanent one for him. For myself, I may say that I still enjoy, in their turn, both the perpendicular and the horizontal position. I utterly repudiate the second sentiment, for I wish to see, and know, and have much more of life; and I, in hearty accord with the first sentiment, am waiting to see — what comes next.

George E. Ellis.

HIS HONOR.

TWILIGHT was eclipsing the vivid glories of a prairie sunset as Dick Norman's solitary ride came to an end, and he overtook Wyatt's column during the cheery bustle of its supper-getting.

Wyatt, a tall, well-built man, whose dark beauty rendered picturesque even the undress to which stress of July weather had reduced all ranks, met him with evident misgiving.

"By Jove, Dick, I'm not glad to see you!" he cried. "I'm afraid of any one from headquarters!"

Dick slipped lightly out of the saddle, throwing the bridle to a waiting soldier.

"It is as you fear, Don," he began, in a hesitating voice, which grew firmer as he continued, after an unorthodox exclamation from Wyatt. "There is no use growling. The colonel is almost as disappointed as you are."

"The colonel is an old woman, who ought to be in charge of a kindergarten instead of commanding a regiment," Wyatt muttered, and a light that did not mean yielding flashed into his handsome eyes.

"Suppose you hear what I have to tell before you call names?"

"Go ahead," Don agreed, dropping

down on the sunburned grass at a little distance from the various groups of troopers, while Dick proceeded to deliver the tidings which were nearly as bitter to his utterance as to the other's listening.

Donald Wyatt had distinguished himself a couple of years before in the conduct of several expeditions, entrusted to him by a more audacious chief than his present colonel, and he had been deeply galled during this campaign by two recalls when he believed the achievement confided to him to be on the verge of success. Therefore great had his rejoicing been when, on the previous day, he was sent out with a command of sixty men to cut off Bald Eagle, a much redoubted warrior, who, with a scanty escort, was reported to be trying to join the main body of Indians. Within twenty-four hours, however, the colonel had received news that Bald Eagle was, with the allied tribes, in sufficient force to annihilate Wyatt should he attempt an attack; and old "Slow-and-Sure," as the regiment called him, had chosen Dick to carry the order of recall, believing that Wyatt's disappointment would be less keen from the lips of his closest comrade than from the usual written instructions sent by a scout, — a bit of soldierly sympathy from his somewhat formal colonel which had converted Dick's unwillingness to bear this humiliation to Don into an urgent desire to convince him both of its necessity and its kindness. He spoke with clearness and positiveness, but Don's dark brows drew together obstinately.

"Is that all?" he asked when Dick ended.

"More than enough, I should say."

"I say differently. Hold on!" he interjected, with a vigorous grasp on the nearest of Dick's impatiently shrugged shoulders. "It is a case of one scout's testimony against another's. Long Jim, who has often done us good service, swears to me that Bald Eagle will camp to-night with only thirty or forty braves

among those hills, where we can wipe him out or take him prisoner as circumstances may direct. It is the kind of safe thing old Slow-and-Sure would bless, if he knew the truth about it. Too easy for my liking or for yours, if he had n't frightened you blue."

"Your commanding officer" — Dick exclaimed hotly, but Wyatt interrupted.

"I am in command here, and I shall use my own judgment to limit my obedience to a superior whom I know to be misinformed as to the facts upon which his change of plans is based."

And to this ultimatum he adhered, in spite of such energetic remonstrance or fiery reproach as Dick's anxiety could urge, until, at length, the latter sprang angrily to his feet; yet, even as he did so, there swept between his eyes and the darkening prairie a vision of pretty "quarters" at Fort Wallace, and of two beloved women who waited for news of them.

"Think of your wife, Don!" cried Dick. "If you will not consider your reputation or the safety of these men, remember that her happiness" —

Don laughed, — a laugh through whose defiance thrilled a proud tenderness.

"Esther would not thank you for ranking her happiness as dearer to me than my honor," he said, adding, as Dick turned away, "I'm sorry that you are vexed, old fellow, but this thing must be done to-night, and the chief will understand that I could not wait to send him Long Jim's report."

Dick was more uneasy than vexed while he ate his supper and watched Wyatt arranging the details of the night's work with a couple of young second lieutenants, who were the only other officers, and Long Jim, the half-breed scout. He was uneasy both as to the result of the raid and as to the colonel's acquiescence in the verdict of a possible victory; though with regard to his own course, having no orders on that point, he resolved to ride with Don.

The start was fixed for moonset, and in the mean time two hours' sleep was imposed upon the column. But sleep will not come by command, and crowding memories kept Dick long awake, — memories which, beginning at his first meeting with Don in their "plebe" days at West Point, speedily journeyed to Wallace, and which, welded together by ancient comradeship, were glorified by the brightness of laughing eyes, sweet eyes of a girl who had arrived at the post last spring, in anticipation of the lonely suspense the summer's campaign must prove to her sister, Don's wife.

This gay Theo, however, was not like her sister. Esther's strong, serene nature possessed no quicksands, while Theo perpetually engulfed the unwary in dangerous, delightful pitfalls.

"So it is to be sink or swim together?" Don was saying, with his caressing smile, when Dick woke after what seemed a few moments' slumber. "This is going to be a splendid thing, and you will thank your lucky star that you were with us," he added, as they clasped each other's hands.

The moon was almost gone as they mounted, but there remained enough light to guide the rapid half-hour ride of the command toward the foothills among which lay the ravine where Long Jim asserted that Bald Eagle had camped. The entrance was a dismal-looking place when they reached it, just after the moon had dropped softly beyond the far edge of the prairie horizon, and there the troopers dismounted, leaving their horses under a strong guard.

Very cheery and alert was Wyatt, with a glance for everything and a word for every one; the kind of officer, his men said then — ay and afterward — whom they would follow blindfold wherever he chose to lead them.

A dry channel, worn by spring torrents, made their path along the rocky bottom of the ravine, whose rough sides

towered to gloomier heights with every step as they advanced. The sky, which had seemed dark from the moon's setting when they entered, grew bright in comparison with the Cimmerian depths through which they plunged, as Dick looked over his shoulder to judge of their progress by the gradual narrowing of that glimpse of starry blue. Silence had been enjoined, and was unbroken except for the occasional stumble of a careless foot upon a loose stone, and the soldiers, though necessarily scattered by the increasing steepness, kept as much as possible to the double file in which they had started, until, from somewhere over the middle of the column, a boulder thundered down, and those beside whom it fell sprang out of the way with involuntary exclamations. Then the darkness and stillness above and about them palpitated with a hundred flashes of flame and a hundred sharp reports, broken into as many more by the bewildering echo, — a sudden storm of sound, through which Dick yet heard the self-accusing anguish in a voice beside him.

"God forgive me!" Donald Wyatt cried. "I've brought them into a trap!"

It was not confusion that followed, though their enemies swarmed around them, forbidding any regular formation. It was the undismayed obedience of brave men to the clear orders which rang sternly out over the fire and counter fire and the hideous yelling of the savages, — orders whose object, from the first moment of attack, was the withdrawal of the command to the entrance of the ravine, and which was gained in a *mêlée* incredible to soldiers who know only civilized warfare; the troopers face to face, hand to hand, with supple, sinewy foes, who arose in uncounted numbers, like a flight of bats, from the dark depths that were familiar to them.

Already the guard left with the horses had been surrounded, but in the comparative liberty of space and light the men made a determined rally, and suc-

ceeded — some of them — in reaching and mounting their horses, — some of them! Then it was that Dick realized that he should not be one of them! He had scarcely felt his wound until he stumbled blindly, the pistol slipped from his fingers, and he knew that to gain the nearest horse had become as impossible as to defend himself against the howling Indian springing toward him. Out of swaying shadows a strong arm upheld him, and a pistol cracked sharply close beside his sinking head.

"There is an end of that devil!" Don's voice cried dauntlessly. "Your foot in my stirrup — so! Hold on here before me, while I see our chaps well off!"

Through feverish hauntings of a dim despair, Dick Norman faltered back to consciousness.

"It's no use, Don!" he murmured. "Let me be! Save yourself!"

Instead of the fearless assurance which had last reached his failing senses, and for which he vaguely listened, he heard a hoarse sob, a sternly whispered "Hush!"

Then followed a silence, in which he suffered bodily from the jolting of wheels, and mentally from a torture of bewilderment. Slowly he opened his eyes, and looked up, not into the fierce tenderness of Wyatt's face, but into the grave countenance of the post surgeon.

"You were not with us! Where is Don?" he gasped.

"Hush!" the surgeon repeated, taking with a cool, firm clasp Dick's free hand, — the other was a helplessly bound prisoner. "We came up after the fight" —

"Long Jim betrayed us! We tried to reach the horses, and Don" — Dick panted. Good God! with what a ghastly throng memory was returning! "Where is Don?"

"He is well," the surgeon began gently.

But Dick struggled to his elbow among the pillows of the ambulance cot.

"He took me up before him — he waited for the others. Tell me the truth! I shall know if you don't!"

"He is dead," the surgeon said hurriedly. "He rallied his command in the little wood where we found them, but he dropped out of the saddle when they took you from his arms, and died before we — Help me here, orderly; the lieutenant has fainted."

A month later the campaign was ended, — a campaign which had been uneventful except in that disastrous night when Wyatt's column was so nearly cut to pieces. Conferences, not fighting, had characterized it, and such success as crowned it had been won by promises, not swords. The Indians, sullenly submissive, were again within their Reservations, and the — Cavalry was once more at Wallace, in a mood of deep discontent that the lives ensnared by Long Jim were unavenged, and that the blot of a disobedience, or of a mistake, must stain the escutcheon of a regiment hitherto equally renowned for its victories and its discipline.

A court-martial had been summoned to meet so soon as Dick Norman should be sufficiently recovered from his wound to stand his trial, and the quota of officers were daily expected to arrive from neighboring posts. Little else was discussed in barracks or in mess-room, for Donald Wyatt had been adored by his men, admired as much as liked by his comrades, and considered by his superiors the most brilliant young cavalry officer in the service. According to rumor, Dick Norman blamed himself for that night's catastrophe; declaring that he had given the colonel's message to Wyatt as a warning, not as a command, and that Wyatt, betrayed by his scout's false reports, had felt justified in disregarding the warning and in following his seemingly well-arranged plan for the

capture of Bald Eagle. This rumor was corroborated among Dick's special set by their remembrance of his keen sympathy with Wyatt's previous disappointments, and of his vexation when he had been chosen by the colonel to carry that third recall to his friend; so that, though in their intimate assemblings much compassion was expressed for him, there was no doubt of his responsibility, nor of the verdict of the court-martial, except — exception which would have astonished nobody more than Dick — in the mind of the colonel. Very vivid to the recollection of old "Slow-and-Sure" was the gratitude shining in the young fellow's eyes when he understood the kindness intended by the trust confided to him. Very profound was his conviction that there had been no paltering with the delivery of that trust.

"Bald and stout as I am, I can yet feel how impossible that boy finds the public accusation of the comrade who died in saving his life!" he had told himself, staring rather dimly at Dick's sword, when the adjutant had brought it to him, on the day that Dick was ordered under arrest in his quarters. "If he were in a state to hear reason, I should see him at once; but whichever way the fault lies, there must be a court-martial. And I'm not afraid that the judge advocate will fail to discover so inexperienced a liar as young Norman with half a dozen questions!"

By the surgeon's commands, Dick's convalescence was spent in a solitude upon which neither sympathy nor blame intruded, and August had dragged itself out before a day was appointed for the meeting of the court. But on a radiant morning in early September, the adjutant appeared in Dick's little sitting-room with two announcements: the court-martial would begin on the morrow, and on the following day Mrs. Wyatt, with her sister and child, would leave Wallace for the East, — a departure in accordance with "army regulations," which thrust

the bustle of packing and planning upon the first stupor of bereavement. The adjutant further informed Dick that Mrs. Wyatt's going away necessitated immediate opening of a military chest which Dick and Wyatt had shared during an expedition of the early spring, when they had been detailed to escort supplies from the nearest river town to Wallace. The schedule of these supplies had never been demanded, because the outbreak of Indian hostilities had since then engrossed the attention of headquarters, and the chest which contained these papers still remained in Don Wyatt's "den," where Dick was now desired to search for them.

Mechanically Dick marched along the parade beside the adjutant, who was much more conscious than he of the various greetings, kindly or curious, bestowed upon this first public appearance of the subject of to-morrow's trial. They were going away: Esther, whose friendship he had ranked next to her husband's, and Theo! Oddly enough their enforced departure had not before added itself to his miseries. Yet, he reflected bitterly, the distance of half the world could not increase the estrangement which their utter silence during his illness had already proved to him, and which it was only natural that the widow and sister should feel toward the man whose presumptuous disobedience was held responsible for Don's death!

Here was the door he had always hitherto entered with a gay welcome from lips that would nevermore be gay! Here was Don's den, whose walls were eloquent with the echo of his laugh, and the boyish mischief which he had never outgrown!

Dick was so white and spent as he dropped down on one of the packing cases — there were packing cases everywhere — that the adjutant glanced nervously at him.

"Perhaps this is too much for you?" he exclaimed. "We might have the chest sent to your quarters?"

"No, no!" Dick stammered. "I'm all right. We had duplicate keys. Here are mine."

Very heterogeneous were the contents of that chest, which had been packed by Wyatt's hands, always more vigorous than orderly! His properties and Dick's mingled as thoroughly, and in as homely a fashion, as their affection.

The adjutant found a package of accounts, and hurriedly looked over them to make sure of their completeness, while Dick gave himself entirely to a listening, which until now had divided his attention with the search. The sound of a light step, the tones of a soft voice — God! was it only three months since he used to lie in wait here to intercept Theo on her way to some garrison merry-making?

The half-open door was pushed wider. Could all that blackness be Theo, — Theo, who was wont to be as brilliant in color as a cactus flower?

Dick did not move, though the adjutant sprang to his feet.

"I should like to speak to Mr. Norman for a moment, alone."

Vaguely Dick heard the words, and was aware of the adjutant's hasty retreat. Then a trembling hand touched his, and a wistful little face, which had once been gay with dimples, bent over him.

"Did you mean to let us go without a word?" she asked.

"I thought that you must hate me!" he muttered.

"Hate you? Poor Dick! Don't I know that you have broken your own heart almost as utterly as Esther's!"

"How is she?"

"As though she had gone part of the way with Don! The surgeon says she will come back. She may, perhaps, because of baby! But sometimes I feel as if I had lost her, too — besides Don — and you" —

"And me?" he murmured. "Have you wanted me?"

Theo had suffered much and bravely within six weeks — grief for Wyatt, sympathy, which knew itself helpless before her sister's trance of desolation; a longing, made of everything tenderest in her nature, to reach and comfort Dick, whom she believed she could console. Now, while each glance of Dick's eyes, each tone of his voice, assured her power, its limitations yet more than its extent overwhelmed her. Even her touch could never heal the blasted future, which stretched away miserably through the years that look so long to youth! With a sudden storm of tears, she sank down on the packing case from which he had risen.

He stepped toward her, but drew back instantly. How dared he claim her sweet compassion, and that sweeter something to which his pulses thrilled, — he whom the certain sentence of to-morrow's court-martial must estrange from all Donald Wyatt's kin forever!

Army quarters are not constructed for living to one's self. Small sounds penetrate contract-built partitions, and Theo's revolt against the bitterness of life and the cruelty of death reached and roused the stunned sympathies of her sister.

Esther Wyatt stood in the doorway, turning her gray eyes, with their dazed look as of one coming out of blindness to sight, from Theo's bowed figure to Dick rigid with silence. And upon her remembrance, dulled to all but her husband, there flashed the love story that Don and she had watched together. How vexed he had been with Theo's gay caprices! How eager to trust Esther's superior feminine intuition, which was confident that Dick's wooing would end well! Ah, dearer yet to her awakening memory came somebody's account of Don's dying determination to save his friend. She held out her hand to Dick.

"This poor little girl is tired out," she said softly. "She has thought and planned and packed for both of us. But you will help her, now that you are so nearly well again?"

He could only touch that fragile hand speechlessly, and turn away.

"Say that you don't blame him, Esther!" Theo sobbed.

"I blame Dick? Why should I?"

"Because — dear Don — the court-martial to-morrow" —

"A court-martial for whom? Dick is not to blame! Don wrote me that night."

Dick lifted his face, wet with suddenly forgotten tears.

"He wrote you that night?"

"Only part of a letter. He said — could he have said that you and he had quarreled?" Esther hesitated, with a half recollection of words whose one meaning, when she read them, had been that the hand which had written them would never write again. "Surely you made it up before" —

"Yes! yes!" Dick exclaimed vehemently. "Has nobody told you how he saved me?"

But Esther could not listen now to the story even of her husband's last exploit. Dick was trying to avoid the subject of that quarrel. Could some doubt of Don's forgiveness stab the grief which she knew was next her own? Yet Don had blamed himself.

"Here is his letter" — she began.

"Don't read it!" Dick interrupted nervously. "I — I cannot bear it!"

"Just a line or two, to show you" —

She broke off abruptly, and for one long moment stood motionless, staring down at the boldly written page. Then she stepped toward Dick, lifting her shining eyes, — eyes whose loveliest gaze pierced beyond the barriers of tender human building, and beheld, as her soldier's freed soul might behold, the Truth beautiful exceedingly!

"Forgive me!" she panted. "All this terrible time I have only understood that he is gone. Nothing else, — not even what he wrote me! The fault that night was his, and you have suffered the blame, to spare him!"

"He was betrayed. He got the troop out of it again magnificently!" Dick stammered eagerly.

An orderly knocked at the half-open door.

"The commanding officer's compliments, and he is waiting to know whether Mrs. Wyatt can see him," he announced.

The color rushed over Esther's pale face, and vanished as quickly, while Dick sprang to his feet.

"Sit down!" she exclaimed, touching his shoulder. "Brown, ask the colonel to come in here."

"Wait! Think!" Dick implored. "His honor" —

"Is mine," she answered, with soft vehemence. "Oh, Dick, remember our generous, fearless Don! Never would he permit another to bear blame for his mistake, and neither can I."

Erect and gorgeous with the full panoply of war, to do deference to this farewell visit to the widow of an officer killed upon the field of battle, the colonel entered the room. But something deeper than his esteem for the forms of his profession stirred his heart as he glanced from Dick's bent head and Theo's startled eyes to the transfigured woman who came to meet him.

"Colonel," she said steadfastly, "in my selfish grief I have allowed you to go very near the doing of a great injustice."

An inarticulate ejaculation was all he could achieve as she paused.

"Before my husband went into that fight he wrote me. Will you hear what he said?"

"Let me spare you the reading," the colonel muttered.

Esther looked down at the big sheet of headquarters official paper which held her soldier's last "love-making," and a smile that was more tender than tears flickered over her drooping face.

"Unless it is necessary for you to see the letter I would rather read it," she said, faltered an instant, and began: —

... "The chief has another chill of prudence, and Dick has just brought me an order of recall, — an order which I have, however, decided to disregard, as my scout's report of Bald Eagle's position makes his capture a certainty. "Obedience is the first duty of a soldier," yet a soldier who is also a commanding officer must act according to his own judgment, under circumstances which he knows will justify him to his superior when they can be communicated; and old "Slow-and-Sure" is too successful in his career to grudge me another feather in my cap, even though I shall win it rather irregularly. But Dick is furious. He has exhausted eloquence in trying to convince me that I shall ride straight to ruin, breaking every rule in the army regulations on the way.'"

The low voice, wondrously steadied to its task, ceased, and there was silence, — silence in which there floated, through an open window, the clear tones of an officer's commands to a newly joined squad

at drill upon the parade, and the tiny, chuckling laugh of Don's child in his cradle on the veranda.

"Madam" — the colonel commenced, with dignity, hesitated, then bent until his gray mustache swept Esther's fingers. "God bless you," he ended abruptly.

Swiftly she turned from him to Dick, leaning his head against his folded arms on the chimney ledge.

"Truest friend! bravest friend!" she cried. "You have acted as his friend should. But I am his wife. I must act as himself."

There was no court-martial on the morrow, because its function had been anticipated by an informal meeting of officers at the colonel's quarters, — a meeting where a brilliant young soldier's fault was tenderly condoned, and where every man enshrined in his memory an ideal of a soldier's wife.

And the colonel brought Dick's sword back to him.

Ellen Mackubin.

FROM THE REPORTS OF THE PLATO CLUB.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

THE PARMENIDES. (January 16.)

THIS evening Hillbrook read from the *Parmenides*. Then the *Dominie*: "A question I should like to ask is this: How can a man get so excited about such an abstract proposition as that 'One is'? Why does it make so many men fanatics, like the Moslem iconoclasts, and why do they take such pleasure and satisfaction in affirming oneness? *Parmenides* did not have to refute atheism, for he lived before the days of nihilistic theories and agnostic screeds, yet he must affirm 'The One is.' So, too, *Spinoza* with his pantheism was called 'God-in-

toxicated.' How are we to account for this enthusiasm?"

Red Cap. "Is it not because nothing is reasonable until we get a single principle?"

The Dominie. "Yes, perhaps so; but is there not something more? A man wants to have a ramrod down his back and feel that there is something there. It is a great satisfaction to feel and make an affirmation, and I think *Carlyle* is right when he says that it makes a man larger to have something fixed to formulate. But then, why in the world do people take so very much pleasure in this particular statement, 'Being is'? Is it not

perhaps that it gives more pleasure to be a *positif*, as the French call it, than a *negatif*, more pleasure to affirm than to deny or to doubt, and the most general affirmation you can make is that *being* is? Then, too, it *is*. Here is another affirmation."

Hesperus. "Is not this pleasure of asserting that *being* is analogous to one's delight when he discovers a new relation in the world and cries out 'Eureka'?"

The Theologian. "This desire to posit something, to make an assertion, is universal. Even Mr. Huxley fell a victim to it when he invented the word 'agnostic.' Every one else was an *ist* or an *ic* or an *er*, and he wanted a tail, too."

Red Cap. "Is there not a moral feeling at the bottom of this pleasure in finding unity? One's disquiet in the presence of duality is like the disquiet that some people feel before they have experienced what they call conversion. They are at war with themselves because their will has not yet established unity by a definite act of choice."

The Pilgrim. "Is not the object of the whole dialogue to show that abstract reasoning and quibbling, if carried too far, leave simply nothing, and does not this dialogue at its conclusion leave us hanging in mid-air?"

The Parson. "Is it not a lesson against prolixity and looseness of terms?"

The Dominic. "But Hegel says that the Parmenides marks the highest point of Plato's thought. My own idea is that unity is a great thing to have, and that it is rather the mark of a high mind. Think how pleased Newton was, trembling so that he could not make his calculations: a stray idea had been captured. This attempt to unify is also an impulse of sanity. The people who are only sprinkled with facts are neither sane nor interesting. And so it is with the impulse to stand for something and be a *positif*. This is the impulse of youth, and the converted man, too, gets a unity that he did not have before. But do

we confer any greater reality on reality by these attempts to *prove* it? If it is really real, why not simply recognize its reality? By trying to prove it, do we not rather loosen the belief? You can't prove first principles, and very few of us can prove even fourth or fifth principles."

THE REPUBLIC, I.-IV. (January 23.)

The Pilgrim read from the first four books of the Republic, and then suggested innumerable questions arising from what he had read.

The Dominic. "But we can't choose a fishpole in a forest of saplings, so we shall have to ask you to pick one out for us, and tell us which of all these subjects you prefer to discuss."

The Pilgrim. "Well, then, let us have the religious question. Here is Socrates trying to work a religious reformation by bringing forward all the bad parts of the old Homeric tales, until his hearers have to say that these stories won't do. So nowadays the Jonah story and Eli-sha's floating axe are brought forward to confuse old-fashioned orthodox believers. But is this the best way to teach the new truth? Does it not do a great deal more harm than good, and would it not be much better to leave these stories alone altogether, and teach something that we do believe?"

The Prophet. "I think you are quite right. There is too much flinging of new discoveries into people's faces. But you can't use the same methods in all cases. I should not talk to my grandmother as I would to a theological student. The great danger is in going to extremes. Some churches are so afraid of superstition that they throw away every ceremony, even baptism and the communion, though these have a real value, however we understand their significance; while others are so overgrown with it that one can hardly find any truth in them. But the mean is hard to follow."

Hesperus. "Plato thought the best religion was the one that produced the best

lives. His object was to lift people up. But then his state was an ideal one. He supposed it to be freshly started; consequently he had no settled beliefs to reckon with, and his problem was not the same as ours."

The Theologian. "I have not much to say on this subject; but the one thing I do want to protest against is the use of ridicule. It is a very poor way of converting people to your views, and it often only makes them stubborn."

Red Cap. "And yet it is said that in France ridicule is the strongest weapon that can be used. Whether we use it or not, we often do a great deal of good by coming out as Luther did, and saying what we do *not* believe. If, by showing the weak points of religious beliefs, you can get them revised, I think it is good. As to the Bible, people have been in the habit of taking it as though it were of the same value all through. But why not let them see the difference, so that they will not feel that they need to believe the things in it that are against conscience? — and there are things in the Old Testament that are against conscience."

The Pilgrim. "But is there not a better way of going about the work than simply to knock things down? Don't take a child to the window and show it the flaws in the glass instead of the beautiful landscape. We don't get much good from looking at flaws; that is a vile way of getting at the beauty of life. But if you people think it a good way, what are you going to do about it?"

The Dominic. "For my part, I am not going to do anything. I don't see much use in negative propaganda now, however it may have been in the past. If my mother had told me to believe that the moon was made of green cheese, and that belief had been pricked into me like a tattoo, what right have you to come along and get it out? There is a sphere for individuality in these matters, and it seems like an offense against the individual to interfere with them. A great

many ridiculous things have somehow or other got into our fundamental beliefs, like gnats in the amber; but don't cut a person to pieces to get them out. The way is to state positive things, and then these theories will drop off of themselves; but to take them away before they are ready to drop is like pulling the tail off a tadpole. Feed him and let him grow, and the tail will take care of itself. But this is not all. This picking open of flaws is an assault upon the person. Take the story of Jonah and the whale; I know how difficult it is, — I measured a whale's throat once, — but I rather hate to have a man attack that story. I don't know why it is so, but it makes a very unpleasant impression to have somebody annihilate it. But why does Plato want to weed out such stories as that, and yet give us a whole lot of myths a great deal harder to believe? He wants us to believe that the world went round the other way, and shook up everything when it changed, and then he wants to teach that we all grew out of the earth, which nobody can believe. But take these miracles. I don't know what to say about them; I don't believe them, and yet I do believe them, — perhaps the heart believes them, and the head does not, — and I don't want to force myself to give a verdict about these things. It may be only a matter of taste, but I always feel as though a person did some gross or indecorous thing to attack these beliefs that we have been brought up to regard as sacred."

The Timekeeper. "I don't know about that Jonah story. Somebody tells of a fish in the Mediterranean that did swallow a sailor, and they fired a cannon over it, and the man was thrown out and saved. We ought to know for sure before we say that things are not true."

The Deacon. "It is very beautiful for everybody, learned and unlearned, to repeat the same creed, each giving it his own interpretation, and each allowing his neighbor to do the same; but is there not

danger of our crying 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace? Those of us who do not accept the old stories in their literal sense may still feel the deep spiritual truth which they embody, and when we have grasped the soul of truth we may love to linger on the beautiful form in which it has been clothed. But what is to happen to those who have been brought up to think that they must believe everything just as it is written? Whether we tell them so or not, they are going to learn sooner or later that some of these things are not what they have been taught to believe that they are; and the question is whether we shall teach them sympathetically, or somebody else shall do it unsympathetically. I have seen many young people who are at sea and have nothing whatever to anchor to, because they have been taught that they must take these things literally, and they can't."

Red Cap. "A whole generation is arising to whom it is said: Here is the Bible; you must take the whole of it, or none at all. The state of France, at this time, is the result of just this kind of teaching in the Roman Catholic Church. People were told that they must believe everything, without any discrimination; so most of them believe nothing. In this country as elsewhere, Christian orthodoxy is forcing upon young men views that can be held no longer. In two years' experience in a religious association of young men, I have seen enough doubt and torment arising from these teachings to make my blood boil when I hear them. The question is not one of tearing down, but of uncovering the truth for the sake of the young people who are driven away from religion by myths and legends which they cannot accept as revelations of God. Veneration for antique beliefs is no doubt a worthy sentiment, but shall we allow the living to go astray out of respect for the dead?"

The Parson. "Our Saviour set us a good example. He said, I came not to destroy, but to fulfill; yet he was accused

of destroying. That there has been a change in our way of dealing with these questions is shown in the different attitude of our missionaries. At first they attacked the religions of their hearers; but now they recognize all that is good in them, and try to build upon it, and they are far more successful. As to the Bible, I have long believed that some parts of it are more interesting than others; but whether any parts are more important than others, I doubt, — though there is often a question of exegesis."

REPUBLIC, VIII.—X. (February 13.)

When the Theologian had read from the last three books of the Republic, he said: "The selections are bristling with points; but I should like most to ask what is to be done when wealth gets into the possession of the few, and progress and poverty go hand in hand. Should we pass Mosaic laws against the alienation of property? From the ethical point of view, which is the better way to deal with people, to *make* them act wisely, as Henry George would do, or to follow Spencer's advice and let them learn from experience? Is it good to fence people about, so that they can't lose anything if they want to?"

The Dominie. "Would not such a scheme make a revolution to start with, and afterwards take all the spring out of life? Ambition wants the open sea before it."

The Pilgrim. "The Greeks talked a great deal about presumptuous pride; but was not Plato guilty of a double portion of it, when he attempted to lay down a static system according to which the world should always be governed?"

The Deacon. "It sometimes appeals to me quite uncomfortably, when I see a conflict, which I have not yet found out how to reconcile, between Christianity, or at any rate what passes nowadays for Christianity, and the teachings of science. Take the questions of lunatic asylums and prohibitory laws: Christianity seems to

be in favor of them, but if there is anything in the law of the survival of the fittest, the ditch the drunken man falls into is just the place Nature meant him to be in, and we have no right to pick him out and help him to bring up dipsomaniac children. I think I should vote for a prohibitory law; yet prohibition is loathsome to me. As somebody asks, what right have A and B, who do not want to drink, to pass a law to prevent C drinking, though he can do it in moderation, for the benefit of D, a weakling whom Nature is trying to kill for the benefit of the race?"

The Timekeeper. "But if anybody at all survives, it is because Nature helps him; why should we not follow her example, and help people, also? The laws are all against the poor man's son, and we ought to give him a start, at least."

The Pilgrim. "I don't think we should allow people from the lunatic asylums and almshouses to have children, and I think we ought to get rid of prohibition when it won't fit; but the talk we hear about personal liberty is all nonsense. The Western judge who would not let witnesses carry their guns into court was accused of infringing on personal liberties. The fact of the matter is that we have a right to interfere with the saloons, because the saloons interfere with us. If my son can't go down town without being tempted to drink, and my wife can't go out in the evening, or even in broad daylight, without being insulted or offended by the vile language of some drunken fellow, I propose to do all I can to put a stop to it."

The Dominie. "That is the way I look at the question, too. I believe in prohibition, though it is very rough and barbaric. It is a question of the balance between good and evil, and I think the preponderance of good is on the side of prohibition. It is an evil to be chased by a drunken man, as I was the other day, till I recognized the ridiculousness of my position, and turned on him sharply; and it is another evil not to be able

to get brandy for a sick friend without being beckoned into a back room for it, like some common law-breaker; but mass work is always rough work, whether in legislation or in education. As to saving these poor people, it is a very different question; for here they have something to do with it themselves. Aristotle treats pity as a disease, and he is right. It is the disease which makes so many women carry around poodle dogs and coddle them as though they were babies. These are the people who go into hysterics when you speak of vivisection. Think of the vast amount of money given to improve the condition of miserable offscourings who have been shown to be very largely responsible for their own state! Ninety-nine people out of every hundred think it a much more pious thing to leave their money to some charitable institution than to a university; and so they help the worst people in the community instead of the best, and shiver with imaginary paupers who can't keep warm. It is simply a disease; and it is a commentary on our civilization to see these magnificent institutions for the care of the insane and paupers and criminals. I don't think they should be treated better than the majority of honest working people. After all, is not money a pretty good anthropometer? It does not measure morality, by any means, but it does seem to me that the rich man who acquires his own money must be a person of tremendous energy and vital force."

The Pilgrim. "The worst thing about the whole situation to-day is this lamentation in the pulpits about the material condition of the poor workingman."

ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS. (March 6.)

This evening the Theologian read for the second time from the Ethics of Aristotle. He then said: "The remarkable thing about Aristotle's view of virtue is that it is just the reverse of our modern view, putting reasoning before character. But is there not something in such

advocacy of pure reason which leads to sterility in the end? Can we have an ethical philosophy, and can we keep an interest in the good, without seasoning it with something beyond pure thought? In Aristotle's estimation of friendship as superior to love we have the doctrine of the mean in every-day life. It reminds us of the Biblical injunction, 'Let your moderation be known unto all men.'

The Parson. "Every attempt to make education purely intellectual has failed, and therefore our books on sermonizing teach us to avoid purely intellectual preaching. The intellect is only a means."

Red Cap. "The mean is generally virtuous; but how are you to find the mean, if not by reason? Is it not just the province of reason to find it? Then, evidently, you must place reason in the first place, in the search for virtue."

The Theologian. "As a matter of fact, do we do anything just because we have found it out by reasoning?"

Red Cap. "Perhaps not. We feel that we have the mean by a sort of moral pleasure."

The Dominie. "Then what would you say to the view held by the Herbartians, that the emotions measure the degree of disturbance, and must therefore be eliminated?"

The Deacon. "It seems to me that Aristotle's doctrine of the mean is just as artificial as his doctrine of the syllogism. Nobody ever uses the syllogism in a real argument, and fallacies are discovered, not by the rules of the syllogism, but by the conflict between one's conclusions and established facts. In the same way, the doctrine of the mean does not enable us to find what is right; but when we have found out by our own experience or that of the race that a certain trait of character is good, it is very easy to find something bad which we can put on either side of it and call an extreme. In the case of bodily appetites Aristotle's scheme works pretty well, but

there are many other cases in which what we consider right is an extreme rather than the mean. The ten commandments speak of total abstinence from certain acts, not of moderation. Aristotle's own examples are often arbitrary enough. He makes magnificence the mean between meanness and vulgarity. But could we not just as well contrast meanness with carelessness about money, and vulgarity with modesty?"

The Dominie. "And yet, after all, has not Aristotle's system a good pedagogic value? It is the best and most complete system I know. The syllogism may be artificial, but does it not sharpen a student's wits, all the same? Do you not think that the doctrine of the mean will serve a similar end? Another doctrine of Aristotle's worth noting is that exercise makes faculty. F. W. Robertson's sermons are full of this; and it is supported by the best teachings of the theory of evolution. There is still another point I should like to speak of; and that is the happiness of the contemplative life. Is that a fact, in the first place? and in the second, if it be so, is there reason to believe that it is natural, that it was intended that we speculate? Is that the end of life? I don't believe it. If a man has great trouble to bear, there is nothing that sustains him like the reading of these great systems. And that is a good thing; but it seems to me that it is a better thing to be guided by them in your life. That is where Christianity takes a great step in advance."

The Parson. "Our church books regard the contemplative life as too introspective."

The Dominie. "Do you not suppose that the doctrine of the mean applies to matters of speculation? Would n't the Greeks have condemned excess even in this? And is it not possible that a part of what is usually ascribed to ignorance in Plato may have been due to his temperance? 'The way to be dull is to tell everything.' Now Plato was a great deal

more brilliant than Aristotle, and a great deal more of an artist. May he not have voluntarily restrained himself? The other day I read a volume of about eighty pages in which the whole universe is explained. It is a very cheap kind of intellect that explains the whole universe; but doubtless the author of this book would have sneered at Plato, and said that he did not know his own mind."

The Pilgrim. "What is the use of discussing such questions as what the mean may be, and what is the harm? What does not get into a man by reasoning cannot be taken out of him by it. That is what Lincoln meant when he said, 'You can't fool all the people all the time.' They don't reason very much, but their great heart is right."

Red Cap. "What would be the good of saying to a child that virtue is the mean? Does he not already have an idea of virtue that is much better? To call it the mean makes it a kind of *mean* thing, the average, something low."

Hesperus. "Is it possible to find the mean without an experience of deviation from it?"

The Dominie. "That may have been a question in the Garden. Some people are so made that they can accept testimony, but others cannot."

Hesperus. "But should we say to a child, 'Do not do this'? It is a maxim among teachers *not* to say, 'This is the right spelling, and that is the wrong,' for this teaches the wrong way quite as much as the right one."

The Dominie. "I do not think the two cases are parallel, because in the first place there is a push to do the thing, and in the second place in nine cases out of ten the child knows the right way perfectly well. And now, once more, what is the function of this knowing faculty in making us good? Hegel repeats this idea of knowing, and Schopenhauer makes pure contemplation the only happiness; but when intellectualism is made the end, it shows its bankrupt nature.

If this whole question about knowledge were only torn away from the question as to whether knowledge is real or not! The question is not whether knowledge is real, but what is its use, how is it made a means of moral improvement? Is not a man morally infirm who has to do evil in order to know it? Ought not instinctive knowledge to save us from the experimental? Perhaps all ethical knowledge is anticipatory experience, — the rude sight which the creature is beginning to develop from its sense of touch, and which saves it from running its head against an object before it knows it is there. Discursive knowledge is a fall; fine native instinct does not need it, and he who has this instinct still keeps the divinest thing in him; he is unfallen; he keeps the mean instinctively, and he has the keenest kind of satisfaction in doing so. But we are fallen creatures, and we must walk by sight, and not by faith."

THE STOICS. (May 15.)

The Parson has a theory that the whole moral and spiritual life of man is simply a question of weather, and he can quote statistics to prove that profanity varies in quantity and quality with the height of the thermometer and the square of the barometric pressure. However this may be, it is quite certain that even the Plato Club did not escape the influence of these spring days. We no longer rushed headlong to our rendezvous, eager to discover the nature of The Good or of The One, or to adjust the claims of The One and The Many, but we sauntered to the house very slowly, and when some of us met outside, we stopped a little to talk about the grass and the trees, and some one said to the Parson that it was impossible to discuss philosophy by daylight. But the Parson did not answer; he was picking up a magnolia blossom that the wind had blown on the grass.

When Red Cap read from Epictetus, some of us, at least, felt greatly charmed by the peaceful spirit of the extract, and

were therefore a little surprised when he stopped, and began to criticise his author.

"I must say," he began, "that I have been much disappointed with Epictetus. I had always supposed he was a very great man; but when I read his discourses I found him to be a very narrow man indeed, with only one idea, which he applies to everything. 'Is that in your power? Does this pain concern you?' This is his whole philosophy; and the key to it is found when one knows that he was a slave. 'Avoid pain; avoid suffering.' This is a philosophy of contempt for life, possible only to a disheartened pessimist or a slave. If our life depends upon feeling, and you take the feeling out, as Epictetus would have you, then you take the life and the growth out also. Contrast this egoistic philosophy, whose whole aim is to escape personal suffering, with the Christian philosophy of love; the antithesis could not be stronger."

The Pilgrim. "The only difference between the Stoics and ourselves is that they spun it out longer. The old patriarchs lived a thousand years or so, and with the Stoics the adolescent storm and stress lasted a whole lifetime."

The Dominie. "Red Cap, you object to Epictetus because he tries to overcome pain by philosophy. What else would you have us do when we meet with misfortune, when our will is thwarted and we can do nothing, when we feel ourselves wholly in the hands of fate? Those are the times that try men's souls, and those are the times when a man needs philosophy or religion."

Red Cap. "But this philosophy is only for the mitigation of pain."

The Dominie. "And pain is what kills men. Christianity appealed to the weak and disheartened. It came as a comforter. It was to do just what you say, — to mitigate pain; because if pain goes too far it is death. There are times when you must look a great calamity right

in the face and live it down; sympathy of others will not help, but only makes it worse. Then it is that you must 'glory in death,' that you must 'accept the inevitable with joy.' And you can't do that if you have not faith. It may be expressed, or it may not; but if men did not believe that there is a Power that makes for righteousness, how would it be possible? This Stoic philosophy is a valuable narcotic to carry round with one in case of sudden pain. You say the philosophy of Epictetus is selfish. But it is not possible to draw an immovable line between egoism and altruism. How can we help others unless we live ourselves?"

Red Cap. "Christianity mitigated pain by teaching men to forget themselves for the sake of others. It taught them to give full play to their feelings in order to act vigorously for the sake of all. Epictetus teaches the reverse; with a very strong will, he learned never to use it."

The Pilgrim. "He magnified self until he eliminated personality. It seems to me utterly demoralizing to preach such a doctrine, for we live in connection with the universe, and by such doctrines we throw ourselves out of connection. It is simply, 'Grit your teeth and shut your mouth, and don't say anything.' That may be a good enough doctrine to die by, but you can't live by it. If you've got it, hurry up and die, and don't give it to other people. Stoicism is inaction. If one keeps his attention fixed long enough, death ensues. The spirit of Christianity is, 'Absorb your experience; use it as an aid to a better life; be made perfect by suffering.' It means growth."

The Deacon. "But stoicism is not a doctrine to die by. It is a doctrine by which we try to keep from dying. To be sure, it contains no Christian hope for a future life, but there are times in most lives when any hope or any belief is impossible; when we cannot even act, because we cannot tell whether our action will do good or harm. When we are in

such a state, it is a great comfort to think that our little joys and sorrows are inevitable, and that they are of no great importance after all. It may be weakness or cowardice or what you will to get into such a state, but that is no reason why we should abuse the only philosophy that makes life tolerable when we are in it."

The Prophet. "Is there, after all, such an antithesis between stoicism and Christianity? Do not the two work together? Take Job, for example: he has to face the mystery of pain, but he says, 'I will stand it, and it will come out right in the end.' Job's comforters say his pain is the result of personal guilt; Epictetus says it is a blessing in disguise."

Red Cap. "But, excuse me, *does* he say so?"

The Parson. "Epictetus is under a great disadvantage, not being present to explain himself. But when Red Cap was reading, I noticed a great many things that we have in Christianity. Take, for example, what he says about guiding conversation. Every Christian, especially a minister, ought to do that. Then where he says, 'Don't speak, but show what you believe:' that is a very important point. And then his distinction between the body and what happens to it and the soul. Then, too, what he says about shedding tears for others. The Bible tells us to weep with those that weep. As a Christian man, I have a pretty good opinion of Epictetus, and I don't see why we could not admit him into the church."

Red Cap. "The Bible does not tell us, as Epictetus does, to guide conversation for fear of having our dignity compromised, and it does not tell us to weep with others, and at the same time be careful not to weep inwardly."

The Pilgrim had tried to read from Marcus Aurelius earlier in the evening, so that we might talk about the emperor and the slave together, but he had been given no opportunity. Finally, however, he succeeded in getting our attention,

read at some length from the 'Meditations,' and continued the attack on the Stoics.

"This philosophy makes man a mere asteroid circling around nature; and as it regards the soul as the breath, it gives very little hope for immortality. I cannot find a word anywhere about improvement; but the whole aim of life is tranquillity, to be gained by looking within. 'Cease your complaint,' he says, 'and you are not hurt.' Marcus Aurelius was a subjective idealist. Like a silkworm, he spun it all out of himself. These two men, Aurelius and Epictetus, in a large way make up the typical philosopher. They don't fuss and worry, but where is their life? Is it the idea that the philosopher is unmoved by the ordinary affairs of life that makes philosophy so unpopular? Matthew Arnold, for example, chills the life out of you. The sooner we get rid of this demoralizing idea that there is something in stoicism the better."

The Dominie. "Now, gentlemen, what are we going to do? Are we to submit to the conspiracy of these two gentlemen against the Stoics?"

Red Cap. "It was not a conspiracy, and I object to the Pilgrim's putting Marcus Aurelius upon the same level with Epictetus. He strikes me as a vastly superior man in every way."

The Parson. "I think we shall have to take him into membership, also."

The Dominie. "Here are two people, in troublous times, who cultivated the art of keeping cool. 'Above all, keep cool and possess your soul in patience.' That is a standpoint that I cannot but have the highest respect for, even from no higher point of view than that of psychiatry. The loss of self-possession, of the faculty of keeping cool, is the first step towards every mental disease there is,—epilepsy, hysteria, melancholia, and all the others. But these Stoics were pretty noble men. They were not people whose philosophy changed with the cosmic weather; and I do instinctively

admire a man who is not upset when adversity comes. Ataraxia is a pretty good thing to have, and it is a good thing to hand down to one's children to make a sturdy stock."

SENECA. (May 22.)

We continued the study of the Stoics at the next meeting, when the Parson read from Seneca, and then gave a short account of his life. "Here was a man," he said, "who was worth twelve million dollars, and yet praised poverty. He wrote about virtue, yet was banished for his intrigue with Julia, assisted Nero in the murder of his mother, wrote the letter in which the Emperor tried to excuse himself for the act to the Senate, and was at last ordered to commit suicide for conspiring against the state. Seneca's writings were studied in the Christian Church up to the beginning of this century, but then something more was found out about him and he was dropped. It is strange that we don't appreciate a beautiful thought when a bad man utters it."

Red Cap. "Is there any way to reconcile the two men that we see in Seneca, the great vices that he was accused of, with his writings?"

The Deacon. "What about the doctrine of double personality? Is it not possible for a person, when he gets away from the worry and excitement of life, to sit down in another mood and express thoughts much better than those which control him when he acts? Was not Rousseau another example of this? He did the most abominable things, and yet his writings are full of beautiful thoughts."

The Dominie. "Rousseau was a sentimentalist. He cannot be compared with Seneca. His writings have a hollow, falsetto tone all through. But Seneca does not make such an impression at all. He writes less in his moods than either Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius. I don't believe that a man can be a good moralist and live a bad life. The charges of immorality against Seneca were made by

a jealous woman, and nobody believes them now. We know that he was temperate and that he was honest. In spite of his great wealth, he was not accused of any crookedness in his personal dealings, but, like every man who stands high in office, he was a common target for envious tongues. The most serious charge is that of supporting the government in its policy; but nobody can read Roman law without seeing that it was a fundamental point that it is right to do wrong if good is going to come of it. In dealing with the state, one has to balance vast goods and vast evils. In getting rid of Nero's mother, we don't know what the ends involved were. I should like to see in this country the spectacle of a man with twelve million dollars, who was secretary of state and wrote on philosophy, and then lost his money and was banished, but still wrote on philosophy, and was willing finally to put himself to a painful death at the command of the government. This age does not produce that kind of man. It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, but I think this man has come as near to it as most of them; perhaps because he lost his riches. The thing that strikes me most about Seneca is that he dares to be rather commonplace; he is a man strong enough to avoid an extreme when the truth lies unadorned in the middle. In Augustine, every once in a while we come across a strident, artificial note, worked up by an act of will to carry the thing a little too far. We find the same thing in Rousseau, in Byron, in Burr, and in Alexander Hamilton. There is a sort of ungenuine ring in the bad men who write about goodness, but we find none of this in Seneca."

Red Cap. "The same tendency exists in recent French writers. Their ideals are much higher than they can reach, and so they overstate intellectually what they cannot do morally."

The Dominie. "The letter in which Seneca tries to comfort his mother in his

banishment is pretty strong evidence in his favor. A bad man can talk taffy, but he cannot show such genuine sympathy as is found in this letter."

The Parson. "I have been thinking that we might take him in on probation, but that is about all we can do in his case."

Herbert Austin Aikins.

A RUSSIAN HOLY CITY.

IT was close on midnight when we left Yásnaya Polyána. A large and merry party of Count Tolstóy's children and relatives escorted us: some in the baggage cart, perched on our luggage; some in the jaunting-car-like *linéika* with us, on our moonlight drive to the little station where we were to join the train and continue our journey southward.

We should have preferred to travel by daylight, as we were possessed of the genuine tourist greed for seeing "everything;" but in this case, as in many others in Russia, the trains were not arranged so that we could manage it.

There is very little variety along the road through central Russia, but the monotony is of a different character from that of the harsh soil and the birch and pine forests of the north. The vast plains of this *tchernozyom* — the celebrated "black earth zone" — swell in long, low billows of herbage and grain, diversified only at distant intervals by tracts of woodland. But the wood is too scarce to meet the demands for fuel, and the manure of the cattle, well dried, serves to eke it out, a traveling native in our compartment told us, instead of being used, as it should be, to enrich the land, which is growing poor. Now and then, substantial brick cottages shone out amidst the gray and yellow of the thatched log huts in the hamlets. We heard of one landed proprietor who encouraged his peasant neighbors to avoid the scourge of frequent conflagrations by building with brick, and he offered a prize to every individual who should comply with the con-

ditions. The prize consisted of a horse from the proprietor's stables, and of the proprietor's presence, in full uniform and all his orders, at the house-warming. The advantages of brick soon became so apparent to the peasants that they continued to employ it, even after their patron had been forced to abolish the reward, lest his horses and his time should be utterly exhausted.

Minor incidents were not lacking to enliven our long journey. In the course of one of the usual long halts at a county town, a beggar came to the window of our carriage. He was a tall, slender young fellow, about seven-and-twenty years of age. Though he used the customary forms, — "Give me something, *suddrynya*,¹ if only a few kopeks, *Khristi radi!*"² — there was something about him, despite his rags, there was an elegance of accent in his language, to which I was not accustomed in the "poor brethren" generally.

I pretended ignorance of Russian and the sign language, but watched him as I continued my conversation in English. Thereupon my man repeated his demands in excellent French, with a good accent. I turned on him.

"This is unusual," I said in Russian, by way of hinting that I belonged to the category of the willfully deaf. "Accept my compliments on your knowledge of French and of Russian. But be so good as to explain to me this mystery before I contribute."

"Madam," he retorted, "I'd have you

¹ Madam.

² For Christ's sake.

know that I am a gentleman, — a gentleman of education."

"Then pray solve the other mystery, — why you, strong, young, healthy, handsome, are a professional beggar."

He stalked off in a huff. Evidently he was one of that class of "decayed nobles" of whom I had heard many curious tales in Moscow; only, he had decayed at a rather earlier age than the average.

As we proceeded southward, pretty Little Russian girls took the place of the plainer-featured Great Russian maidens. Familiar plants caught our eyes. Mulleins — "imperial sceptre" is the pretty Russian name — began to do sentinel duty along the roadside; sumach appeared in the thickets of the forests, where the graceful cut-leaved birch of the north was rare. The Lombardy poplar, the favorite of the Little Russian poets, reared its dark columns in solitary state. At last, Kieff, the Holy City, loomed before us in the distance.

I know no town in Russia which makes so picturesque and characteristic an impression on the traveler as Kieff. From the boundless plain over which we were speeding, we gazed up at wooded heights crowned and dotted with churches. At the foot of the slope, where golden domes and crosses, snowy white monasteries and battlemented walls, gleamed among masses of foliage punctuated with poplars, swept the broad Dnyépr. It did not seem difficult then to enter into the feelings of Prince Oleg when he reached the infant town, on his expedition from unfertile Nóvgorod the Great, of the north, against Byzantium, and, coveting its rich beauty, slew its rulers and entered into possession, saying, "This shall be the Mother of all Russian Cities." We could understand the sentiments of the pilgrims who flock to the Holy City by the million.

The agreeable sensation of approach being over, our expectations, which had been waxing as the train threaded its way through a ravine to the station, received

a shock. It was the shock to which we were continually being subjected whenever we made pious pilgrimages to places of historic renown. On each occasion of this sort we were moved to reflect deeply on the proverbial blessings of ignorance. It makes a vast difference in one's mental comfort, I find, whether he accepts the present unquestioningly, with enthusiasm, and reconstructs the historic past as an agreeable duty, or whether he already bears the past, in its various aspects, in his mind, in involuntary but irrational expectation of meeting it, and is forced to accept the present as a painful task! Which of these courses to pursue in the future was the subject of my disappointed meditations, as we drove through the too Europeanized streets, and landed at a hotel of the same pattern. It is easy to forgive St. Petersburg, in its giddy youth of one hundred and seventy-five winters, for its Western features and comforts; but that Kieff, in its venerable maturity of a thousand summers, should be so spick and span with newness and reformation seemed at first utterly unpardonable. The inhabitants think otherwise, no doubt, and deplore the mediæval hygienic conditions which render the town the most unhealthy in Europe, in the matter of the death-rate from infectious diseases.

Our comfortable hotel possessed not a single characteristic feature, except a line on the printed placard of regulations posted in each room. The line said, "The price of this room is four rubles [or whatever it was] a day, except in Contract Time." "Contract Time," I found, meant the Annual Fair, in February, when the normal population of about 166,000 is swelled by "arrivers" — as travelers are commonly designated on the signboards of the lower-class hotels — from all the country round about. When, prompted by this remarkable warning, I inquired the prices during the fair, the clerk replied sweetly, — no other word will do justice to his manner, — "All we

can get!" Such frankness is what the French call "brutal."

The principal street of the town, the *Krestchátik*, formerly the bed of a stream, in front of our windows, was in the throes of sewer-building. More civilization! Sewage from the higher land had lodged there in temporary pools. The weather was very hot. The fine large yellow bricks, furnished by the local clay-beds, of which the buildings and sidewalks were made, were dazzling with heat. It is only when one leaves the low-lying new town, and ascends the hills, on which the old dwellers wisely built, or reaches the suburbs, that one begins thoroughly to comprehend the enthusiastic praises of many Russians who regard Kieff as the most beautiful town in the empire.

The glare of the yellow brick melts softly into the verdure of the residence quarter, and is tempered into inoffensiveness in the Old Town by the admixture of older and plainer structures, which refresh the eye. But the chief charm, un-failing, inexhaustible as the sight of the ocean, is the view from the cliffs. Beyond the silver sweep of the river at their feet, animated with steamers and small boats, stretches the illimitable steppe, where the purple and emerald shadows of the sea depths and shallows are enriched with hues of golden or velvet brown and misty blue. The steppe is no longer an unbroken expanse of waving plume - grass and flowers, wherein riders and horses are lost to sight as, in Gógol's celebrated tale, were Taras Bulba and his sons, fresh from the famous Academy of Kieff, which lies at our feet, below the cliffs. Increasing population has converted this virgin soil into vast grain-fields, less picturesque near at hand than the wild growth, but still deserving, from afar, of Gógol's enraptured apostrophe: "Devil take you, steppe, how beautiful you are!"

Naturally, our first pilgrimage was to the famous Kievo-Pestchérskaya Lávra, that is, the First-Class Monastery of the

Kieff Catacombs, the chief monastic institution and goal of pilgrims in all the country, of which we had caught a glimpse from the opposite shore of the river, as we approached the town. Buildings have not extended so densely in this direction but that a semblance of ascetic retirement is still preserved. Between the monastery and the city lies the city park, which is not much patronized by the citizens, and for good reasons. To the rich wildness of nature is added the wildness of man. Hordes of desperadoes, "the barefoot brigade," the dregs of the local population, have taken up their residence there every spring, of late years, in the ravines and the caves which they have excavated, in humble imitation of the holy men of the monastery of old. From time to time the police make a skirmish there, but an unpleasant element of danger is still connected with a visit to this section of the city's heart, which deters most people from making the attempt.

Beyond this lie the heights, on which stand the fortress and the Catacombs Monastery. Opposite the arsenal opens the "Holy Gate;" all Russian monasteries seem to have a holy gate. "The wall, fourteen feet in height, and more in some places, surrounding the principal court, was built by Hetman Mazeppa," says the local guidebook. Thus promptly did we come upon traces of that dashing Kazák chieftain, who would seem, judging from the solid silver tombs for saints, the churches, academy, and many other offerings of that nature in Kieff alone, to have spent the intervals between his deeds of outrageous treachery and immorality in acts of ostentatious piety. In fact, his piety had an object, as piety of that rampant variety usually has. He meditated betraying Little Russia into the power of Poland; and knowing well how heartily the Little Russians detested the Poles because of the submission to the Pope of Rome in those Greek churches designated as Uniates, he sought to soothe their suspicions and allay their fears by

this display of attachment to the national church. His vaingloriousness was shown by his habit of having his coat of arms placed on bells, *ikonostási*,¹ and windows of the churches he built. In one case, he caused his portrait to be inserted in the holy door of the *ikonostás*, — a very improper procedure, — where it remained until the middle of the last century. Highly colored frescoes of the special monastery saints and of historical incidents adorned the wall outside the holy gate. Inside, we found a monk presiding over a table, on which stood the image of the saint of the day, a platter covered with a cross-adorned cloth, for offerings, and various objects of piety for sale.

The first thing which struck us, as we entered the great court, was the peculiar South Russian taste for filling in the line of roof between the numerous domes with curving pediments and tapering turned-wood spirelets surmounted by golden stars and winged seraphs' heads surrounded by rays. The effect of so many points of gold against the white of the walls, combined with the gold of the crosses, the high tints of the external frescoes, and the gold of the cupolas, is very brilliant, no doubt; but it is confusing, and constitutes what, for want of a better word, I must call a Byzantine-rococo style of architecture. The domes, under Western influence, during the many centuries when Kieff was divorced from Russia, under Polish and Lithuanian rule, assumed forms which lack the purity and grace of those in Russia proper. Octagonal cupolas supported on thick, sloping bases involuntarily remind one of the cup-and-ball game. Not content with this degenerate beginning, they pursue their errors heavenward. Instead of terminating directly in a cross, they are surmounted by a lantern frescoed with saints, a second octagonal dome, a ball, and a cross. These octagons constitute a feature in all South Russian churches.

Along the sides of the court leading

¹ Image screens.

to the great Assumption Cathedral stood long, plain one and two story buildings, the cells of the monks. Rugs of fine coloring and design were airing on the railings in front of them. I examined their texture, found it thick and silky, but could not class it with any manufacture of my acquaintance. I looked about for some one to question. A monk was approaching. His long, abundant hair flowed in waves from beneath the black veil which hung from his tall, cylindrical *klobúk*, resembling a rimless silk hat. His artistically cut black robe fell in graceful folds. I should describe him as dandified, did I dare apply such an adjective to an ecclesiastical recluse. I asked him where such rugs were to be found. He answered that they were of peasant manufacture, and that I could probably find them in Podól, the market below the cliffs. These specimens had been presented to the monastery by "zealous benefactors."

Then he took his turn at questioning. I presume that my accent was not perfect, or that I had omitted some point of etiquette in which an Orthodox Russian would have been drilled, such as asking his blessing and kissing his hand in gratitude, by way of saying "good-morning," or something of that sort. His manner was that of a man of the world, artistically tinged with monastic conventionality, and I wondered whether he were not an ex-officer of the guards who had wearied of court and gayeties. He offered to show us about, and took us to the printing-house, founded in the sixteenth century. It is still one of the best and most extensive in the country, with a department of chromo-lithography attached for the preparation of cheap pictures of saints. One of the finest views in town is from the balcony at the rear of this building, and the monk explained all the points to us.

There was an air of authority about our impromptu guide, and the profound reverences bestowed upon him and upon us by the workmen in the printing-house,

as well as by all the monks whom we met, prompted me to inquire, as we parted from him, to whom we were indebted for such interesting guidance and explanations.

"I am *otétz kaznatchéi*," he replied, with a smile, as he not only offered his hand, but grasped mine and shook it, with an expression of his cordial good wishes, instead of bestowing upon me a mechanical cross in the air, and permitting me to kiss his plump little fingers in return, as he would undoubtedly have done had I been a Russian. I understood the respect paid, and our reflected importance, when I discovered that the "Father Treasurer" occupies the highest rank next to the permanent head of the monastery officially, and the most important post of all practically.

Shortly after, the question fever having attacked me again, I accosted another monk, equal in stateliness of aspect to the Father Treasurer. He informed me that from seven hundred to one thousand persons lived in the monastery. Not all of them were monks, some being only lay brethren. Each monk, however, had his own apartments, with a little garden attached, and the beautiful rugs which I had seen formed part of the furnishings of their cells. A man cannot enter the monastery without money, but fifty rubles (about twenty-five dollars) are sufficient to gain him admittance. Some men leave the monastery after a brief trial, without receiving the habit. "In such a throng one comes to know many faces," he said, "but not all persons."

I inquired whether it were not a monotonous, tiresome life.

"It seems so to you," he replied. When he had recovered from his amazement, and when I mentioned the liturgy which is peculiar to the monastery cathedral, and famed throughout Russia as "the Kieff-Catacombs singing," all he found to say was, "It is very long."

He took advantage of the chance presented by a trip to his cell to get us

some water, to remove his tall klobúk. He must have read in our glances admiration of his beauty mingled with a doubt as to whether it were not partly due to this becoming cowl and veil, and determined to convince us that it was nature, not adventitious circumstances, in his case. I think he must have been content with the expression of our faces, as he showed us the way to the most ancient of all the churches in Kieff, — in Russia, in fact, — built by Prince-Saint Vladimir immediately after his return from the crusade in search of baptism.

The church door was locked. The wife of the deacon in charge was paddling about barefooted, in pursuit of her fowls, in the long grass of the dooryard. She abandoned the chickens and hunted up her husband, who took a peep at us, and then kept us waiting while he donned his best cassock before escorting us.

It is a very small, very plain church which adjoined Prince Vladimir's summer palace, long since destroyed, and still preserves its gallery for women and servants, and a box for the ladies of the household. Everything about it is nine hundred years old, except the roof and the upper portion of the walls. The archaic frescoes of angels in the chancel, which date from the same period, and are the best in Kieff, were the only objects which the deacon could find to expound, to enhance the "tea-money" value of his services in putting on his best gown and unlocking the door, and he performed his duty meekly, but firmly. We did ours by him, and betook ourselves to the principal church, the Cathedral of the Assumption, where less is left to the imagination.

There, very few of the frescoes are more than a hundred and sixty years old, the majority dating back less than sixty years, and being in a style to suit the rococo gilt carving, and the silver-gilt Imperial Gate to the altar. In the *pápert*, or corridor-vestibule, a monk who was presiding over a Book of Eternal Re-

membrance invited us to enter our subscriptions for general prayers to be said on our behalf, or for special prayers to be said before the "wonder-working image" of the Assumption as long as the monastery shall exist.

"We are not *pravoslávny*" (Orthodox Christians), I said. But, instead of being depressed by this tacit refusal, he brightened up and plied us with a series of questions, until he really seemed to take a temporary interest in life, in place of his permanent official interest in death alone, or chiefly.

Service was in progress, in accordance with the canons of the Stúdieff monastery, adopted by St. Fedósy in the eleventh century. The singers, placed in an unusual position, in the centre of the church, were as remarkable for their hair as for their voices and execution. The russet-brown and golden locks of some of them fell in heavy waves to their waists. In fact, long, waving hair seemed to be a specialty with the monks of this monastery, and they wore it in braids when off duty. I had seen priests in St. Petersburg who so utterly beyond a doubt frizzed their scanty hair on days of grand festivals, that the three tufts pertaining to the three too slender hairpins on which they had been done up stood out in painfully isolated disagreement. What would they not have given for such splendid manes as these Kieff singers possessed!

We ascended to the gallery, to obtain a better view of the scene. Peasant men in sheepskins (*tulúpi*), — the temperature verged on 100° Fahrenheit, — in coats of dark brown homespun wool girt with sashes which had once been bright, female pilgrims in wadded coats girt into shapelessness over cotton gowns of brilliant hues, knelt in prayer all about the not very spacious floor. Their traveling-sacks on their backs, the tin tea-kettles and cooking paraphernalia at their belts, swayed into perilous positions as they rocked back and forth, striking the floor devoutly with their brows, rising only to

throw back their long hair, cross themselves rapidly, and resume the "ground salutations," until we were fairly dizzy at the sight. Some of them placed red, yellow, or green tapers — the first instance of such a taste in colors which we had observed — on the sharp points of the silver candelabra standing before the holy pictures in the ikonostás, already overcrowded. A monk was incessantly engaged in removing the tapers when only half consumed, to make way for the ever-swelling flood of fresh tapers. Another monk was as incessantly engaged in receiving the *prosfori*. A *prosforá* is leavened bread in the shape of a tiny double loaf, which is sold at the doors of churches, and bears on its upper surface certain symbolic signs, as a rule. The communion is prepared from similar loaves by the priest, who removes certain portions with a spear-shaped knife, and places them in the wine of the chalice. The wine and bread are administered with a spoon to communicants. From the loaves bought at the door pieces are cut in memory of dead friends, whose souls are to be prayed for, or of living friends, whose health is prayed for by the priest at a certain point of the service, in accordance with the indications sent up to the altar with the loaves on slips of paper, such as, "For the soul of Iván Vasilievitch," "For the health of Tatiána Pavlovna." Thus is preserved the memory of early Christian times, when the Christians brought wine and oil and bread for their worship; and the best having been selected for sacred use, portions were taken from the remainder in memory of those who sent or brought them, after which these portions were used to refresh the congregation during a pause in the all-night service between vespers and matins. After the service, in our modern times, the *prosfori* are given back to the owners, who cross themselves and eat the bread reverently on the spot or elsewhere, as blessed but not sacramental. At this monastery, the *prosfori* prepared

for memorial use had a group of the local saints stamped on top, instead of the usual cross and characters. It is considered a delicate attention on the part of a person who has been on a pilgrimage to any of the holy places to bring back a *prosforá* for a friend. It is very good when sliced and eaten with tea, omitting the bottom crust, which may have been dated in ink by the pilgrim. Some of the peasants at this monastery church sent in to be blessed huge packages of *prosforá* tied up in gay cotton kerchiefs.

The service ended, and the chief treasure of the monastery, the miraculous image of the Assumption of the Virgin, — the *Falling Asleep of the Virgin* is the Russian name, — was let slowly down on its silken cords from above the Imperial Gate, where a twelfold silver lamp, with glass cups of different colors, has burned unquenched since 1812, in commemoration of Russia's deliverance from "the twelve tribes," as the French invasion is termed. The congregation pressed forward eagerly to salute the venerated image. Tradition asserts that it was brought from Constantinople to Kieff in the year 1073, with the Virgin's special blessing for the monastery. By reason of age and the smoke from conflagrations in which the monastery has suffered, the image is so darkened that one is cast back upon one's imagination and the copies for comprehension of this treasure's outlines. What is perfectly comprehensible, however, is the galaxy of diamonds, brilliants, and gems thickly set in the golden garments which cover all but the hands and feet of the personages in the picture, and illuminate it with flashes of many-hued light. After a few minutes, the image was drawn up again to its place, — a most unusual position for a valued holy image, though certainly safe, and one not occupied, so far as I am aware, by any other in the country.

It occurred to us that it might prove an interesting experiment to try the monastery inn for breakfast, and even to so-

jour there for a day or two, and abandon the open sewers and other traces of advanced civilization in the town. Our way thither led past the free lodgings for poor pilgrims, which were swarming with the devout of both sexes, although it was not the busiest season for shrine-visiting. That comes in the spring, before the harvest, at all monasteries, and, in this particular monastery, on the feast of the Assumption, August 15 (Russian style), 27 (European style). But there was a sufficient contingent of the annual one million pilgrims present to give us a very fair idea of the reverence in which this, the chief of all Russian monasteries, is held, and of the throngs which it attracts. But, as usual in Russia, sight alone convinced us of their existence; they were chatting quietly, sitting and lying about with enviable calmness, or eating the sour black bread and boiled buckwheat groats provided by the monastery. I talked with several of them, and found them quite unconscious that they were not comfortably, even luxuriously, housed and fed.

The inn for travelers of means was a large, plain, airy building, with no lodgers, apparently. The monks seemed frightened at the sight of us. That was a novelty. But they escorted us over the house in procession. We looked at a very clean, very plain room, containing four beds. It appeared, from their explanations, that pilgrims have gregarious tastes, and that this was their nearest approach to a single room. I inquired the price. "According to your zeal," was the reply. How much more effective than "What you please" in luring the silver from lukewarm pockets! The good monks never found out how warm our zeal was, after all, for the reason that their table was never furnished with anything but fish and "fasting food," they said, though there was no fast in progress. The reason why, I could not discover; but we knew our own minds thoroughly on the subject of "fasting

food," from mushroom soup, fish fried in sunflower oil, and coffee without milk to that most insipid of dessert dishes, *kisél*, made of potato flour, sweetened, and slightly soured with fruit juice. They told us that we might have meat sent out from town, if we wished; but as the town lay several versts distant, that did not seem a very practical way of coquetting with the Evil One under their roof. Accordingly, we withdrew; to their relief, I am sure. As we had already lived in a monastery inn, it had not occurred to us that there could be any impropriety in doing so, but that must have been the cause of their looks of alarm. I believe that one can remain for a fortnight at this inn without payment, unless conscience interferes; and people who had stayed there told me that meat had been served to them from the monastery kitchen; so that puzzle still remains a puzzle to me.

We went to see the brethren dine in the refectory, an ancient, vaulted building of stone, near the cathedral. Under a white stone slab near the entrance lie the bodies of Kotchubey and Iskra, who were unjustly executed by Peter the Great for their loyal denunciation of Mazeppa's meditated treachery. Within, the walls of the antechamber were decorated with dizzy perspective views of Jerusalem, the saints, and pious elders of the monastery. At the end of the long dining-hall, beyond an ikonostás, was a church, as is customary in these refectories. Judging from the number of servitors whom we had met hurrying towards the cells with sets of porcelain dinner-trays, not many monks intended to join the common table, and it did not chance to be one of the four days in the year when the metropolitan of Kieff and other dignitaries dine there in full vestments.

At last, a score of monks entered, chanted a prayer at a signal from a small bell, and seated themselves on benches affixed to the wall which ran round three sides of the room. The nap-

kins on the tables which stood before the benches consisted of long towels, each of which lay across four or five of the pewter platters from which they ate, as the table was set in preparation. If it had been a festal day, there would have been several courses, with beer, mead, and even wine to wash them down. As it was, the monks ate their black bread and boiled buckwheat groats, served in huge dishes, with their wooden spoons, and drank *kvas*, brewed from sour black bread, at a signal from the bell, after the first dish only, as the rule requires. While they ate, a monk, stationed at a desk near by, read aloud the extracts from the Lives of the Saints appointed for the day. This was one of the "sights," but we found it curious and melancholy to see strong, healthy men turned into monks and content with that meagre fare. Frugality and dominion over the flesh are good, of course, but minds from west of the Atlantic Ocean never seem quite to get into sympathy with the monastic idea; and we always felt, when we met monks, as though they ought all to be off at work somewhere, — I will not say "earning money," for they do that as it is in such great monasteries as that of Kieff, but lightening the burden of the peasants, impossible as that is under present conditions, or making themselves of some commonplace, practical use in the world.

The strongest point of the Lávra, even equal to the ancient and venerated *ikóna* of the Assumption in the great cathedral, is the catacombs, from which the convent takes its name.

In the days of the early princes of Kieff, the heights now occupied by the Lávra were covered with a dense growth of birch forest, and entirely uninhabited. Later on, one of the hills was occupied by the village of Beróstovo, and a palace was built adjoining the tiny ancient Church of the Saviour in the Birch Forest, which I have already mentioned. It was the favorite residence of Prince-

Saint Vladímir, and of his son, Prince Yarosláv, after him. During the reign of the latter, early in the eleventh century, the priest of this little church, named Ilarion, excavated for himself a tiny cave, and there passed his time in devout meditation and solitary prayer. He abandoned his cave to become Metropolitan of Kieff. In the year 1051, the monk Antóny, a native of the neighboring government of Tchernígoft, came to Kieff from Mount Athos, being dissatisfied with the life led in the then existing monasteries. After long wanderings over the hills of Kieff, he took possession of Ilarion's cave, and spent his days and nights in pious exercises. The fame of his devout life soon spread abroad, and attracted to him, for his blessing, not only the common people, but persons of distinction. Monks and worldlings flocked thither to join him in his life of prayer. Among the first of these to arrive was a youth of the neighborhood, named Fedósy. Antóny hesitated, but at last accepted the enthusiastic recruit.

The dimensions of holy Antóny's cave were gradually enlarged; new cells, and even a tiny church, were constructed near it. Then Antóny, who disliked communal life, retreated to the height opposite, separated from his first residence by a deep ravine, and dug himself another cave, where no one interfered with him. This was the origin of the caves of Fedósy, known at the present day as the "near catacombs," and of the caves of Antóny, called the "far catacombs." The number of the monks continued to increase, and they soon erected a small wooden church aboveground, in the name of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, as well as cells for those who could not be contained in the caverns. At the request of holy Antóny, the prince gave the whole of the heights where the catacombs are situated to the brethren, and in 1062 a large new monastery, surrounded by a stockade, was erected on the spot where the Cathedral of the

Assumption now stands. Thus was monastic life introduced into Russia.

The venerated monastery shared all the vicissitudes of the "Mother of all Russian Cities" in the wars of the grand princes and the incursions of external enemies, such as Poles and Tatárs. But after each disaster it waxed greater and more flourishing. Restored, after a disastrous fire in 1718, by the zeal of Peter the Great and his successors, enriched by the gifts of all classes, the Lávrá now consists of six monasteries, — like a university of colleges, — four situated within the inclosure, while two are at a distance of several versts, and serve as retreats and as places of burial for the brethren.

The catacombs, abandoned as residences on the construction of the cells aboveground, have not escaped disasters by caving in. Drains to carry off the percolating water and stone arches to support the soil have been constructed, and a flourishing orchard has been planted above them to aid in holding the soil together. Earthquakes in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries permanently closed many of them, and when the Tatárs attacked the town, in the thirteenth century, the monks boarded up all the niches and filled in the entrances with earth. Some of these boards were removed about a hundred years ago; some are still in place. The original extent of the caves cannot now be determined.

The entrance to the near catacombs of St. Antóny is through a long wooden gallery supported on stone posts, at a sharp slope, as they are situated twenty-four fathoms below the level of the cathedral, and twenty-two fathoms above the level of the Dnyépr.

A fat merchant, with glowing black eyes and flowing, crisp, black beard, his tall, wrinkled boots barely visible beneath his long, full-skirted coat of dark blue cloth, hooked closely across his breast, descended the gallery with us. Roused to curiosity, probably, by our foreign

tongue, he inquired, on the chance of our understanding Russian, whence we came.

I had already arrived at the conclusion that the people of Kieff, especially the monks and any one who breathed the atmosphere within their walls, were of an enterprising, inquisitive disposition. My last encounter had been with the brother detailed, for his good looks and fascinating manners, to preside over the chief image shop of the monastery.

"Where do you come from?" he had opened fire, with his most bewitching glance.

"From the best country on earth."

"Is it Germany?"

The general idea among the untraveled classes in Russia is, that all of the earth which does not belong to their own emperor belongs to Germany, just as *nyemétzky* means "German" or "foreign," indifferently.

"No; guess again," I said.

"France?"

"No; further away."

"England, then?"

"No."

"Hungary?"

Evidently that man's geography was somewhat mixed, so I told him.

"America!" he exclaimed, with great vivacity. "Yes, indeed, it is the best land of all. It is the richest!"

So that is the monastic as well as the secular standard of worth! This experience, repeated frequently and nearly word for word, had begun to weary me. Consequently I led the fat merchant a verbal chase, and baffled him until he capitulated with, "Excuse me. Take no offense, I beg, *sudárynya*. I only asked so, by chance." Then I told him with the same result.

This was not the last time, by many, that I was put through my national catechism in Kieff. Every Kievlyáin to whom I spoke quizzed me. Of course I was on a grand quizzing tour myself, but that was different, in some way.

Over the entrance to these catacombs

stands a church. The walls of the vestibule where my mother, the merchant, and I waited for a sufficient party to assemble were covered with frescoes representing the passage of the soul through the various stages of purgatory. Beginning with the death scene (which greatly resembled the *ikóna* of the Assumption in the cathedral) in the lower left-hand corner, the white-robed soul, escorted by two angels, passed through all the halting-places for the various sins, each represented by the appointed devil, duly labeled. But the artist's fancy had not been very fruitful on this fascinating theme. The devils were so exactly alike that the only moral one could draw was, that he might as well commit the biggest and most profitable sin on the list, and make something out of it in this life, as to confine himself to the petty peccadilloes which profit not here, and get well punished hereafter. The series ended with the presentation of the soul before the judgment seat, on the fortieth day after death. Round the corner, Lazarus reclining in Abraham's bosom and the rich man in the flames were conversing, their remarks crossing each other in mid-air, in a novel fashion.

When the guide was ready, each of us bought a taper, and the procession set out through the iron grating, down a narrow, winding stair, from which low, dark passages opened out at various angles. On each side of these narrow passages, along which we were led, reposed the "incorruptible" bodies of St. Antóny and his comrades, in open coffins lacquered or covered with sheets of silver. The bodies seemed very small, and all of one size, and they were wrapped in hideous prints or plaid silks. At the head of each saint flickered a tiny shrine-lamp, before a holy picture (*ikóna*) of the occupant of the coffin. It was a surprise to find the giant Ilyá of Múrom, who figures as the chief of the *bogatýri* (heroes) in the Russian epic songs, ensconced here among the saints,

and no larger than they. Next to the silk-enveloped head of St. John the Great Sufferer, which still projects as in life, when he buried himself to the neck in the earth, — as though he were not sufficiently underground already, — in order to preserve his purity, the most gruesome sight which we beheld in those dim catacombs was a group of chrism-exuding skulls of unknown saints, under glass bells.

On emerging from this gloomy retreat, we postponed meditating upon the special pleasure which the Lord was supposed to have taken in seeing beings made to live above ground turning into troglodytes, and set out for the Fedósy, or far catacombs, in the hope that they might assist us in solving that problem.

We chose the most difficult way, descending into the intervening ravine by innumerable steps to view the two sacred wells, only to have our raging thirst and our curiosity effectually quenched by the sight of a pilgrim thrusting his head, covered with long, matted hair, into one of them. The ascent of more innumerable steps brought us to the cradle of the monastery, Ilarion's caverns.

In the antechamber we found a phenomenally stupid monk presiding over the sale of the indispensable tapers, and the offerings which the devout are expected to deposit, on emerging, as a memento of their visit. These offerings lay like mountains of copper before him. The guide had taken himself off somewhere, and the monk ordered us, and the five Russians who were also waiting, to go in alone and "call to the monk in the cave." We flatly declined to take his word that there was any monk, or to venture into the dangerous labyrinth alone, and we demanded that he should accompany us.

"No guide — no candles, no coppers," we said.

That seemed to him a valid argument. Loath to leave his money at the mercy of chance comers, he climbed up

and closed the iron shutters of the grated window, — the cliff descended, sheer, one hundred and two feet to the Dnyépr at that point, — double-locked the great iron doors, and there we were in a bank vault, with all possible customers excluded. Luckily, the saints in these caverns, which differed very little from those in the former, were labeled in plain letters, since the monk was too dull-witted to understand the simplest questions from any of us. At intervals we were permitted a hasty glimpse of a cell, about seven feet square, furnished only with a stone bench, and a holy picture, with a shrine-lamp suspended before it. Ugh! There were several sets of chrism-dripping saintly skulls in these catacombs, also, — fifteen of the ghastly things in one group. I braced my stomach to the task, and scrutinized them all attentively; but not a single one of them winked or nodded at me in approval, as a nun from Kolómna, whom I had met in Moscow, asserted that they had at her. I really wished to see how an eyeless skull could manage a wink, and hoped I might be favored.

After traversing long distances of this subterranean maze, and peering into the "cradle of the monastery," St. Antóný's cell, the procession came to a halt in a tiny church. There stood a monk, actually, though we might have wandered all day and come out on the banks of the Dnyépr without finding him, had we gone in without a guide. Beside him, denuded of its glass bell, stood one of the miraculous skulls. The first Russian approached, knelt, crossed himself devoutly, and received from the priest the sign of the cross on his brow, administered with a soft, small brush dipped in the oil from the skull. Then he kissed the priest's hand, crossed himself again, and kissed the skull. When we beheld this, we modestly stood aside, and allowed our companions, the other four Russian men, to receive anointment in like manner, and pass on after the

monk, who was in haste to return to his bank vault. As I approached the priest, he raised his brush.

"We are not Orthodox Christians, bátiushka,"¹ I said. "But pray give us your blessing."

He smiled, and, dropping his brush, made the sign of the cross over us. I was perfectly willing to kiss his pretty, plump hand, — I had become very skillful at that sort of thing, — but I confess that I shrank from the obligatory salute to the skull, and from that special chrism. Nevertheless, I wished the Russians to think that I had gone through with the whole ceremony, if they should chance to look back. I felt sure that I could trust the priest to be liberal, but I was not so certain that our lay companions, who were petty traders and peasants, might not be sufficiently fanatical to construe our refusal into disrespect for their church, and resent it in some way.

Though we returned to the monastery more than once after that, we were never attracted to the catacombs again, not even to witness the mass at seven o'clock in the morning in that subterranean church. The beautiful services in the cathedral, the stately monks, the picturesque pilgrims, with their gentle manners, ingenuous questions, and simple tales of their journeys and beliefs, furnished us with abundant interest in the cheerful sunlight above ground.

Next to the Catacombs Monastery, the other most famous and interesting sight of Kieff is the Cathedral of St. Sophia. Built on the highest point of the ancient city, with nine apses turned to the east, crowned by one large dome and fourteen smaller domes, — all gilded, some terminating in crosses, some in sunbursts, — surrounded by turf and trees within a white wall, with entrance under a lofty belfry, it produces an imposing but reposeful effect. The ancient walls, dating from the year 1020, are of

¹ Little father.

red brick intermixed with stone, stuccoed and washed with white. It has undergone changes, external and internal, since that day, and its domes and spires are of the usual degenerate South Russian type, without a doubt of comparatively recent construction. So many of its windows have been blocked up by additions, and so cut up is its space by large frescoed pillars, into sixteen sections, that one steps from brilliant sunshine into deep twilight when he enters the cathedral. It is a sort of church which possesses in a high degree that indefinable charm of sacred atmosphere that tempts one to linger on and on indefinitely within its precincts. Not that it is so magnificent; many churches in the two capitals and elsewhere in Russia are far richer. It is simply one of those indescribable buildings which console one for disappointments in historical places, as a rule, by making one believe, through sensations unconsciously influenced, not through any effort of the reason, that ancient deeds and memories do, in truth, linger about their birthplace.

Ancient frescoes, discovered about forty years ago, some remaining in their original state, others touched up with more or less skill and knowledge, mingle harmoniously with those of more recent date. Very singular are the best preserved, representing hunting parties and banquets of the grand princes, and scenes from the earthly life of Christ. But they are on the staircase leading to the old-fashioned gallery, and do not disturb the devotional character of the decoration in the church itself.

From the wall of the apse behind the chief of the ten altars gazes down the striking image of the Virgin, executed in ancient mosaic, with her hands raised in prayer, whom the people reverently call "The Indestructible Wall." This, with other mosaics and the frescoes on the staircase, dates from the eleventh century.

I stood among the pillars, a little

removed from the principal aisle, one afternoon near sunset, listening to the melodious intoning of the priest, and the soft chanting of the small week-day choir at vespers, and wondering, for the thousandth time, why Protestants who wish to intone do not take lessons from those incomparable masters in the art, the Russian deacons. My meditations were interrupted by the approach of a young man, who asked me to be his godmother! He explained that he was a Jew from Minsk, who had never studied "his own religion," and was now come to Kieff for the express purpose of getting himself baptized by the name of Vladímir, the tenth-century prince and patron saint of the town. As he had no acquaintances in the place, he was in a strait for god-parents, who were indispensable.

"I cannot be your godmother," I answered. "I am neither *pravoslávnyá* nor Russian. Cannot the priest find sponsors for you?"

"That is not the priest's place. His business is merely to baptize. But perhaps he might be persuaded to manage that also, if I had better clothes."

He wore a light print shirt, tolerably clean, belted outside his dark trousers, and his shoes and cap were respectable enough.

I recalled instances which I had heard from the best authority — a priest — of priests finding sponsors for Jews, and receiving medals or orders in reward for their conversion. I recalled an instance related to me by a Russian friend who had acted, at the priest's request, as godmother to a Jewess so fat that she stuck fast in the receptacle used for the baptism by immersion; and I questioned the man a little. He said that he had a sister living in New York, and gave me her name and address in a manner which convinced me that he knew what he was saying. He had no complaint to make of his treatment by either Russians or Jews; and when I asked him

why he did not join his sister in America, he replied, —

"Why should I? I am well enough off here."

Perhaps I ought to state that he was a plumber by trade. On the other hand, justice demands the explanation that Russian plumbing, in general, is not of a very complicated character, and in Minsk it must be of a very simple kind, I think.

He intended to return to Minsk as soon as he was baptized. How he expected to attend the Russian Church in Minsk when he had found it inexpedient to be baptized there, was one of the points which he omitted to explain.

I was at last obliged to bid him a decisive "good-day," and leave the church. He followed, and passed me in the garden, his cap cocked jauntily over his tight bronze curls, and his hips swaying from side to side in harmony. Under the long arch of the belfry-tower gate hung a picture, adapted to use as an *ikóna*, which set forth how a mother had accidentally dropped her baby overboard from a boat on the Dnyépr, and coming, disconsolate, to pray before the image of St. Nicholas, the patron of travelers, she had found her child lying there safe and sound; whence this holy picture is known by the name of St. Nicholas the Wet.

Before this *ikóna* my Jew pulled off his cap, and crossed himself rapidly and repeatedly, watching me out of the corner of his eye, meanwhile, to see how his piety impressed me. It produced no particular effect upon me, except to make me engage a smart-looking cabby to take me to my hotel, close by, by a roundabout route. Whether this Jew returned to Minsk as Vladímir or as Isaac I do not know; but I made a point of mentioning the incident to several Russian friends, including a priest, and learned, to my surprise, that I could, legally, have stood godmother, though I was not a member of the Russian Church, to a man, though I could not have done

so to a woman; and that a godmother could have been dispensed with. Men who are not members of the Russian Church can, in like manner, stand as godfathers to women, but not to men. Moreover, every one seemed to doubt the probability of a Jew quitting his own religion in earnest, and they thought that his object had been to obtain from me a suit of clothes, practical gifts to the godchild being the custom in such cases. I had been too dull to take the hint!

A few months later, a St. Petersburg newspaper related a notorious instance of a Jew who had been sufficiently clever to get himself baptized a number of times, securing on each occasion wealthy and generous sponsors. Why the man from Minsk should have selected me, in my plain serge traveling gown, I cannot tell, unless it was because he saw that I did not wear the garb of the Russian merchant class, or look like them, and observation or report had taught him that the aristocratic classes above the merchants are most susceptible to the pleasure of patronizing converts; though to do them justice, Russians make no attempt at converting people to their church. I have been assured by a Russian Jew that his co-religionists never do, really, change their faith. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how they can even be supposed to do so, in the face of their strong traditions, in which they are so thoroughly drilled. Therefore, if Russians stand sponsors to Jews, while expressing skepticism as to conversion in general, they cannot complain if unscrupulous persons take advantage of their inconsistency. I should probably have refused to act as godmother, even had I known that I was legally entitled to do so.

Our searches in the lower town, *Podól*, for rugs like those in the monastery resulted in nothing but amusement. Those rugs had been made in the old days of serfdom, on private estates, and are not to be bought.

By dint of loitering about in the churches, monasteries, catacombs, markets, listening to that Little Russian dialect which is so sweet on the lips of the natives, though it looks so uncouth when one sees their ballads in print, and by gazing out over the ever beautiful river and steppe, I came at last to pardon Kieff for its progress. I got my historical and mythological bearings. I felt the spirit of the epic songs stealing over me. I settled in my own mind the site of Fair-Sun Prince *Vladimir's* palace of white stone, the scene of great feasts, where he and his mighty heroes quaffed the green wine by the bucketful, and made their great brags, which resulted so tragically or so ludicrously. I was sure I recognized the church where *Diuk Stepanovitch* "did not so much pray as gaze about," and indulged in mental comments upon clothes and manners at the Easter mass, after a fashion which is not yet obsolete. I imagined that I descried in the blue dusk of the distant steppe *Ilyá of Múrom* approaching on his good steed *Cloudfall*, armed with a damp oak uprooted from Damp Mother Earth, and dragging at his saddle-bow fierce, hissing *Nightingale the Robber*, with one eye still fixed on Kieff, one on *Tchernígoft*, after his special and puzzling habit, and whom Little Russian tradition declares was chopped up into poppy seeds, whence spring the sweet-voiced nightingales of the present day.

The "atmosphere" of the cradle of the Epic Songs and of the cradle of *Pravoslávnyaya Russia* laid its spell upon me on those heights, and even the sight of the cobweb suspension bridge in all its modernness did not disturb me, since with it is connected one of the most charming modern traditions, a classic in the language, which only a perfect artist could have planned and executed.

The thermometer stood at 120° Fahrenheit when we took our last look at Kieff, the Holy City.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

“AND GHOSTS BREAK UP THEIR GRAVES.”

SWIFT round and round yon yellow mound,
With grasses rank and pale,
Race stiffened leaves ; a waking sound
Is on the autumn gale.

The night winds blow till heard below,
The graves unquiet be ;
Now here, now there, shapes to and fro
Are moving silently.

The dead are up ; they take the gale
That rakes the yellow mound.
Hark ! laughter there ! or was it wail ?
Life does not know that sound.

The trees lean close, the owlets cry,
They wait the midnight swoon ;
See ! it is like a dead man's eye,
The dim, the flying moon.

John Vance Cheney.

RECOLLECTIONS OF STANTON UNDER JOHNSON.

ALL that one can recollect of the personal and public life of Stanton during the three years which followed the death of Lincoln is so interlaced with the vagaries of Andrew Johnson, whom he was striving to serve as he had served Johnson's great predecessor, that it is difficult in the extreme to separate those things which spring out of the free will of the war minister from the distortions of the unbalanced mind of the President. The task is as unpleasant as it is difficult, and, if it were possible to blot out altogether the record of this administration, much more of our good name would be saved than lost. But this can never be, and therefore the duty is more incumbent that we should cull with sedulous care and preserve all that can be found which will save the period

from unqualified condemnation. It will appear, when the history of the unfortunate administration shall be clarified of prejudice and doubt, that Mr. Stanton, during the three years he was part of it, spent his strength in the vain effort to stay its reckless course. The little of permanent good that can be traced to the time of his service in it was, in large measure, wrenched from its purposes by his nerve and will. The country is more indebted to him for what he prevented than for what he accomplished during that critical period.

The terrible agony which began on the night of the 14th of April, 1865, was over at seven on the morning of the 15th, when Lincoln breathed his last, and the great office he had magnified more than any who had gone before him devolved

upon one who had none of his illustrious qualities or powers.

Mr. Johnson took the oath of office shortly after the closing scene at Mr. Lincoln's death-bed. There was necessity in the peril of the hour that there should be no needless delay, for the government was without executive head, and no one knew the ground on which he stood. Few were present beyond the members of the Cabinet, all of whom, except Mr. Seward, whom the murderous blow of another conspirator had brought to the very verge of death, had gathered in a small room at the public house which was the home of the Vice-President, to be witnesses of the sad ceremony. There was hardly more formality than is observed in swearing a witness in court. Thick clouds were darkening the heavens outside, for there had been a tempest during the night and its shadows still lingered, but darker shadows settled on the brows of those present, for they could see no light in front of them nor feel assurance of anything in the future. The silence was almost oppressive; little else was heard except the request of the new President that the Cabinet should continue at their posts. Mr. Stanton had been at his, from the moment of the fatal shot all through the night, dividing his whole thought and energy between the bedside of his dying chief and efforts to allay the panic which had seized upon the people, and which threatened at one time to pass beyond control. Mr. Johnson was at first overwhelmed with the terrible weight of responsibility thus suddenly thrown upon him, and he cast about for support from any source within his reach, like one dazed by some great blow. Opportunity was given the next morning at a room in the Treasury Department for those connected with public affairs, and happening to be in Washington in the absence of Congress, to pay their respects to the new President and tender him their support.

This was a strange meeting. I had seen before many gatherings of public men to do honor to the chief magistrate of the nation, but none like this. In the East Room of the White House, within full sight of the room where this meeting was held, lay one President, murdered for the work he had done and the cause he had represented. Here was another President, not twenty-four hours in the office which through this murder had devolved upon him. Those least satisfied with the moderation and deliberation which characterized the policy of Lincoln as to the future of the insurrectionary States now laying down their arms were the earliest there, and were the first and freest in their tender not only of support, but of advice upon the policy of a new administration. Nor was there any hesitancy in the responses made to these inopportune suggestions. The policy of the departed President, and the necessity of a radical departure from it, were discussed with the new chief in a manner little in keeping with the proprieties of such an occasion. I had called in company with a Senator with whom I had returned to Washington on the evening of the tragedy, from a visit to the smoking ruins of Richmond and the deserted fortifications around Petersburg. This Senator was one of those who had been a long time out of patience with the slow movements of President Lincoln, and had longed for the day of retributive justice. The week we had spent among the desolations and waste places left behind by the fleeing rebel army had not much tempered his wrath. President Johnson had also returned only five days before from the same scenes, and in much the same mood. "I thank God you are here," were the first words with which the Senator greeted the new President. "Lincoln had too much of the milk of human kindness in *his* heart for this hour, and Providence has removed him to give place to one who will mete out justice to the guilty authors of this

war." The President replied in like temper, "Treason is a crime and must be made odious," and "bloody handed rebels must suffer the extreme penalty for their crimes. . . . I saw," he said, "last week a judge, who had left his seat in the Supreme Court that he might aid Jeff Davis to overthrow the government. He was walking the streets of Richmond unmolested, when he ought to have been hanging at the nearest lamp-post." We came away from this interview, the Senator feeling that at last his heart's desire and prayer was to be answered right speedily, and his companion quite unable to penetrate the thick darkness which shrouded the present and shut out the future.

This was the President into whose Cabinet Mr. Stanton carried the habits of reserve and cautious deliberation which prevailed in that of Mr. Lincoln. He encountered at the outset, and for many weeks was taxed to his utmost in the endeavor to hold in check, the spirit which had found such free utterance on this first day under the new government. It was a fierce, angry cry for "condign punishment," reaching beyond the perpetrators of the immediate tragedy to every leader in the rebellion. There was a determination to open wide the doors of the courts, and proceed at once with judge and jury to visit upon all on whom hands could be laid, the punishment their crimes had merited. To those imbued with the spirit which had governed the Lincoln administration, this undue zeal to proceed against those prominent in the rebellion seemed too vindictive and revengeful.

Andrew Johnson, though himself a Southerner, was nevertheless of quite another type from those who had involved the country in war. He had risen from the ranks of the "poor whites," a class as distinct and isolated as the blacks themselves. He had fought himself up to position and power through the most bitter opposition at every step

from the very men now under the ban, and powerless at his feet. The original antagonism and hatred had been intensified beyond measure by the stern and uncompromising opposition he had from the beginning raised against all their treasonable plots. In the Senate he had denounced the ringleaders to their face as traitors worthy of the gallows, and they, in turn, in their rage had threatened him with personal violence in his seat, and promised him the doom of a "recreant false to his people and section." He had triumphed at last, and they had failed and were at his mercy. He was neither great enough nor good enough to forego his opportunity, and he chafed under the least restraint. In addition to all this, the assassination of Lincoln had greatly inflamed the public mind, and the cry for punishment came back from the people to intensify still further his determination to "make treason odious," which was the phrase most frequent in his many passionate utterances at that period. Jefferson Davis, the leader of them all, whom more than all others, because most guilty of all, he would have liked to see first on the gibbet, had been captured, and was now under close guard in Fortress Monroe. Nothing hindered Davis's trial for treason but the restraining influence exerted over the President in his own Cabinet, and by the more moderate of the leaders of that political party of which he had become the official head.

It fell to Stanton more than to any other to be the exponent of the counter feeling of restraint and moderation. He had in this but little aid in the Cabinet itself. Seward was disabled, and Welles alone had held place during the four years of the late administration. All the others had come in later, and most of them had seen altogether but a few months' service. Moreover, the War Department and its tireless head had most to do with the management and direction of public affairs in the trying times of

the early weeks of the new administration. Mr. Stanton had, because there was none other, taken up the reins as they fell from the hands of Mr. Lincoln, and had brought order out of chaos. He had set on foot the pursuit of the assassins. He had ordered the funeral ceremonies of the dead President, and under the conduct of the War Department, the funeral cortège had taken its slow march to Springfield. This department had hunted down the conspirators, and was trying them by court-martial. It was the army which had brought in Jefferson Davis, and he was still a prisoner of war, awaiting the purposes of the Administration. It could hardly be said that even in the most trying moments of the war did graver responsibilities, or more exacting duties, rest upon the head of the War Department than during the first weeks of President Johnson's administration. Nothing of all that a sense of public duty required of him at that time was so difficult of performance as the prevention of rash and unseemly proceedings against the chief men of the rebellion who had surrendered, and were in our power.

Mr. Stanton was not well fitted by natural temperament or by experience for the task that thus fell to him. The consequences were so grave, and the necessity pressed so hard upon him, that he was forced to interpose between the President and the victims of his wrath. The situation was rendered still more serious by other complications. Mr. Johnson made no discrimination in the men of the rebellion against whom he was pressing proceedings, unless it was that the more conspicuous of the leaders with whom he had come in personal contact were to be first arraigned. Proceedings had already been commenced against Jefferson Davis, and attention was turned next to General Lee, and the officers of the army which surrendered with him at Appomattox. But when it came to the knowledge of General Grant, that it was contemplated to disregard the pledge

given by him to General Lee on his surrender that "each officer and man will be allowed to return to their home, *not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they preserve their parole and the laws in force where they reside*," he interposed with an indignant protest, couched in such terms as made the President, though his constitutional superior, hesitate and at last recede from his purpose. Those who saw General Grant when he raised his voice against this attempted breach of the plighted faith of the nation, tendered and accepted in the most trying hour of its existence, will never forget the fire in his eye and the fixed determination written in every lineament of his countenance as he faced the man whom the constitution had put over him, and declared that if the faith and honor of the nation were not to be held sacred and secure in the keeping of the President, he would himself appeal to the people themselves for their preservation; that while he held a commission under this government, its sacred pledge given by him on the battlefield should be maintained at all hazards. The President struggled with the situation for several days, and the anxiety was most intense in the breasts of those who had knowledge of this conflict between the head of the state and the head of the army, so long as there was doubt as to the result. Mr. Stanton was the chief obstacle in the Cabinet in the way of these vindictive schemes of the President, and, in the controversy with General Grant over his pledge to General Lee at Appomattox, he was compelled to go so far in maintenance of the inviolability of the pledge, that the relations between the President and Secretary became from that time painfully strained.

The trial of Jefferson Davis for treason was found to be impracticable and was abandoned, and that of General Lee or any of the officers who laid down their arms with him was impossible without

national dishonor. Johnston and his army had surrendered to Sherman on the same conditions, and were entitled to the same immunity. Talk in executive circles of other prosecutions began from this time to be less frequent, and soon ceased altogether. But it was only to give place to other causes for anxiety and alarm of quite an opposite character. There were unmistakable signs of a change in the temper of the Executive, and in his attitude towards those for whose condign punishment he had but yesterday been striving. So rapid was this change that, in less than two months after his accession to office with the cry upon his lips that "treason was a crime and must be made odious," he issued a free pardon to all who had participated in the rebellion, a few only excepted, and these mostly officials in the civil service of the Confederacy, to all of whom he also offered pardon on the most liberal terms, "if personally applied for."

The Secretary, whose position in the Cabinet was becoming every hour more and more uncomfortable and uncertain, found no relief in this change of ground on the part of the President, although compelled by it to a change of base on his own part. He saw all too plainly that quite new influences were dominating the course, and, he feared, the purpose also of the President in reference not only to those who had participated in the rebellion, but towards the insurrectionary States themselves. Congress had differed quite seriously with President Lincoln during its last session upon the question of reconstruction, each claiming exclusive jurisdiction of all questions pertaining to the restoration of those States to their proper relations to the Union. The last session had closed less than six weeks before his death with a pocket veto by Mr. Lincoln of a bill, which had passed both Houses, prescribing fixed and definite conditions applicable alike to all the States, on compliance with which alone they were to

be recognized as a part of the Union; until such compliance, they were to be governed substantially as military provinces. This difference was largely on constitutional grounds, and was persisted in with great tenacity and some bitterness in certain quarters. Nothing but the unbounded confidence, even of those who had differed most with him, in the purity of motive and high purposes of the President had prevented an open rupture.

President Johnson seemed to have become intoxicated with the power which, in the strange vicissitude of the war, he now found himself to possess over those who had fought him so relentlessly all his life. He had been thwarted in his attempt to display that power in the personal punishment of their leaders, but the Tempter held up before him another way which might lead to a triumph not only over them, but also over those later friends whom his recent shortcomings, personal as well as political, had alienated. He was the constitutional head of the nation. What hindered his so exercising his constitutional powers as to bring all the States back into full communion, and to make his friends and supporters ready to secure by their suffrages his future hold upon an office which now was his only because of a foul crime? This was the way into which he turned, and, seizing upon Mr. Lincoln's claim that reconstruction was the constitutional prerogative of the Executive and not of Congress, he proceeded at once to carry out this plan, but upon a basis so widely different from that of his predecessor as to cause the gravest apprehension not only among those who claimed this power for Congress alone, but even among those who had always maintained that reconstruction was a prerogative of the Executive. They saw in the methods and conditions of reconstruction laid down by the President indications of a disposition to draw back from the results of the war, especially in its making secure what

had been already gained for those lately in bondage. They had never doubted Lincoln on this point, however much they had differed with him as to the best way of reaching an end for which they were sure he was striving no less than they were. But in his successor there was never from the beginning any such confidence. He could not differ without quarreling, and in all his quarrels he arraigned the motives of those with whom he differed, and begot in turn distrust of his own, which he seemed to take pains to intensify. With full knowledge of the attitude of Congress at its adjournment in March upon the question of reconstruction, he nevertheless attempted to take the matter entirely into his own hands, and to proceed with it at once in all the insurrectionary States with a rapidity which indicated a design of putting it beyond the power of Congress to interfere when it should meet in December.

The distrust of his sincerity was not long in ripening into conviction of betrayal, in some cases amounting to a belief in his disloyalty. Stanton had, in President Lincoln's Cabinet, sustained his policy as against that of Congress, sure that all which had been gained by the war would be secured by the carrying out of his chief's plans. He was now, however, in the Cabinet of an Executive in whose purposes he had no such confidence, whom indeed he distrusted quite as much as those most pronounced in their denunciation. He was therefore compelled to withhold coöperation in the policy and plans of his superior in office. It was not in his nature, however, to maintain long a position of neutrality on any question, and it was as little in that of the President to tolerate such neutrality on the part of any subordinate. From the outset of his public career, he that was not for him had been accounted as against him, and generally as his personal enemy. When, in the early days of his administration, he was animated with the relentless purpose of a public

prosecutor, he required unquestioned support from all holding official position under him. Equally exacting was he, a few weeks later, when he was ready to forgive all who had participated in the rebellion, whatever may have been the degree of their guilt. This change of front was too sudden and altogether the wrong way for a man of the character and convictions of the Secretary. The experience and education of the Lincoln administration and the war itself inclined him to a policy differing from either of the extremes — that of indiscriminate condemnation and that of an equally indiscriminate pardon — taken by the President in the short space of three months. The President was persistent and the Secretary unyielding. Differences between two such men were sure to engender mutual distrust. In this case they led early to discord and recrimination. The public judgment was against Johnson and on the side of Stanton. This had the effect of widening the difference, and of intensifying the bitterness with which each maintained his position.

This difference of opinion on essential questions of public policy between a President and a member of his Cabinet gave rise to another condition which called for serious consideration and determination by the Secretary himself. Could he, consistently with his own self-respect and his obligations both to the President and the country, continue a member of a Cabinet committed by its chief to a policy believed by him to be unwise and unsafe? The public began to call upon him to resign, and abusive epithets were being hurled at him for remaining longer in official connection with the President and those who, with him, were aiding and abetting measures of reconstruction fraught, as they believed, with the gravest evils. To these attacks he was exceedingly sensitive, and he smarted grievously under the imputation that he was holding on to office for the sake of office, and that he was sinister in his retention of

place. Although as yet the estrangement between the President and himself had not passed the limit that, in ordinary times, would call for his dismissal or require his withdrawal, still he could not fail to see that, sooner or later, if present measures were persisted in, one or the other of these contingencies was sure to be forced upon him. He was compelled in advance of any such contingency to answer for himself, in the light of a higher obligation to his country, the question, Can I voluntarily abandon, to be filled by any one of uncertain or doubtful affiliations, a post by the retention of which I may avert impending danger? There were other than mere personal questions to be considered. The policy of the President, not yet fully developed or apparent in all its relations, was still a debatable question, and by those hesitating to visit it with unqualified condemnation a withdrawal from his Cabinet, even by one of such stern loyalty as that of Stanton, would not be justified. Those who even then were not slow to denounce the President as false to his trust were loudest in calling upon the Secretary to remain at his post and fight on for the right, regardless of precedents or personal considerations. To those whose friendship and confidence he most enjoyed he sometimes unbosomed himself, and revealed the struggles and trials of his inner life as well as the motives controlling his public course. He grieved sorely over the imputation that love of place or selfish considerations of any kind were influencing him to remain in the Cabinet of a President whose policy was at variance with all that he deemed just and right and safe. The incessant labor had told upon his strength and had sapped the source of his vitality, while yet in Lincoln's Cabinet, to such a degree as to induce him, on the reflection of the President, to accept the result as an assurance of an end of the war, and to avow to his chief his determination to withdraw from a work in which he was

no longer needed. Accordingly, on the first news of the surrender of Lee, he placed his resignation in the hands of Mr. Lincoln. This resignation the personal appeal of his chief, declaring to him, with his arms about his neck, "Stanton, it is not for you to say when you will no longer be needed here," had forced him to recall. This he thought should have protected him from the insinuation that he was sacrificing duty to lust of office. Further on in the unhappy controversy this feeling broke out with greater intensity, and called forth from the Secretary, then weak in body and depressed in spirit, complaints of its blind injustice which should have silenced all his accusers.

When the Congress met in December, there was at once open war between the executive and the legislative branch of the government over the question of reconstruction, each claiming exclusive jurisdiction, and each bent on thwarting every attempt at interference. President Johnson had already carried forward his own policy as far and as fast as was possible for him. He had by proclamations revoked all of the executive orders, and removed, as far as he was able, all other restrictions and prohibitions imposed during the war not required by positive law and beyond his reach. He had also issued a proclamation to all of the insurrectionary States, putting them under military governors of his own appointment, and prescribing terms of his own, upon conformity to which alone they could be restored to their proper place and function in the Union. It had been the effort of Mr. Stanton, during the preparation of these terms, to secure in them all that was possible of what had been won by the war, especially in regard to the future of the freedmen. He felt, however, that his influence was on the wane, that an open rupture could not long be avoided, and that his post must soon, unless extraordinary legislative measures interposed, be surrendered into a custody in whose

loyalty even he was fast losing confidence. Congress saw things as he did, and took up the glove. They challenged all that the President had done, and passed an act taking the whole matter out of his hands, prescribing their own terms of reconstruction and making unlawful all other methods. This act became a law over a veto, and fell, for execution, into the hands of a hostile Executive, who denounced it as both unjust and unconstitutional. Many of its provisions were to be executed through the War Department, in which Congress had most confidence. These provisions were especially odious to Mr. Johnson, and aroused in him increased hostility to Mr. Stanton. It soon became evident that he contemplated relief from the restraints which the presence of this officer in the Cabinet imposed upon his actions, either by a voluntary or an enforced retirement of the obnoxious Secretary.

In this emergency Stanton took counsel of his friends as well as of his own conscience. The situation, as he saw it, was laid before them in frequent interviews and their advice sought. Those who knew him in the dark days of the war saw again an anxious and troubled spirit, ready still for any sacrifice and any duty which could be made plain to him. He laid before these friends the evidence of dangerous movements that had come to his knowledge, and took no step they did not sanction. Congress, alive to this new danger, took the side of the loyal and fighting Secretary, and insisted upon his standing by his post. They undertook to throw over him the shield of law, so that he should be secure in his office while discharging the duties required of him by the Reconstruction Act, placed upon the statute book in spite of President Johnson, and for the very purpose of subverting his policy. In carrying out this design they enacted laws which could find no other justification than a pending exigency, assumed to be so pressing and perilous as to justify

legislation for an occasion and not for permanent rule. In the Tenure of Office Act they took away from the President the power to remove, without the consent of the Senate, any officer whose appointment had been confirmed by that body, and enacted that no Cabinet officer should be removed, without the consent of the Senate, till one month after the expiration of the term of the President under whom he held that position. And as if it were not a sufficient humiliation of the President to take away from him the power to say who should be his advisers, they boldly attacked his constitutional prerogative of commander-in-chief of the army and navy by the enactment into law of a most extraordinary army regulation, that all orders and instructions in relation to military operations issued by the President or Secretary of War should be issued through the general of the army, whose headquarters should be in Washington, and who should not be removed or suspended or assigned to duty elsewhere, except at his own request, without the approval of the Senate; and that all orders not thus issued should be null and void, their issue a crime, and their execution by any officer of the army a penitentiary offense. That there might not be a moment when the President would be without a Congress to watch or check him, it was also enacted that each new Congress should meet on the 4th day of March, immediately on the expiration of the preceding term.

It is difficult at this distance of time to find justification for these extraordinary legislative measures adopted to hedge about a President and strip him of power, because the conditions which called for them have passed out of sight, and we strive in vain to realize the passions and perils which then beset the public service. Perhaps it does not become one, who voted for them all, to indulge in much severity of language in their condemnation. Moreover, we have

to do, at this time, not with the laws themselves, but with Stanton forced to continue in the service by those who enacted them, and with President Johnson chafing under their restraints and bent on neutralizing their effect. No one could have felt more keenly than did Stanton the painful anomaly of the position in which this legislation had placed him. Never before had it been known in our history that a President had been forced to retain, as a Cabinet adviser, one opposed to his policy of administration and holding place to thwart that policy. Never before had a Cabinet officer permitted himself to remain for a moment as a confidential adviser to a President whose whole policy he disapproved, and in whom personally he had lost confidence. Inclination and duty were in conflict. Stanton longed for rest, but feared to take it. Who would succeed him, or what would be done by another in harmony with presidential views, if he retired, he could not answer, and he dared not risk the results possible on his resignation. Meantime the public outside of Congress, blind to the serious contingencies which hung upon the maintenance in Cabinet circles of as much as possible of the old loyal and persistent spirit which had carried us successfully to the end of the war, raised again, and louder than ever before, the call for him to leave the Cabinet, and rid the Republican party of all further responsibility for an administration false to all the principles which had brought it into power. He made no public response to these demands, but to intimate friends he talked without reserve. He would gladly leave the service, and seek rest and restoration of health now so broken and shattered as to cause grave apprehensions of serious results. But he believed the President to be led by bad passions and the counsels of unscrupulous and dangerous men, and no one could tell what course he would pursue under such influences. Duty out-

weighed all personal considerations. "If that be faithfully performed," he said, "it matters little when or how we die. I will remain at my post, and die, if it need be, with harness on." Turning to the criticisms of impatient men, which had reached him through the public press, he exclaimed, "These men will some time see that I am right, and appreciate my motives and vindicate my action." Of the situation, and as justification for the sacrifice he was making of his own health and the present approval of friends, he remarked that at no time during the war had he felt more anxious about public affairs and the condition of the country than he did at that moment. Then he had known on whom to depend, but not now.

Antagonisms in and out of the Cabinet only intensified the President's persistency in his own methods of solving the problem of reconstruction. He brought into the controversy the feeling that Congress had attempted to degrade him in his office. They had, he said, put him under bonds, and it was due to the high office he held, and its constitutional prerogatives, that he should burst these bonds asunder. Thus it became a trial of strength. He made formal request for the resignation of Secretary Stanton, and, failing in that, suspended him from office under the Tenure of Office Act. That act required the approval of the Senate before the suspension worked a removal. The disapproval of that body restored him to his place. Then the President, defying the law as unconstitutional, dismissed him, and ordered him to leave the War Department. He refused to vacate the office or yield the discharge of its duties to the new appointee. An ineffectual attempt was made to force him out of it, but he held possession by main strength, abiding in it constantly for more than forty days, and until the contest over it had ended. The spectacle of the Secretary encamped in the War Office with sentinels on guard

was one which will fail to find its like in history. Never before or since has the government of a great nation found itself engaged in such a struggle. It attracted a very wide attention, even beyond our own borders, and was the subject of comment in the foreign as well as domestic press. The enthusiastic and zealous who had taken strong ground against the President in the controversy now commended the Secretary and urged upon him an unflinching resistance. He was visited in his barricade by his intimate friends, who contributed in all possible ways to both his personal comfort and his determination to hold the place. Mr. Sumner wrote him from the Senate Chamber the famous letter, "*Stick. C. S.*," which after his death was sold for a large sum in New York.

This attempt by the President to remove the Secretary, in violation of the provisions of the Tenure of Office Act, formed the basis of articles of impeachment against him, which the House of Representatives immediately presented to the Senate, and prosecuted before that body with great zeal and earnestness. The President, after a long and exciting trial, continuing for eighty-two days, was acquitted, the prosecution failing of the necessary two thirds by the lack of a single vote. This failure to convict, though a large majority, falling only one short of two thirds, had condemned the President, was deemed by Mr. Stanton a failure to justify him in a further struggle to retain the office, and he accordingly retired. Although it was only a technical adverse record against a large majority commending his course, yet he took seriously to heart the result thus forced upon him, and went into private life sore and sick, his constitution undermined by overwork, and with an incurable disease sapping his strength. Congress thanked him on his retirement for "the great ability, purity, and fidelity with which he had discharged his public duties," and the Senate accom-

panied the confirmation of his successor with the declaration that he was not legally removed, but had resigned his office.

This was the close of a public service rendered with signal ability in the most critical period in our history, and under difficulties which confronted no other public servant. He had entered Buchanan's Cabinet eight years before, when the Republic was in the first throes of the rebellion, and had been called into that of Lincoln when the tide of war seemed about to overwhelm us, and he had at the end struggled for three long years under Johnson to make secure the legitimate fruits of that war. It was eight years of perpetual warfare with the enemies of the Republic and their misguided followers,—years of patriotic devotion of all his faculties to the public welfare. He laid off his armor only when opportunity and strength had failed him.

It is one of the anomalies of public life that two such men as President Johnson and Secretary Stanton, of such sharp contrast in all the elements which make up character, should have fallen at a most critical juncture of public affairs into a common service, in which unity in method and spirit and purpose were indispensable to success. That a great cause, fraught with the weal of a race and the fate of the government, was not for this reason wrecked at the very end of a long and doubtful struggle is one of the many wonders which the historian of the period will have to record. I cannot look back over those scenes, and the work concerning which these men so widely differed, I cannot recall the incidents which from day to day startled earnest and anxious men around the Capitol, without repeating an exclamation uttered by Stanton himself when light began to break through the clouds, "Surely God is on our side, for we have done what we could to ruin ourselves, and yet we have failed to do it."

Mr. Stanton retired to private life an old, wornout man, although not yet fifty-four years of age. The asthma, which had seized upon him in the midst of his work, was developing its fatal hold. He was bent and wrinkled and gray, and his voice was husky and feeble, as of one who had already passed his three-score years and ten. He had a sunny house in Franklin Square, and he strove hard to win to it the cheer and attractions of former days, but they were slow in coming. Old friends had been cut off by the war, and new ones were plunging into the active life around them. All, old and new, however, honored him for the fight he had made, and loved him for what he had suffered for their sake. He longed, however, for the companionship in which he was wont to walk the streets arm in arm, or beguile the evening hours in the free talk of the library. Altogether, the life of an invalid, in the new conditions which surrounded him, was dispiriting. I chanced to be his neighbor in these latter days, as I was when, in the beginning of his public life, he entered Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet at the outbreak of the war, and I saw him often at his home, and in my own family circle. When he was free from asthma, and his spirits had fair play, he was intensely interesting in conversation and charming in manner. On some of these occasions, he would hold one spell-bound till the late hours of the night with thrilling war experiences which have never found place in the public records. When Johnson and the influences with which he was surrounded left Washington in March, 1869, and were succeeded by Grant and quite another atmosphere, Stanton seemed more himself, and for a while looked forward to a resumption of old-time activities and associations. But the clouds

soon gathered anew over his house, and were never again dispelled. He was forced more and more into seclusion by the relentless progress of his most distressing malady. Old friends, old comrades, and old admirers kept him ever fresh in mind, though they no longer saw him in the street. Friendly messages and kind words helped him to feel that he still held his own place in their hearts. They told General Grant of his struggles with disease, and of his waning hopes, and the great warrior remembered him as became the commander of victorious armies for whose leadership he had been indebted to the indomitable energy and will of a war minister now stricken and wasted. When a vacancy occurred in the Supreme Court, the President tendered him the judgeship, a place to which his early ambition had aspired. The nomination gratified him extremely, and healed many a sore, but it came too late. He was confirmed December 20, 1869, and five days later he died.

Thus passed into his place in history one of the great men of his time. I have heretofore written of his personal characteristics, and of his unsurpassed public labors while under Lincoln. These present observations have been confined to his troubles in the Cabinet of Johnson. From whatever side or by whatever standard he may be measured, he will still remain among the great men of a period which called for and tested great men as none other in our history. Not for what he was, but for what he did, will he be longest remembered. So long as free institutions shall be upheld among men, the record of his labor and sacrifice in their defense will be preserved in the memory of a grateful people.

Henry L. Dawes.

HEARTSEASE.

"For as for heartsease, it groweth in a single night."

"WHAT be you doin' of, Mis' Lamson?" asked Mrs. Pettis, coming in from the kitchen, where she had been holding a long conversation with young Mrs. Lamson on the possibility of doing over sugar barberry. Mrs. Pettis was a heavy woman, bent almost double with rheumatism, and she carried a baggy umbrella for a cane. She was always sighing over the difficulty of "gettin' round the house," but nevertheless she made more calls than any one else in the neighborhood. It kind o' limbered her up, she said, to take a walk after she had been bendin' over the dishpan.

Mrs. Lamson looked up with an alert, bright glance. She was a little creature, and something still girlish lingered in her straight, slender figure and the poise of her head. "Old Lady Lamson" was over eighty, and she dressed with due deference to custom, but everything about her gained, in the wearing, an air of youth. Her aggressively brown front was rumpled a little, as if it had tried to crimp itself, only to be detected before the operation was well begun, and the purple ribbons of her cap flared rakishly aloft.

"I jest took up a garter," she said, with some apology in her tone. "Kind o' fiddlin' work, ain't it?"

"Last time I was here you was knittin' mittins," continued Mrs. Pettis, seating herself laboriously on the lounge, and leaning forward upon the umbrella clutched steadily in two fat hands. "You're dretful forehanded. I remember I said so then. Samwel ain't got a mittin to his name, I says, nor he won't have 'fore November."

"Well, I guess David's pretty well on't for everything now," answered Mrs. Lamson, with some pride. "He's got five pair o' new mittins, an' my little

blue chist full o' stockin's. I knit 'em two-an'-two, an' two-an'-one, an' toed some on 'em off with white, an' some with red, so 's to keep 'em in pairs. But Mary said I better not knit any more, for fear the moths 'd get into 'em, an' so I stopped an' took up this garter. But 't is dretful fiddlin' work!"

A brief silence fell upon the two, while the sweet summer scents stole in at the window,—the breath of the cinnamon rose, of growing grass and good brown earth. Mrs. Pettis pondered, looking vacantly before her, and Old Lady Lamson knit hastily on. Her needles clicked together, and she turned her work with a jerk in beginning a row. But neither was oppressed by lack of speech. They understood each other, and no more thought of "making talk" than of pulling up a seed to learn whether it had germinated. It was Mrs. Pettis who, after a natural interval, felt moved to speak.

"Mary's master thoughtful of you, ain't she? 'T ain't many sons' wives would be so tender of anybody, now is it?"

Mrs. Lamson looked up sharply, and then, with the same quick movement, bent her eyes on her work.

"Mary means to do jest what's right," she answered. "If she don't make out, it ain't for lack o' tryin'."

"So I says to Samwel this morning. Old Lady Lamson ain't one thing to concern herself with, says I, but to git dressed an' set by the winder. When dinner time comes, she's got nothin' to do but hitch up to the table; an' she don't have to touch her hand to a dish. Now ain't that so, Mis' Lamson?"

"That's so," agreed Mrs. Lamson, with a little sigh, instantly suppressed. "It's different from what I thought to myself 't would be, when Mary come

here. 'Tain't in natur' she 'll have the feelin' for me she would for her own, I says; but I believe she has, an' more too. When she come for good, I made up my mind I'd put up with everything, an' say 't was all in the day's work; but law! I never had to. She an' David both act as if I was sugar or salt, I dunno which."

"Don't ye never help round, washin'-days?"

"Law, no! Mary won't hear to 't. She'd ruther have the dishes wait till everything's on the line; an' if I stir a step to go into the garden, to pick a mess o' beans or kill a currant worm, she's right arter me. 'Mother, don't you fall!' she says, a dozen times a day. 'I dunno what David 'd do to me if I let anything happen to you.' An' David, he's ketched it, too. One night, 'long towards Thanksgivin' time, I kicked the soapstone out o' bed, an' he come runnin' up as if he was bewitched. 'Mother,' says he, 'did you fall? You ain't had a stroke, have you?'"

Old Lady Lamson laughed huskily; her black eyes shone, and her cap ribbons nodded and danced, but there was an ironical ring to her merriment.

"Do tell!" responded Mrs. Pettis, in her ruminating voice. "Well, things were different when we was young married folks, an' used to do our own spinnin' an' weavin'."

"I guess so!" Mrs. Lamson dropped her busy hands in her lap, and leaned back a moment in eager retrospect. "Do you recollect that Friday we spun from four o'clock in the mornin' till six next evenin', because the menfolks had gone in the ma'sh, an' all we had to do was to stop an' feed the critters? An' Hiram Peasley come along with tin ware, an' you says, 'If you're a mind to stop at my house, an' throw a colander an' a long-handled dipper over the fence, under the flowerin' currant, an' wait till next time for your pay, I 'll take 'em,' says you. 'But I ain't goin' to

leave off spinnin' for anything less 'n Gabriel's trumpet,' says you. I remember your sayin' that as if 't was only yesterday; an' arter you said it, you kind o' drawed down your face an' looked scairt. An' I never thought on 't again till next Sabbath evenin', when Jim Bel-lows rose to speak, an' made some handle about the Day o' Judgment, an' then I tickled right out."

"How you do set by them days!" said Mrs. Pettis, striving to keep a steady face, though her heavy sides were shaking. "I guess you remember 'em better 'n your prayers!"

"Yes, I laughed out loud, an' you passed me a pep'mint over the pew, an' looked as if you was goin' to cry. 'Don't!' says you, an' it sort o' come over me you knew what I was laughin' at. Why, if there ain't John Freeman stoppin' here, — Mary's sister's brother-in-law, you know. Lives down to Bell P'int. Guess he's pullin' up to give the news."

Mrs. Pettis came slowly to her feet, and scanned the farmer who was hitching his horse to the fence. When he had gone round to the back door, she turned, and grasped her umbrella with a firmer hand.

"Well, I guess 't won't pay me to set down again," she announced. "I'm goin' to take it easy on the way home. I dunno but I 'll let down the bars, an' poke a little ways into the north pastur', an' see if I can't get a mite o' pennyr'yal. I 'll be in again to-morrow or next day."

"So do, so do!" returned Mrs. Lamson.

"'T ain't no use to ask you to come down, I s'pose? You don't get out so fur nowadays."

"No," said the other, still with that latent touch of sarcasm in her voice. "If I should fall, there'd be a great hurrah, boys — fire on the mountain, run, boys, run!"

Mrs. Pettis toiled out into the road, and Old Lady Lamson, laying her knit-

ting on the table, bent forward, not to watch her out of sight, but to make sure whether she really would stop at the north pasture.

"No, she 's goin' by," she said aloud, with evident relief. "No, she ain't either. I'll be whipped if she ain't lettin' down the bars! 'T would smell kind o' good, I declare!"

She was still peering forward, one slender hand on the window-sill, when Mary, a pretty young woman with two nervous lines between her eyes, came hurrying in.

"Mother," she began, in that unnatural voice which is supposed to allay excitement in another, "I dunno what I 'm goin' to do. Stella's sick."

"You don't say!" said Old Lady Lamson, turning away from the window. "What do they think 't is?"

"Fever, John says. An' she 's so full-blooded, it'll be likely to go hard with her. They want me to go right down, an' David's got to carry me. John would, but he's gone to be referee in that land case, an' he won't be back for a day or two. It's a mercy David's just home from town, so he won't have to change his clo'es right through. Now, mother, if you should have little 'Liza Tolman come an' stay with you, do you think anything would happen s'posin' we left you alone just one night?"

A little flush rose in the old lady's withered cheek. Her eyes gleamed brightly through her glasses.

"Don't you worry one mite about me," she replied, in an even voice. "You change your dress, an' get off afore it's dark. I shall be all right."

"David's harnessin' now," said Mary, beginning to untie her apron. "I sent John down to the lower barn to call him. But, mother, if anything should happen to you"—

"Lord-a-massy! nothin' 's goin' to!" the old lady broke forth, in momentary impatience. "Don't stan' here talkin'. You better have your mind on Stella.

Fever's a quicker complaint than old age. It allers was, an' allers will be."

"Oh, I know it! I know it!" cried Mary, starting towards the door. "There ain't a thing for you to do. There's new bread and preserves on the dairy wheel, an' you have 'Liza Tolman pick you up some chips, an' build the fire for your tea; an' don't you wash the dishes, mother. Just leave 'em in the sink. And for mercy sake take a candle, an' not meddle with kerosene"—

"Come, come, ain't you ready?" came David's voice from the door. "I can't keep the horse stan'in' here till he's all eat up with flies."

Mary fled to her bedroom, unbuttoning her dress as she ran, and David came in, bringing an air of outdoor freshness into the little sitting-room, with his regal height, his broad shoulders, and tanned, fresh face.

"Well, mother," he said, putting a hand of clumsy kindness on her shoulder, "if anything happens to you while we're gone, I shall wish we'd let the whole caboodle of 'em die in their tracks. Don't s'pose anything will, do ye?"

"Law, no, David!" exclaimed the old lady, looking at him with beaming pride. "You come here an' let me pick that mite o' lint off your arm. I shall be tickled to death to get rid o' ye."

"Now, mother," counseled Mary, when she came out of the bedroom, hastily tying her bonnet strings, "you watch the schoolchildren, an' ask 'Liza Tolman to stay with you, an' if she can't, to get one of the Daltons; an' tell her we'll give her some Bartlett pears when they're ripe."

"Yes, yes, I hear," answered the old lady, rising, and setting back her chair in its accustomed corner. "Now, do go along, or ye won't be down to Grapevine Run afore five o'clock."

She watched them while they drove out of the yard, shading her eyes with one nervous hand.

"Mother," called Mary, "don't you

stan' there in that wind, with nothin' on your head!"

The old lady turned back into the house, and her face was alive with glee.

"Wind!" she ejaculated scornfully, and yet with the tolerance of one too happy for complaint. "Wind! I guess there would n't be so much, if some folks would save their breath to cool their porridge!"

She did not go back to the sitting-room and her peaceful knitting. She walked into the pantry, where she gave the shelves a critical survey, and then, returning to the kitchen, looked about her once more.

"If it's one day sence I've been down sullar," she said aloud, "it's two year." She was lighting a candle as she spoke. In a moment more she was taking sprightly steps down the stairs into the darkness below.

"Now, mother, don't you fall!" she chuckled, midway in the descent, and it was undeniable that the voice sounded much like Mary's in her anxious moods. "Now, ain't I a mean creatur' to stan' here laughin' at 'em!" she went on. "Well, if she don't keep things nice! 'Taters all sprouted, an' the preserve cupboard never looked better in my day. Mary's been well brought up, — I'll say that for her."

Old Lady Lamson must have spent at least half an hour in the cellar, for when she ascended it was after four o'clock, and the schoolchildren had passed the house on their way home. She heard their voices under the elms at the turn of the road.

"I ain't to blame if I can't ketch 'em," she remarked calmly, as she blew out her light. "I don't see's anybody could say I was to blame. An' I could n't walk up to the Tolmans' to ask 'Liza. I might fall!"

She set about her preparations for supper. It was a favorite maxim in the household that supper should be eaten early, "to get it out of the way," and

to-night this unaccustomed handmaid had additional reasons for haste. But the new bread and preserves were ignored. She built a rousing fire in the little kitchen stove; she brought out the moulding-board, and with trembling eagerness proceeded to mix cream-of-tartar biscuits. Not Cellini himself nor Jeanie Carlyle had awaited the results of passionate labor with a more strenuous eagerness; and when she drew out the panful of delicately browned biscuits, she set it down on the table, and looked at it in sheer delight.

"I'll be whipped if they ain't as good as if I'd made 'em every night for the last two year!" she cried. "I ain't got to get my hand in, an' that's truth an' fact!"

She brought out some "cold b'iled dish," made her strong green tea, and sat down to a meal such as they taste who have reached the Delectable Mountains. It held within it all the savor of a happy past; it satisfied her hungry soul.

After she had washed the supper dishes and scrupulously swept the hearth, she rested, for a moment's thought, in the old rocking-chair, and then took her way, candle in hand, to the attic. There was no further self-confidence on the stairs; she was too serious now. Her hours were going fast. The attic, in spite of the open windows, lay hot under summer's touch upon the shingles outside, and odorous of the dried herbs hanging in bunches here and there.

"Wormwood — thoroughwort — spear-mint," she mused, as she touched them, one after another, and inhaled their fragrance. "'T ain't so long ago I was out pickin' herbs an' dryin' 'em. Well, well, well!"

She made her way under the eaves, and pulled out a hair trunk studded with brass nails. A rush-bottomed chair stood near by, and, setting her candle in it, she knelt before the trunk and began lifting out its contents: a brocaded satin

waistcoat of a long-past day, a woolen comforter knit in stripes, a man's black broadcloth coat. She smoothed them as she laid them by, and there was a wondering note in her lowered voice.

"My Lord!" she whispered reverently, as if speaking to One who would hear and understand, "it's over fifty year!"

A pile of yellowed linen lay in the bottom of the trunk, redolent of camphor from contact with its perishable neighbors. She lifted one shirt after another, looking at them in silence. Then she laid back the other clothes, took up her candle and the shirts, and went downstairs again. In hot haste she rebuilt the kitchen fire, and set two large kettles of water on the stove. She dragged the washing-bench into the back kitchen from its corner in the shed, and on it placed her tubs; and when the water was heated, she put the garments into a tub, and rubbed with the vigor and ease of a woman well accustomed to such work. All the sounds of the night were loud about her, and the song of the whippoorwill came in at the open door. He was very near. His presence should have been a sign of approaching trouble, but Old Lady Lamson did not hear him. Her mind was reading the lettered scroll of a vanished year. Perhaps the touch of the warm water on her hands recalled her to the present.

"Seems good to feel the suds," she said happily, holding up one withered hand and letting the foam drip from its fingers. "I wish 't I could dry outdoors. But when mornin' come, they'd be all of a sop."

She washed and rinsed the garments, and, opening a clothes-horse, spread them out to dry. Then she drew a long breath, put out her candle, and wandered to the door. The garden lay before her, unreal in the beauty of moonlight. Every bush seemed an enchanted wood. The old lady went forth, lingering at first, as one too rich for choosing, then with a firmer step. She closed the little gate,

and walked out into the country road. She hurried along to the old signboard, and turned aside unerringly into a hollow there, where she stooped and filled her hands with tansy, pulling it up in great bunches, and pressing it eagerly to her face.

"Seventy-four year ago!" she told the unseen listener of the night with the same wonder in her voice. "Sir laid dead, an' they sent me down here to pick tansy to put round him. Seventy-four year ago!"

Still holding it, she rose and went through the bars into the dewy lane. Down the wandering path, trodden daily by the cows, she walked, and came out in the broad pasture, irregular with its little hillocks, where, as she had been told from her babyhood, the Indians used to plant their corn. She entered the woods by a cart-path hidden from the moon, and went on with a light step, gathering a bit of green here and there, — now hemlock, now a needle from the sticky pine, — and inhaling its balsam on her hands. A sharp descent, and she had reached the spot where the brook ran fast, and where lay "Peggy's b'ilin' spring," named for a great-aunt she had never seen, but whose gold beads she had inherited, and who had consequently seemed to her a person of opulence and ease.

"I wish 't I'd brought a cup," she said. "There ain't no such water within twenty mile."

She crouched beside the little black pool, where the moon glinted in mysterious, wavering symbols which beckoned the gaze upwards, and, making a cup of her hand, drank eagerly. There was a sound near by, as if some wood creature were stirring; she thought she heard a fox barking in the distance. Yet she was really conscious only of the wonder of time, the solemn record of the fleeting years.

When she made her way back through the woods, the moon was sinking and

the shadows had grown heavy. As she reached the bars again on her homeward track, she stopped suddenly, and her face broke into smiling at the pungent fragrance rising from the bruised herbage beneath her feet. She stooped and gathered one telltale, homely weed, mixed as it was with the pasture grass. "Pen-nyr'yal," she said happily, and felt the richness of being.

When Old Lady Lamson had ironed her shirts and put them away again, all hot and sweet from the fire, it was five o'clock, and the birds had long been trying to drag creation up from sleep to sing with them the wonders of the dawn. At six, she had her cup of tea, and when, at eight, her son drove into the yard, she

came placidly to the side door to meet him, her knitting in her hands.

"Well, if I ain't glad!" called David. "I could n't get it out o' my mind somethin' 'd happened to you. Stella's goin' to be all right, they think, but nothin' will do but Mary must stay a spell. Do you s'pose you an' I could keep house a week or so, if I do the heft o' the work?"

Old Lady Lamson's eyes took on the look which sometimes caused her son to inquire suspiciously, "Mother, what you laughin' at?"

"I guess we can, if we try hard enough," she said soberly, rolling up her yarn. "Now you come in, an' I'll get you a bite o' somethin' t' eat."

Alice Brown.

AT HAKATA.

I.

TRAVELING by *kuruma* one can only see and dream. The jolting makes reading too painful; the rattle of the wheels and the rush of the wind render conversation impossible, even when the road allows of a fellow-traveler's vehicle running beside your own. And after having become familiar with the characteristics of Japanese scenery, you are not apt to notice, during such travel, except at long intervals, anything novel enough to make a strong impression. Most often the way winds through a perpetual sameness of ricefields, vegetable farms, tiny thatched hamlets, and between interminable ranges of green or blue hills. Sometimes, indeed, there are startling spreads of color, as when you traverse a plain all burning yellow with the blossoming of the *natane*, or a valley all lilac with the flowering of the *gengebana*; but these are the passing splendors of very short seasons. As a rule, the vast green monotony appeals to no faculty: you sink into reverie,

or nod, perhaps, with the wind in your face, to be wakened again by some jolt of extra violence.

Even so, on my autumn way to Hakata, I gaze and dream and nod by turns. watch the flashing of the dragonflies, the infinite network of ricefield paths spreading out of sight on either hand, the slowly shifting lines of familiar peaks in the horizon glow, and the changing shapes of white afloat in the vivid blue above all, — asking myself how many times again must I view the same Kyūshū landscape, and deploring the absence of the wonderful.

Suddenly and very softly, the thought steals into my mind that the most wonderful of possible visions is really all about me in the mere common green of the world, in the ceaseless manifestation of Life.

Ever and everywhere, from beginnings invisible, green things are growing, — out of soft earth, out of hard rock, forms mul-

titudinous, dumb soundless races incalculably older than man. Of their visible history we know much; names we have given them, and classification. The reason of the forms of their leaves, of the qualities of their fruits, of the colors of their flowers, we also know; for we have learned not a little about the course of the eternal laws that give shape to all terrestrial things. But why they are, that we do not know. What is the ghostliness that seeks expression in this universal green, — the mystery of that which multiplies forever issuing out of that which multiplies not? Or is the seeming lifeless itself life, — only a life more silent still, more hidden?

But a stranger and quicker life moves upon the face of the earth, peoples wind and flood. This has the ghostlier power of separating itself from earth, yet is always at last recalled thereto, and condemned to feed that which it once fed upon. It feels; it knows; it crawls, swims, runs, flies, thinks. Countless the shapes of it. The green slower life seeks being only. But this forever struggles against non-being. We know the mechanism of its motion, the laws of its growth: the innermost mazes of its structure have been explored; the territories of its sensation have been mapped and named. But the meaning of it, who will tell us? Out of what ultimate came it? Or, more simply, what is it? Why should it know pain? Why is it evolved by pain?

And this life of pain is our own. Relatively, it sees, it knows. Absolutely, it is blind, and gropes, like the slow cold green life which supports it. But does it not also support a higher existence, nourish some invisible life infinitely more active and more complex? Is there ghostliness orb'd in ghostliness, life-within-life without end? Are there universes interpenetrating universes?

For our era, at least, the boundaries of human knowledge have been irrevocably fixed; and far beyond those limits

only exist the solutions of such questions. Yet what constitutes those limits of the possible? Nothing more than human nature itself. Must that nature remain equally limited in those who shall come after us? Will they never develop higher senses, vaster faculties, subtler perceptions? What is the teaching of science?

Perhaps it has been suggested in the profound saying of Clifford, that we were never made, but have made ourselves. This is, indeed, the deepest of all teachings of science. And wherefore has man made himself? To escape suffering and death. Under the pressure of pain alone was our being shaped; and even so long as pain lives, so long must continue the ceaseless toil of selfchange. Once in the ancient past, the necessities of life were physical; they are not less moral than physical now. And of all future necessities, none seems likely to prove so merciless, so mighty, so tremendous, as that of trying to read the Universal Riddle.

The world's greatest thinker — he who has told us why the Riddle cannot be read — has told us also how the longing to solve it must endure, and grow with the growing of man.¹

And surely the mere recognition of this necessity contains within it the germ of a hope. May not the desire to know, as the possibly highest form of future pain, compel within men the natural evolution of powers to achieve the now impossible, of capacities to perceive the now invisible? We of to-day are that which we are through longing so to be; and may not the inheritors of our work yet make themselves that which we now would wish to become?

II.

I am in Hakata, the Town of the Gir-dle - Weavers, which is a very tall town, with fantastic narrow ways full of amazing colors; and I halt in the Street-of-Prayer-to-the-Gods because there is an

¹ First Principles (The Reconciliation).

enormous head of bronze, the head of a Buddha, smiling at me through a gateway. The gateway is of a temple of the Jōdō sect; and the head is beautiful.

But there is only the head. What supports it above the pavement of the court is hidden by thousands of metal mirrors heaped up to the chin of the great dreamy face. A placard beside the gateway explains the problem. The mirrors are contributions by women to a colossal seated figure of Buddha, to be thirty-five feet high, including the huge lotus on which it is to be enthroned. And the whole is to be made of bronze mirrors. Hundreds have been already used to cast the head; myriads will be needed to finish the work. Who can venture to assert, in presence of such an exhibition, that Buddhism is passing away?

Yet I cannot feel delighted at this display, which, although gratifying the artistic sense with the promise of a noble statue, shocks it still more by ocular evidence of the immense destruction that the project involves. For Japanese metal mirrors (now being superseded by atrocious cheap looking-glasses of Western manufacture) well deserve to be called things of beauty. Nobody unfamiliar with their gracious shapes can know the charm of the Oriental comparison of the moon to a mirror. One side only is polished. The other is adorned with designs in relief: trees or flowers, birds or animals or insects, landscapes, legends, symbols of good fortune, figures of gods. Such are even the commonest mirrors. But there are many kinds; and some among them are very wonderful, which we call "magic mirrors," because, when the reflection of one is thrown upon a screen or wall, you can see, in the disk of light, *luminous images of the designs upon the back*.¹

Whether there be any magic mirrors

¹ See article entitled On the Magic Mirrors of Japan, by Professors Ayrton and Perry, in vol. xxvii. of the Proceedings of the Royal So-

in that heap of bronze ex-votos I cannot tell; but there certainly are many beautiful things. And there is no little pathos in the spectacle of all that wonderful quaint work thus cast away, and destined soon to vanish utterly. Probably within another decade the making of mirrors of silver and mirrors of bronze will have ceased forever. Seekers for them will then hear, with something more than regret, the story of the fate of these.

Nor is this the only pathos in the vision of all those domestic sacrifices thus exposed to rain and sun and trodden dust of streets. Surely the smiles of bride and babe and mother have been reflected in not a few; some gentle home life must have been imaged in nearly all. But a ghostlier value than memory can give also attaches to Japanese mirrors. An ancient proverb declares, "The Mirror is the Soul of the Woman;" and not merely, as might be supposed, in a figurative sense. For countless legends relate that a mirror feels all the joys or pains of its mistress, and reveals in its dimness or brightness some weird sympathy with her every emotion. Wherefore mirrors were of old employed — and some say are still employed — in those magical rites believed to influence life and death, and were buried with those to whom they belonged.

And the spectacle of all those mouldering bronzes thus makes queer fancies in the mind about wrecks of Souls, — or at least of soul-things. It is even difficult to assure one's self that, of all the moments and the faces those mirrors once reflected, absolutely nothing now haunts them. One cannot help imagining that whatever has been must continue to be somewhere; that by approaching the mirrors very stealthily, and turning a few of them suddenly face up to the light, you might be able to catch the past in

ciety; also an article treating the same subject by the same authors in vol. xxii. of The Philosophical Magazine.

the very act of shrinking and shuddering away.

Besides, I must observe that the pathos of this exhibition has been specially intensified for me by one memory which the sight of a Japanese mirror always evokes, — the memory of the old Japanese story *Matsuyama no Kagami*. Though related in the simplest manner and with the fewest possible words,¹ it might well be compared to those wonderful little tales by Goethe, of which the meanings expand according to the experience and capacity of the reader. Mrs. James has perhaps exhausted the psychological possibilities of the story in one direction; and whoever can read her little book without emotion should be driven from the society of mankind. Even to guess the Japanese idea of the tale, one should be able to *feel* the intimate sense of the delicious colored prints accompanying her text, — the interpretation of the last great artist of the Kano school. (Foreigners, unfamiliar with Japanese home life, cannot fully perceive the exquisiteness of the drawings made for the *Fairy-Tale Series*; but the silk-dyers of *Kyōtō* and of *Ōsaka* prize them beyond measure, and reproduce them constantly upon the costliest textures.) But there are many versions; and, with the following outline, readers can readily create nineteenth-century versions for themselves.

III.

Long ago, at a place called *Matsuyama* in the province of *Echigo*, there lived a young samurai husband and wife whose names have been quite forgotten. They had a little daughter.

Once the husband went to *Yedo*, — probably as a retainer in the train of the Lord of *Echigo*. On his return he brought presents from the capital, — sweet cakes and a doll for the little girl

(at least so the artist tells us), and for his wife a mirror of silvered bronze. To the young mother that mirror seemed a very wonderful thing; for it was the first mirror ever brought to *Matsuyama*. She did not understand the use of it, and innocently asked whose was the pretty smiling face she saw inside it. When her husband answered her, laughing, "Why, it is your own face! How foolish you are!" she was ashamed to ask any more questions, but hastened to put her present away, still thinking it to be a very mysterious thing. And she kept it hidden many years, — the original story does not say why; perhaps for the simple reason that in all countries love makes even the most trifling gift too sacred to be shown.

But in the hours of her last sickness she gave the mirror to her daughter, saying, "After I am dead you must look into this mirror every morning and evening, and you will see me. Do not grieve." Then she died.

And the girl thereafter looked into the mirror every morning and evening, and did not know that the face in the mirror was her own shadow, but thought it to be that of her dead mother, whom she much resembled. So she would talk to the shadow, having the sensation, or, as the Japanese original more tenderly says, "*having the heart of meeting her mother*" day by day; and she prized the mirror above all things.

At last her father noticed this conduct, and thought it strange, and asked her the reason of it, whereupon she told him all. "Then," says the old Japanese narrator, "he thinking it to be a very piteous thing, his eyes grew dark with tears."

IV.

Such is the old story. . . . But was the artless error indeed so piteous a thing as it seemed to the parent? Or was his

¹ See, for Japanese text and translation, *A Romanized Japanese Reader*, by Professor B. H. Chamberlain. The beautiful version

for children, written by Mrs. F. H. James, belongs to the celebrated Japanese Fairy-Tale Series, published at *Tōkyō*.

emotion vain as my own regret for the destiny of all those mirrors with all their recollections?

I cannot help fancying that the innocence of the maiden was nearer to eternal truth than the feeling of the father. For in the cosmic order of things the present is the shadow of the past, and the future must be the shadow of the present. One are we all, even as Light is, though unspeakable the millions of the vibrations whereby it is made. One are we all, and yet many, because each is a world of ghosts. Surely that girl saw and spoke to her mother's very soul, while seeing the fair shadow of her own young lips and eyes, uttering love!

And, with this thought, the strange

display in the old temple court takes a new meaning, — becomes the symbolism of a sublime expectation. Each of us is truly a mirror, imaging something of the universe, — reflecting also the reflection of ourselves in that universe; and the destiny of each is to be molten by the perpetual image-maker, Death, into some great sweet passionless unity. How the vast work shall be wrought, only those to come after us may know. We of the present West do not know; we merely dream. But the ancient East believes. Here is the simple imagery of the faith. All forms must vanish at last to blend with the Being whose smile is immutable Rest, whose knowledge is Infinite Vision.

Lafcadio Hearn.

LAND OF MY DREAMS.

O SPACIOUS, splendid Land that no man knows,
 Whose mystery as the tideless sea is deep,
 Whose beauty haunts me in the courts of sleep!
 What whispering wind from thy hid garden blows,
 Sweet with the breath of Love's celestial rose?
 What fields hast thou that mortal may not reap?
 What soft enchantment do those meadows keep
 Through which Life's bright, unfathomed river flows?

I can resist thy charm when noon is high;
 Mine ears are deafened while earth's clamors rave;
 But now the sun has set, the winds are low,
 And night with her proud company draws nigh,
 Thy spell prevails, thy mystic joys I crave —
 Land of my Dreams, I will arise and go.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

A PLAYWRIGHT'S NOVITIATE.

IF not the last, at least one of the most inevitable infirmities of noble minds — that is, noble literary minds — seems to be the ambition to write a play. Who has not written a play, or tried to write one? Strange to say, authors do not seem to feel ashamed of having had their plays rejected. Indeed, they feel regarding it as people feel about their ignorance of American history or the Old Testament. They speak of it with the charming frankness that persons display in the confession of some of their favorite faults: pride, for instance, or self-indulgence. They never tell you that they are mean or inclined to take advantage of their fellows, or that they are jealous of their wives or husbands as the case may be. So no author ever tells you that the magazines reject his articles, or that he cannot find a publisher for his novel; but he is no more mortified in telling you that he has failed to get his play accepted than that he cannot tell you in which of our not very numerous wars the battle of the Brandywine was fought, or in which book of the Old Testament to find Ahasuerus.

This buoyant acknowledgment of failure probably proceeds from two causes, the knowledge of the universal prevalence of such failure, and the conviction that it does not require very high talent to succeed, — that it is rather good luck than good work that achieves success. We all feel sure that we could get ourselves up in American history or the Old Testament if we made a business of it, and that it would not be difficult to eradicate the vice of pride if we seriously found it was not justifiable; and by the same rule, that we could unquestionably write a play that would not fail if we really went at it with a will.

But is it as easy as American history and the Old Testament? It is said there are between two and three thou-

sand plays written annually in the United States, and we all know how few are produced, and that fewer succeed. Of all trades, the dramatist's needs the most assiduous apprenticeship. One may almost say, it takes three generations to produce a playwright. The very spirit of the theatre must animate you; its traditions, its unwritten law, fill your mind and mould your thoughts. You must see things with the *optique du théâtre*. Nobody can tell you what to read, how to "study up," if you approach this work unprofessionally as a lay person. The only advice you will get is, Read everything that appears in current literature about the stage, and go to see every play that is produced. Saturate yourself with the theatre, give your nights and days to the study of the French dramatists, and feel confident that if you have any dramatic talent, in the course of a decade or two you may write a play which, with a good deal of alteration, may be found worthy to be put upon the stage.

In point of fact, there is no more disagreeable business than that of writing for the stage, and none more difficult. The disappointments are manifold, the chances of success minute. There are many experiences entailed that are very vexatious; one is brought in contact with capricious managers, self-willed actors, personal spite, and envy inconceivable. One must have courage and not much pride. A novitiate of hard blows seems inevitable to the career. Some one was expressing to Boucicault sympathy for an author who had had five plays rejected. "Five plays?" said Boucicault. "I wrote seventeen before I had one accepted."

This being the case, why do people keep on writing plays? Certainly not for fame, for it is the actor who gets the glory, not the author. There are some admirable playwrights in this age, and

even some in this country, but of these the average play-goer knows scarcely the names. Of course "the profession" knows the rank and standing of each playwright, just as the publishers know the rank and standing of each story-writer; but the general public cares very little for the playwright, and very much for the actor who interprets him. Every shop-girl knows Ouida and the Duchess, because she sees their names on the covers of the books she reads; but she could not tell you whether Dumas or Sardou, Belasco or Bronson Howard, wrote the plays over which she has shed briny tears. One is not likely to write plays, therefore, for fame, if one can write anything else.

It is probably the hope of the pudding, and not the praise, that drives the three thousand pens over the paper annually. No doubt the reports of the remuneration are very much exaggerated, but it is certain that the profits of a successful play are vastly in excess of the profits of a successful novel. A play that makes a hit is a fortune to its writer. It may take two months to write a play, and, perhaps, two years to write a novel. The play, if decidedly successful, might bring one a hundred thousand dollars, and the novel would be doing brilliantly if it brought five thousand. I am told by a reputable publisher that twelve hundred dollars is the average profit to an author in good standing of a fairly successful novel. I am told by a well-known playwright that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has not unfrequently been received in royalties on a very popular play. There is therefore some excuse for the dramatic efforts of the three thousand; but their constant disappointments prove that there is no royal road to fortune. When the two months' scribbling brings in two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, there must be the preparation for the scribbling, the long apprenticeship, to be taken into account. But beside the positive pudding and the

possible praise, there is perhaps in the heart of the three thousand an inborn love of the drama. "Dramatic literature," says Lewes, "may be extinct, but the dramatic instinct is ineradicable."

The church seems always to have had a quarrel with the drama, ever since it passed from a religious ceremony into an art. Now, some one says, it is passing rapidly from an art into an amusement. And it is true that people do not go to the theatre to have a sermon preached to them; but preach it as Sardou preached it in *Fedora*, and they will listen. And you need not give them your text; they will know for themselves that it is, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Give them an object lesson like *The School for Scandal*, and they will not reproach you that they are being taught to hate hypocrisy and cant. The drama is such a mighty means of moving man, that no time and brains need be grudged in its service.

A play should be more than a sketch of character, the picture of an epoch, a vague airy vehicle for a piece of good acting. It ought to be the essence of something; it ought to have some one thought that will bear repetition, and give the thing strength, a sermon that will preach itself, a highly concentrated bit of life. Anything less than this seems an unjustifiable trespassing upon the time of the public. "The dramatic instinct is ineradicable;" we *must* have plays. Let us give of our best to make them good.

The art of the playwright, though he has no textbooks, and only chance masters, must still be learned in some way. There must be some rough general rules, by which one can hew one's marble out and make a beginning. The most elementary of these seems to be a concentration of mind on the construction of your play, and a noble disregard of your dialogue. Do not be betrayed into trying to get in some pretty incident or some clever *mot*.

"Rhymes the rudders are of verses,
By which, like ships, they steer their
courses."

If you allow yourself to be led unduly by incident or phrase, you will go upon the rocks. A play looks so easy to make; all you seem to need is a strong dramatic situation or two, and a terse, vigorous pen at dialogue. But the dialogue is the last of your requirements. Everything comes before it, — the motive, the action, the characters, and above all the construction. You must make a play that a deaf man could enjoy if he came to the theatre. Of course good dialogue is good, but it is the least important part of an acting play. Fine literary skill is said to be thrown away in the modern play, but everything else being there it would probably not hurt the piece. It might be something of a waste to have a drop curtain painted by Fortuny, but perhaps it would be a pleasanter thing to look at than those we generally contemplate during the entr'actes. However, scene-painting, in a certain sense, is what the playwright has to do. He needs freedom and breadth, and must do rather coarse work. He must exaggerate; he need not hope to have any but great actors catch his delicate touches, and bring out his *nuances*. He must remember that he is not going to have a company of Bernhardt's and Ellen Terrys and Salvini's to interpret him to the world. He must write a play that will go of itself, that will do to put upon the road, to produce in the provinces with third-rate actors; that is, if he is hoping to make a "popular success," and that, we have seen, is generally the only motive he has.

Correct construction requires one to have everything in definite form in one's mind before beginning to work. Most dramatists construct the last act, some of them write it out even to the minutest detail, before putting pen to paper on the others. This working up to an end, so indispensable to the dramatist, would be very hampering and very un-

necessary to the writer of a romance. While I cannot conceive of a story being patched up and pieced out and changed materially in the course of its construction, it is easy to see how many minor incidents may bloom out of the original stem and add to its graceful completeness. In writing a romance, the words slip off one's pen in some mysterious way; one seems to think from its nib. In writing a play, *au contraire*, one picks the thoughts out of the box of one's brain and sets them up with rigid precision. It is like the difference between an orator speaking and a lawyer preparing his brief. The orator thinks on his legs, with a sea of faces before him; the lawyer thinks in his study, with a pile of books upon his table. At the same time, it is not well to be without preparation in anything, "and to trust to the inspiration of the moment is like trusting to a shipwreck for one's first swimming lesson."

Say to yourself: "In my first act I must show my audience what I am going to do. In my second I must show them that I am doing it. In my third I must show them that I have done it." Each act, they tell you, must be wound up with a situation, a sort of pyrotechnic explosion; the third act to end with the strongest dynamite of all. The fourth act is generally a sort of smoothing out, straightening up, reconciliation, compensation, and all that, which does not interfere with the putting on of wraps and ordering of carriages. The act next the last should always be the strongest one, but the last must not be without its climax.

They say that in all writing the more left out the better. In writing for the stage it is eminently so. One never knows, until after trying to write a play, how many unnecessary words are used in the telling of an ordinary story; how one can condense and condense, and not lose the sense, but only make it stronger. Whatever you have learned to become a writer of novels you must unlearn if you are

to become a writer of plays. The methods are absolutely opposed. In the novel you have unbounded liberty, a most demoralizing freedom in the length of your conversations, in the amplitude of your descriptions; in your analysis of character you can "talk about it, goddess, and about it," and your reader can skip if he wants to, and cannot hiss you if he does not like it. But in the play you must not talk at all. You cannot describe anything, you cannot analyze anything. Action, action, action, — that is all that is allowed you. You must boil down your plot into a triple extract of explanation. It is very poor work that necessitates long histories, and most of all monologues. The story must be told, but the condensation must be very skillful; every least word must tell, every statement must carry a ton's weight of force. And as to analysis or description of character, it is totally *défendu*. The characters describe themselves; you analyze them in action, in a skillful ejaculation here or there, a moment of hesitation, an impulse of dissimulation, a glance of distrust. It is very poor work to label your characters before they appear: as, for instance, a bell rings; one of the servants (who generally occupy the stage for the first few minutes while the people are seating themselves) starts and exclaims, "Ah, there's master! He'll be in a temper. He always is in a temper." Let the master appear, and let him show his temper if he has one, but it is bad form to ticket him. You must drive home names and relationships and the few absolutely indispensable antecedent facts, but in the fewest words conceivable and the strongest.

And whereas in the novel you conceal your plot from your reader, and spring upon him surprise after surprise, in the play you take the audience into your confidence, you and the house must be *en rapport*. You may befog your characters as much as you like, set them by the ears, make them puzzle and torment

one another in every way known to science, but you must not so treat your audience. The audience you have button-holed. You are whispering in its ear, and making clear to it all that is going forward on the stage. You must not, of course, make it all too plain to your hearer. You must give him *dénoûments*, but you must prepare him for them. Dumas calls the first law of the theatre *l'art des préparations*. Legouvé says: "The public is a creature at once very exacting, very strange, and very *inconsequent*. It demands that, on the stage, everything should be, at one and the same time, carefully prepared and absolutely impromptu. If anything falls from the skies, it is shocked; if a fact is too much announced, it is bored. We must, to please it, take it at the same time as confidant and dupe; that is, we must let drop here and there a careless, suggestive word which will enter its ears without arresting its full attention, and which, when the *coup de théâtre* comes, will draw from it an exclamation of delight and wonder, as who should say, 'That's true. He told us as much. What fools not to have guessed at it!'"

While you are very much hampered by the rules for putting a play together, it is consoling to remember that there is no paucity of materials for its creation; that, in fact, the whole boundless universe is yours; that you can draw from all nature. If you cannot use one thing, you can another; and if you think long enough, it is marvelous how many situations, incidents, and devices will come to you.

The *mise en scène*, above all in comedy, is a modern art. It is not so very long ago that the actors of the Théâtre Français would stand side by side, before the prompter's box, reciting their tirades. The author wrote on his manuscript, "The scene takes place in a drawing-room," but in point of fact nothing took place as it does in a drawing-room. Legouvé says: "Scribe was one of the first to throw upon the scene all

the animation of real life. A manuscript of his contains but a part of his work, — the speaking part; the rest plays itself; the gestures complete the words, the silences form part of the dialogue, and dashes end the phrases. Scribe inaugurated the dash, — the *petit point*. In one monologue, a page long, in one of his plays, there are eighty-three dashes. To be sure, this monologue, full of abrupt reticences, he puts in the mouth of a young girl, and young girls, we know, never say more than half they think."

It certainly is a point gained, and not a small point, when the actors in a play speak the language of common life. But it must be an idealized common life; it must be lifted out of the rank of a photograph, and put on the plane of a picture. You must give it the flavor of the present, but you must have the fine art to take out of it the commonplace, the perishable. Your language must be easy, but not "free and easy." We have got to be "natural" nowadays; there is a loud cry for that; but to be natural does not mean to be prosaic and to be forbidden idealization. Realism is desirable, if one has the art of being typically real, and not in the usual manner of the stage business of the day. How many matches has one seen struck, how many cigars lighted, how many feet warmed at fenders, how many afternoon tea-tables laid!

These things are all very well in their way, but they are not the drama. "More belongs to riding than a pair of boots," the German proverb says, and more belongs to a play than the lighting of cigars and the drinking of teas. If your afternoon tea emphasizes anything, the hour, the intimacy of the people meeting, the presentness of the date, it is legitimate enough, though it is not novel. Stage business should grow naturally out of the play; the play must not grow out of the stage business.

Above all, have your *motif*, your central idea, and keep to it, and illustrate it, and rub it in pretty deeply. It is sur-

prising how much accentuation may help people's appreciation of a character. In a story, even, this is so; in a play very much more. In your story, if you give your heroine a *nez retroussé*, it is not enough to say so when you describe her, but you must insist upon it, and repeat it in various ways and on many occasions. By such means your reader gets the feature fixed in his mind, which perhaps he overlooked in the first description, and the picture is strengthened. An accomplished critic might object to the repetition; but one is not writing for the accomplished critic so much as for the average reader, who is in a hurry, and who is not studying the book to make an article about it.

The average play-goer is even more superficial in his estimate of the work before him. He catches little more than the salient points; therefore be careful to provide him with plenty of salient points to catch. Of course this playing to the gallery must be regulated by good taste and judgment; one cannot afford to be vulgar even to be successful, but it is a mistake to feel that everybody must know what you have in your mind as well as you know it yourself. As the art of story-telling consists largely in the power of making clear to your hearers what you have to tell, do not be afraid of making it too clear. The human mind resents unnecessary labor from which it might have been saved by the clearer thinking and better writing of the person who has assumed to amuse or instruct.

Another difference between story-writing and play-writing is the fact that two people can write a better play than one. To talk over the plot of a play will develop it wonderfully. I doubt if consultation over the writing of a story would help it materially. A story is a more personal emanation of the fancy; in all the delicacy of its shades, its intentions, its implications, it is uniquely yours, and if you change it to suit another you are not unlikely to spoil it.

But a play is of necessity a mechanically constructed thing. Your ideas must be poured into moulds. There is nothing between you and your reader, but between you and your audience there is that cumbrous stage to whose rules you must submit yourself. If you are able to keep the central thought of your play intact, you will be very fortunate. Everything else about it you must reconcile yourself to seeing torn to bits and pasted on here and there as stage rules require. If any two managers agreed about stage rules, it would be a comparatively easy thing to conform to them; but as it is, the Talmud is an easy study in comparison. It is almost a waste of time, for any purpose but that of improving one's style and sharpening one's wits, for a lay person to attempt to write a play alone; some one thoroughly familiar with the theatre is a necessary collaborator. The difficulty then is, that the person who could be of any use to you would not take the trouble, and the person who would take the trouble could not be of any use to you.

One wonders that any plays are written, since there are so many difficulties surrounding the process. Yet managers have hundreds of plays on their shelves unread. It is only through personal interest that they can be got to read a play by a new writer. They do not like to "exploit" new plays, the chances of failure and the expense of producing them are so great. They wait for something that has been tested abroad; and they are not to be blamed for their caution. A play is a lottery. The cleverest critics are unable to say how it is going to take. A playwright who has since made some success told me that after the last rehearsal of a play of his the manager (a noted one) said to him thoughtfully, "I have the greatest confidence in this play. It is the sort of play we want for our house, and it is going to be a hit." The next night it was produced, failed absolutely, and had to be withdrawn within a week.

With a play it is immediate success

or failure, there is no middle course; it is life or death, and no lingering on the confines. With a novel, on the contrary, it is a long time before the last returns are in. You are let down gently; you find gradually that you have not carried the world with you, but there is much egotistical sophistry possible, and hope tells a flattering tale for a good while. There are always, also, a certain number of people to whom you have appealed; even in your unpopularity you are popular with a sympathetic minority, and you try to make yourself believe that the minority are the true critics, and that the failure is only a seeming one. There are numberless things, in fact, that you can make yourself believe, and which save your feelings. But about a play there is no peradventure. If you have failed you have failed, and that is all there is about it. All your work is lost. There is absolutely nothing you can do with it; it is not worth the paper it is written upon; there is no sympathetic minority who can see it and keep your spirits up by their applause. It is dead and buried, and will not ever see the light again. It is perhaps quite fitting that the debut of a play should be so dramatic, and its failure so tragic; nevertheless it must be a very unpleasant experience for the author, and the prospect does not recruit the ranks of the playwrights. And nobody can tell you why it has failed. There is something uncanny in the will and the won't of it. The best critics cannot predict with any certainty, the most astute managers may make the greatest mistakes. Take, for instance, such an unqualified money success as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Who would have prophesied for it anything but a goody-goody, Washington's Birthday, Saturday matinée sort of popularity? It was in the first place a dramatized story, which is said to be always a doubtful experiment, very few dramatized stories having succeeded. It has not a word of love in it, pure or impure; it is, begging its pardon, eminently unnatural, decided-

ly priggish, highly improbable, very sentimental; and yet it has been successful, and what is more, it is a pleasant and attractive little play. Why it is a pleasant and attractive little play will always be a puzzle. Why it was especially popular with the general public is perhaps that the public taste was just ripe for the infant phenomenon; and also it is possible that the human heart in this republic will always throb responsive to any touches of nature or art portraying the lifting of one of its citizens into the ranks of the aristocracy of other lands.

A practical point in the making of a play is the number of characters to be introduced. The old dinner rule, "never less than the Graces, nor more than the Muses," does not need much stretching to fit the case. From the charming little one-act comedy of three, like *Delicate Ground*, up to the fullest blown society play, the Graces and the Muses numerically suffice. A novice will be wise to content himself with eight or nine characters; to do them justice and keep them well in hand he will find quite enough for him. A greater number is confusing and unmanageable. It is well not to

drive four-in-hand till you have got all there is to be learned of the art of driving out of the gray pony before the village cart. In the choice of characters sharp contrasts are needed, and a range of eight or nine types is enough to illustrate a good deal of human nature.

The manager of a stock company sometimes says to an author, "Think of the members of my company, and write a play that will suit each one and give each one something to do." But that seems rather a mechanical process. It is like that "writing to cuts," which I am told is done in magazines: the editor sends the writer some pictures, out of which he is to construct a story which the pictures shall illustrate. Writing a play for an actor or actress who has delighted you would be a different matter and much more tolerable, but even that would be rather hampering to one's fancy. An actor naturally likes a part to be written for him, but requires that it fit him like a glove. It is conceivable that this process of fitting an actor with a play is not a sinecure. In fact, it appears that the path of the playwright is in no sense strewn with roses.

Miriam Coles Harris.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STERNE.

OF all the classic English writers, there is no other, perhaps, who fares so hardly in the present age as Sterne. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that his faults, both as man and author, are the very faults for which this age has the least charity, and that his virtues, both as man and author, are those which at present are least esteemed. Sterne is undeniably loose, sometimes even indecent, in his writings, and, viewed in the light of a parish priest, he falls infinitely below what is now required of a person in that position. The Rev. Laurence Sterne

probably never in his life presided at a mothers' meeting, or held a week-day service, or fasted for the sake of religion. Moreover, Sterne's reputation has received some savage thrusts from writers who were competent to do it great injury. Byron's epigrammatic sentence (paraphrased from Horace Walpole), that Sterne preferred "whining over a dead donkey to relieving the necessities of a living mother," was as cruel as it was unjust. Its injustice is shown in Fitzgerald's life of Sterne, and is particularly established by some recently discovered

evidence.¹ Thackeray's estimate of Sterne in his *English Humourists* is not so flagrantly unfair as his estimate of Dean Swift, but still it is very misleading, and doubtless it has misled many people who naturally but erroneously thought that Thackeray would treat real men as justly and discriminatingly as he treats the unique creations of his own mind.

Above all, Sterne failed to take either himself or the world seriously; and that, from our present point of view, is almost an unpardonable fault. If Sterne had formulated his paganism in a system, writing two or three dull, serious volumes about it; if, instead of flirting with every pretty woman who came in his way, he had simply broken two or three hearts for his own edification, after the manner of Goethe, — if such had been his course, we should find it easier to appreciate him.

For the same reason, — that is, the seriousness of the age, — even Sterne's style, beautiful as it is, hardly suffices to redeem him. We have had, to be sure, within the past fifty years, some great examples of style in literature, such as Cardinal Newman in England, and Hawthorne in this country; but, on the whole, style is a thing which writers have almost ceased to cultivate, and which readers do not much enjoy. If one considers the magazine and review literature of the present time, one is struck by the correctness and lucidity of the language employed, even by its conciseness, which is one element of a good style, but its dullness and uniformity are also striking. All the essays — with a few exceptions — might have been written by one man; the personal element is entirely left out of them; they have no spontaneity, and evince none of the joy of creation. I have a particular feeling for Sterne's writings, because it was from him that I first obtained the notion of style as a source of pleasure in reading. I can recall the very moment when, as I began to read

Tristram Shandy, it flashed across me that a written sentence might be a thing of beauty just as much as a painting, or a piece of sculpture, or a scene in nature. But in our day, neither Sterne's style, nor his humor, nor his pathos, nor his candor outweighs his faults. Thackeray called him "an old scamp." Carlyle, however, has these words about Sterne, and they fall like balm upon the wounded ears of his lovers.

Carlyle, after speaking of Swift, goes on: "Another man of much the same way of thinking, and very well deserving notice, was Laurence Sterne. In him also there was a great quantity of good struggling through the superficial evil. He terribly failed in the discharge of his duties; still, we must admire in him that sportive kind of geniality and affection, still a son of our common mother, not cased up in buckram formulas, as the other writers were, clinging to forms and not touching realities. And, much as has been said against him, we cannot help feeling his immense love for things around him; so that we may say of him as of Magdalen, 'much is forgiven him, because he loved much.' A good simple being after all."²

Was this "good, simple being" possessed of a philosophy? "It is one of the common mistakes to suppose that only learned people have a philosophy. If by philosophy we mean a theory of life, some sort of principle on which facts are arranged, then there is no one possessed of reason who has not a philosophy, no matter how unconscious of it he may be."³ In this sense Sterne had a philosophy, and a very real and consistent one. No man of genius, it must be admitted, was ever less given to abstract thinking than he; but in all that he did and in all that he wrote he was actuated by an underlying philosophic principle: this, namely, that the instincts of the human heart are good, and should be de-

¹ See the *Cornhill Magazine* for November, 1892.

² From *Lectures on Literature*.

³ J. O. S. Huntington.

ferred to and cultivated. Every novelist, in especial, has a philosophy. His theme is the conduct of human life and the relations of human beings one to another; and if he treats this theme with any kind of seriousness, some philosophic principle must emerge from his works, some consistent view of human nature or some fundamental rule of conduct. It would be an interesting study to trace such rules and principles in the writings of our great novelists. Sir Henry Sumner Maine once dropped some very suggestive remarks on this score. He said:—

“It does not seem to me a fantastic assertion that the ideas of one of the great novelists of the last generation may be traced to Bentham, and those of another to Rousseau. Dickens, who spent his early manhood among the politicians of 1832, trained in Bentham’s school, hardly ever wrote a novel without attacking an abuse. The procedure of the Court of Chancery and of the Ecclesiastical Courts, the delays of the Public Officer, the costliness of divorce, the state of the dwellings of the poor, and the condition of the cheap schools in the North of England furnished him with what he seemed to consider, in all sincerity, the true moral of a series of fictions. The opinions of Thackeray have a strong resemblance to those to which Rousseau gave popularity. It is a very just remark of Mill that the attractions which Nature and the State of Nature had for Rousseau may be partly accounted for as a reaction against the excessive admiration of civilization and progress which took possession of educated men in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Theoretically, at any rate, Thackeray hated the artificialities of civilization, and it must be owned that some of his favorite personages have about them something of Rousseau’s natural man as he would have shown himself in real life,—something, that is, of the violent blackguard.”

Sterne, far more than Thackeray,

hated “the artificialities of civilization,” and although his characters have nothing of “the violent blackguard” about them, his philosophy of human conduct is substantially the philosophy of Rousseau. The two writers were contemporary, Rousseau having been born in 1712, Sterne in 1713. There is no reason to believe that Sterne ever read a line of Rousseau, but it may be that the same reactionary feeling, spoken of by Maine, affected the English novelist as well as the French philosopher. At all events, we find in Sterne’s fiction the very embodiment and concrete working out of Rousseau’s theory of human conduct. Rousseau, as the reader will not need to be reminded, declared that in the “natural man” there is a true instinct of pity or benevolence which guides him aright; whereas in the civilized man this instinct tends to become overlaid and stifled. “Man has by nature,” he declares, “one virtue only, but that one is so obvious that the greatest traducer of the human race was unable to deny its existence. I speak of pity, a quality which must needs be found in a creature who is weak and subject to a thousand ills. Pity is universal and invaluable because it is independent of reason.”

Now, let it be observed how accurately this theory is carried out in the following passage from *The Sentimental Journey*, which is only one of fifty passages that I might cite to the same point:—

“Now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise, and what mighty mischief could ensue? Every dirty passion and bad propensity in my nature took the alarm, as I stated the proposition. It will oblige you to have a third horse, said Avarice, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket. You know not what she is, said Caution, or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whispered Cowardice. Depend upon it, Yorick, said Discretion, ’twill be said you went off with a mistress, and

came by assignation to Calais for that purpose. You can never after, cried Hypocrisy aloud, show your face in the world — or rise, quoth Meanness, in the church, or be anything in it, said Pride, but a lousy prebendary. But 't is a civil thing, said I — and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose that I know of but to encompass the heart with adamant, I turned instantly about to the lady."

Here we have the whole sum and substance of Rousseau's doctrine of the natural impulses; and there is a great deal to be said for it. In fact, a great deal has been said for it. Darwin found in the instinct of pity the source of all morality; and thus was speculation justified by science.

"Mandeville," wrote Rousseau, "clearly saw that, with all their morality, men would never have been anything better than monsters, if nature had not given them pity in support of reason; but he did not perceive that from this quality alone spring all those social virtues which, he contends, are unnatural to man. What are generosity, mercy, and philanthropy, but pity in its practical application to the weak, to the culpable, to humanity in general!"

Thus Rousseau in 1760; and Darwin, a hundred years later, declared that "the moral sense is fundamentally identical with the social instincts, and that the social instincts are substantially the same in all animals."

It is true, of course, that this doctrine of pity, of intuitive sympathy, does not furnish a perfectly satisfactory guide to conduct. Sterne's own life is a sufficient proof of that. No man ever followed out his impulses with more fidelity, and those impulses were not always good. Pity will not keep a man out of mischief. Moreover, it is possible to disregard the voice of pity; and that, according to Rousseau, as we shall presently see, is just what the civilized man does.

Pity needs to be fortified by principle; and a character in which the instinct of pity is strong, and principle is weak, will be just such a character as Carlyle ascribed to Sterne. "The difficulty of this sort of character," wrote Mr. Bagehot, in his essay upon Sterne and Thackeray, "is the difficulty of keeping it; it does not last. There is a certain bloom of sensibility and feeling about it which in the course of nature is apt to fade soon, and which, when it has faded, there is nothing to replace. A character with the binding elements, with a firm will, a masculine understanding, and a persistent conscience, may retain and perhaps improve the early and original freshness; but a loose-set though pure character, the moment it is thrown into temptation, sacrifices its purity, loses its gloss, and gets (so to speak) out of form entirely."

Nevertheless, the most hardened among us can discover and obey, if he will, the instinct of pity, for there is no heart without it; and in an age like the present, from which the element of spontaneity has very nearly been eliminated, it is well to remind ourselves of this primeval impulse. Nor need we be ashamed because we share it with the dumb and, as we say, soulless animals. I have seen — and I trust that the reader will not despise the humbleness of my illustration — I have seen a tiny bull-terrier pup, barely old enough to toddle, run to comfort a fellow pup who cried out in distress from cold and loneliness. The instinct of pity moved this pup, and it was the same instinct that arrested the good Samaritan in his journey, and caused him to bind up the wounds of him who had fallen among thieves. Sterne's philosophy is the glorification of this instinct. It was no sense of duty that sent Uncle Toby in haste to the bedside of the dying Le Fevre. The impulse was as natural in him as ever were hunger and thirst, and even more irresistible. Nor was it without reason that Sterne represented this spontaneous benevolence

as existing in the breast of the simple-minded captain, and not in that of his clever and intellectual though somewhat fantastic brother. Here again Sterne was unconsciously illustrating the philosophy of Rousseau.

"It is only suffering in the abstract which disturbs the tranquil repose of the philosopher, or drags him at an untimely hour from his bed. You are perfectly safe in murdering your fellow-creature beneath his academic window, for he has but to reason a little, covering his ears with his hands, and behold he has stifled the natural impulse to identify himself with your victim. The savage lacks this admirable talent; being deficient in reason and sagacity, he stupidly gives himself over to sentiments of humanity. If a riot be impending in the streets, the populace assemble, but the prudent citizen takes himself off; it is the *canaille*, the fishwomen, who interfere, separate the combatants, and prevent the rogues from cutting each other's throats."

But this, of course, is only half true. It does not, as Rousseau implies, quite follow that the more ignorant a man is, the more he will be full of pity, the kinder and the more merciful. Nor do learning and refinement always make people selfish and cruel. However, the contradiction is only in appearance. Undoubtedly the animal instinct of pity is strongest among people who are close to nature; that is, generally speaking, among those who are least educated or civilized. It is proverbial that such people give of their poverty more freely than the rich give of their abundance. Undoubtedly, also, learning and refinement and civilization tend to paralyze the animal instinct of pity. But in the truly civilized man the instinct of pity will be fortified by principle. Thus extremes in human nature tend to meet. Between the highest and the lowest class in any communi-

ty there are many and substantial points of resemblance; whereas both these classes have much less in common with what we call the middling sort of people. It is among such people that the instinct of pity will be the weakest; it has lost its primeval strength, and it has not yet gained the strength of principle. A few years ago, a crowd of London shopkeepers, gathered in a London park, allowed a little child to drown before their eyes in the shallow waters of the Serpentine, rather than wade out to rescue it. It is safe to say that neither a patrician nor a peasant mob would have been so cold.¹

At all events, whatever the effect of civilization upon the animal instinct of pity, this instinct is the source and basis of all benevolence; and it behooves us not to lose sight of it, nor ignorantly to substitute for it some cold and impersonal theory of almsgiving. It is the existence of this instinct which explains the charm of certain natures, the attraction—to a stranger almost unaccountable—which they have for all persons who come in contact with them. Prosper Mérimée, for example, represented the very quintessence of civilization, and of what we call, in this country, "effete civilization." He had probed the world, and found it hollow. He was a cynic and a pessimist. Nevertheless, those who knew him loved him, and it was because, notwithstanding his sophistications, he stood close to nature. He had the primeval instinct of pity. "I do not like to do anything selfish or mean," he wrote in a private letter, "because I am bound to suffer a severe attack of remorse for it afterward." That paints a character in which principle has been transformed into a taste, an instinct, but an instinct fortified by principle and reason.

Schopenhauer, following Rousseau, has described such a character in a passage

that Londoners rely upon the police in all emergencies. While the people were calling for the police, the child was drowned.

¹ This remarkable incident was moralized upon at much length by The Spectator, which ascribed the inaction of the crowd to the fact

which I cannot forbear quoting, because it puts the matter so forcibly and thoroughly : —

“ Suppose two young people, Caius and Titus, both passionately in love, and each with a different maiden. Let each one find in his way a rival, to whom external circumstances have given a very decided advantage. Both shall have made up their minds to put each his own rival out of the world, and both shall be secure against any discovery or even suspicion. But when each for himself sets about the preparations for the murder, both of them, after some inner conflict, shall give up the attempt. They shall render account to us plainly and truthfully of why they have thus decided. Now, what account Caius shall render the reader shall decide as he pleases. Let Caius be prevented by religious scruples, by the will of God, by the future punishment, by the coming judgment, or by anything of that sort. Or let him, with Kant, say, ‘ I reflected that the maxim of my procedure, in this case, would not have been fit to serve as an universal rule for all possible rational beings, since I should have used my rival as Means, and not at the same time as End in himself.’ . . . Or let him say, after Adam Smith, ‘ I foresaw that my deed, if I did it, would arouse no sympathy with me in the spectators of the act.’ . . . In short, let him say what he will. But Titus, whose account of himself I reserve for my choice, — let him say, ‘ When I began to prepare, and so for the moment was busy no longer with my passion, but with my rival, then it became for the first time quite clear to me what now was really to be his fate. But just here pity and compassion overcame me. I grieved for him ; my heart would not be put down ; I could not do it.’

“ I ask now every honest and unprejudiced reader, Which of the two is the better man ? To which of the two would he rather entrust his fate ? Which of them was restrained by the purer mo-

tive ? Where, therefore, lies the principle of moral action ? ” ¹

Every one, I think, must agree with Schopenhauer that Titus is the better man, though possibly Caius may deserve the more credit. That is, the struggle was harder with Caius ; he wrestled with himself more severely before bringing himself to surrender his own impulse in deference to the moral or intellectual principle in which he believed. But at best Caius is only on the road to the goal which Titus has reached already. Caius imposes a law upon his nature ; Titus follows out his own nature. Caius, I repeat, may be more deserving of reward, but Titus more nearly represents the ideal man. Titus has kept the natural instinct of pity, whereas in Caius it has perished.

In these days, Titus has almost been argued out of existence ; but Caius, good, exemplary man, devotes his whole life to associated charities, coöperative societies, and schemes of moral reform. Caius, if you be hungry and your breath does not smell of liquor, will give you a soup ticket. If you are sick and in want, he will come and investigate your “ case.” If you are healthy and prosperous, he will take no interest in you. Caius neither loves much nor hates much, and therefore he excites in others neither violent love nor violent hatred. He is far from nature, and no strong impulse, good or bad, prompts him to action. He would not dash into the street to pluck you from under the wheels of a passing vehicle ; but after you had been run over, he would take measures to have you accommodated with a bed in a hospital.

Such is Caius ; and here we have Titus, as Sterne depicted him : —

“ The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre’s and his afflicted son’s ; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids,

¹ This translation is quoted from Professor Royce’s work, *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy*.

and hardly could the wheel at the eastern turn round its circle, when my Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down on the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint, where was his pain, and what he could do to help him; and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. 'You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,' said my Uncle Toby, 'to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.'

"There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it—which let you at once

into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something, in his looks and voice and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that, before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had pressed up insensibly close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken."

It is hard to realize that Uncle Toby never existed,—that no kind impulse ever flushed his cheek, that no tear of pity ever glistened in his eye. He lived only in the imagination of one Parson Sterne, and he illustrates the philosophy held consciously or unconsciously by that "old scamp," as Thackeray called him.

Henry Childs Merwin.

OUR QUINZAINES AT LA SALETTE.

THE Alps of Dauphiné abound in picturesque scenery and scenes, but there is no single spot among them that possesses more of what one may call many-sided picturesqueness than that tiny shelf on the mountain-side, high up among the peaks and precipices of one of the wildest of rocky regions, that veritable oasis in the desert, which is the goal of the famous pilgrimage of Our Lady of La Salette.

The way thither from civilization is hardly less picturesque than the spot itself. Taking Grenoble for a starting-point, we first proceed by railway (twelve

miles) through the beautiful valley of the Drac, with mountains not only on each side, but behind and even before us, to St. George de Commiers, where we change for the line of La Mure, and if possible seat ourselves in an open or "observation" carriage.

Then immediately we begin to climb the mountain (eighteen hundred feet) through a series of loop and double-loop tunnels, which are more remarkable—because the area that incloses them is much more contracted—than those of the St. Gotthard. And when the line emerges from them at successive eleva-

tions, it follows the very edge of a giddy precipice, at times literally suspended at a height of from eight hundred to one thousand feet above the valley of the Drac, now narrowed to a mere gorge.

With every hundred feet, too, that we ascend, the surrounding mountains become more distinct and more interesting; for if we are already lovers of Dauphiné, each one of these peaks is a dear, familiar friend. Away to the north is the group of the Grande Chartreuse, the stately summits of the Dent de Crolles and the Chamechaude towering aloft precisely where they are needed to form an impressive background. Then toward the south is the huge obelisk of the Mont Aiguille, and at the west the long chain which stretches from the Moucherotte to the Moucherolle.

Soon we have passed the venerable château of La Motte, with its forests and healing waters, and, following the broad table-land, arrive at the station of La Mure, where huge breaks are waiting to help us forward on our way. First of all, we are conveyed to the Hôtel Pelloux, near by, for lunch. And then — but before we have had time either to do justice to Madame Pelloux's excellent cooking, or to seize the striking points of our fellow-travelers, who are chiefly "pious pilgrims," and from every part of the Old and New Worlds — the drivers call to us to take our seats again. If the time is July or August, we take them with the utmost alacrity, for during those months there are usually more passengers than places for them in the vehicles.

Then follows a four hours' drive through the upper valley of the Drac, — past several of those curious pyramidal mountains so characteristic of Dauphiné, which always seem as if they had been cast in Titanic moulds and then turned out upon the plain, — to Corps, or *Corpse*, as it is called by the inhabitants, a pronunciation which, by the way, is considered exceedingly pretty!

Here other breaks are waiting, and

into them we and our luggage are transferred, or rather *should be* transferred; for one must keep a sharp lookout upon one's belongings at this particular moment, otherwise half of them will be left for a more convenient season. But the wise and prudent among travelers do not go heavily laden to La Salette; they know by experience that on such a journey unnecessary articles are apt to become white elephants of the most elephantine proportions.

Now we are in a smaller break, and we set out with two most uninteresting-looking horses, which nevertheless arouse considerable interest on our part, because we cannot imagine how they are to drag us up any, even the most gradual, ascent. However, they do manage to get us out of Corps by something that is less a street than a cleft between two lines of houses, and then by a little road which follows the edge of the gorge, the very narrowest *route carrossable* I have ever driven over. Here the mountain is luxuriantly wooded, and all is very peaceful; there is no suggestion of what is to come, except that the road looks as if it may end abruptly against one of the precipitous shoulders which every turn brings nearer.

Just before reaching the village of La Salette (which we ignorantly had supposed to be identical with Nôtre Dame de La Salette), three additional horses are attached to our break; but we are so absorbed in looking at the "mountains of the pilgrimage," now immediately above us, the terrible face of the Gargas marked midway by horizontal lines (a whisper beside us says that one of them is our road), — we are so taken up by all this, that we do not reflect upon the significance of five horses attached to a small and very light vehicle until it is too late to get out; for being women, we cannot spring to the ground while the break is in motion.

Several of our fellow-travelers, wiser than ourselves, and more *dévo*t also, for

they are veritable pilgrims, decided some time ago to make the remainder of the way on foot; the others, who are feeble, aged persons, unfit to walk, say their *chapelet* in the break. And this is the first service of our *quinzaine*.

Presently the road, or what is called so by courtesy, over which we have been driving from Corps comes to an end, as we had thought it might. Not, however, against any insuperable barrier of rock or precipice; it ceases simply because it has not been laid out any further. But this fact does not arrest our progress. On the contrary, we go on faster than before; for the horses, vehemently urged forward, dash up the steep hillside over something which is hardly wider than a mule-path, here encumbered with a quantity of loose stones, there passing over ledges of slate worn so smooth by the constant traffic that it seems as if no footing could be found upon them. Often the inner wheels of the break are high on the sloping ledge, while the outer ones are down in an uneven gully, and there is not a semblance of protection on the side nearest the precipice. Our driver's reins are attached to two only of the five horses, and, according to the custom of the country, a little boy runs on in front to whip and guide the others.

A very sharp turn is made, and then it is a relief to see that the horses are being brought to a standstill, for the driver tells us there is a steeper bit beyond, and "all the world" must walk for a time. I, for one, decide not to mount the vehicle again, preferring "nature's tandem," for such an absolutely unprotected road, to any Dauphiné arrangement of horses. And so, going on in advance, I ascend the steep bit, wind round with the windings of the gorge, skirt the nearly perpendicular grass slopes of the Côtebelle, follow the horizontal line (which we saw from below) cut in the rocky face of the Gargas and just now rendered really dangerous by the rolling down of great stones from the quarry above, and reach Our

Lady of La Salette nearly an hour before the break.

One ought to say here, for the benefit of those who do not know the place even by hearsay, that previous to 1846, the year of the reputed miracle which excited so much controversy in the ecclesiastical and religious world, what is now called the "holy mountain" was a totally uninhabited region. Only a sheep path led to it, and it was unvisited save by the shepherds and herdsmen, who at midsummer drove their flocks to its green pastures. But now, upon this little plateau, more than five thousand feet above the sea and close to the scene of the "*apparition*," as it is called, there is a group of substantial buildings, in the centre a really noble church; on one side the seminary and school, with a hostelry for men; and on the other that for women. When I add that of late years as many as eighty thousand persons have taken part in a single festival, some notion may be gained of the veneration with which the spot is regarded by "the people."

Its surroundings are very striking, almost majestic, in their wildness and utter solitariness. The eminence against which the buildings nestle is green, and so is the Col which they face; but on neither of them is there a single tree or shrub, — only the rude cross which marks the summit of every elevation hereabouts, while the long line of peaks which form the horizon on the right are as gaunt and barren as the Gargas on the left. On every side are precipices so nearly perpendicular, so tremendous in their depth, that one has the horrible feeling of not being exactly on *terra firma*. I have known persons so oppressed by this feeling at La Salette that they were unable to rest at night, dreaming again and again that their beds were suspended over a frightful abyss, and not daring to move by even a hair's breadth, lest they should be precipitated into its depths.

Those are fortunate pilgrims who arrive, as we did, with the evening caravan,

for I think the mountain of Our Lady is never so impressive as at the first still hours of twilight, when the glow and color of sunset have just faded from the circle of peaks, and the mystery of night already broods over the valley. And then, immediately, while one is still awed by the aspect of the outer world, comes the evening service, which at La Salette is peculiarly striking, especially when it is the first that one attends.

The congregation itself is remarkable, made up as it is of the "missionaries," the sisters, the schoolboys (who lead the responses and do the greater part of the singing), the entire company of pilgrims, both men and women, the drivers who have brought one up from Corps, the masons who have been at work all day upon the buildings (now being enlarged), and even the men who are mending the road and quarrying the stone on the mountain-side.

Then the church is entirely without lights, except for the six lamps suspended before the high altar, and the tapers which burn, here and there, at some favorite shrine; for the service is the Evening Prayer (said in French) and the Litany of the Virgin, and as the worshipers know every word of both by heart, there is little need to look at books. Even the hymns seemed to be familiar to nearly every one present. All were in French, and sung to the most popular of tunes; indeed, I have never been in a Roman Church where the worship is so emphatically congregational.

At the close of the litany there is a single petition to "Notre Dame de La Salette, Réconciliatrice des pêcheurs," and then one of the fathers goes into the pulpit, carrying a lighted taper. This is in order that he may read the long lists of requests sent in that day for the prayers of the faithful: "Un prêtre et sa paroisse, une école laïcisée, la conversion d'un père de famille, les intentions de plusieurs personnes, une famille vivement éprouvée, une guérison," etc.

Afterwards come the usual petitions for the benefactors of the church, for the country and its rulers, the army and navy, the *séminaristes-soldats*, the Lord's Prayer and an Ave are said, the taper is blown out, and the sermon follows.

This is usually something very simple, and within the comprehension of the most ignorant person present, an exhortation founded on some part of the Virgin's message, "Si mon peuple ne veut pas se soumettre, je serai forcée de laisser tomber le bras de mon Fils," or one of her reproaches, "Je suis chargée de prier sans cesse, et vous autres vous ne faites pas ça." For one sees here Mariolatry at its height. Our Lord seems to have been removed to an infinite distance, and the Virgin Mother is the all-powerful mediatrix, through whom alone we may venture to approach him.

At nine o'clock service and sermon are ended, and as we reënter the hostelry candles are handed to us, and we are reminded that absolute quiet is now enjoined.

Day begins betimes at La Salette. At half past four the first bell is rung, for the sisters and most of the pilgrims attend the earliest mass, at five o'clock. Breakfast follows at half past seven, and as the refectory is open for one hour only, no one is tempted to be late. On great festivals, high mass is said at ten o'clock, otherwise there is a short respite from services. The schoolboys are then taken to walk by one of the fathers, or if there is work to be done, — hay-making or unloading of materials for the buildings, — it is they who do it, and a most healthy change it must be from their nearly unbroken round of religious duties.

This, too, is the time usually chosen by visitors for a close inspection of the church, whose fittings and ornaments, no less than its walls, are well worthy of notice. The beautiful carved pulpit which was a gift from Belgium; the high altar of Carrara marble, with exquisite bas-re-

liefs of the miracle; the jeweled *ostensoir* and chalice, into which are wrought the heirlooms of many families; the wonderful missal, whose binding alone cost the Comte de Pennalven nine hundred francs, and occupied one workman during three years,—not one of these should be passed over by persons who care for beautiful things.

A striking fact in connection with the church is that not one sou out of the three millions of francs thus far expended upon the mere fabric has been *asked for*. There are no *quêtes* at the service, and nothing under any circumstances is charged for seats; the entire sum has been made up from the free-will offerings of "the faithful."

At eleven o'clock, whenever the weather is favorable, an account of the miracle is given on the very spot of its supposed occurrence. Then the scene is most picturesque and curious. On the steep slopes on both sides of the ravine where Melanie and Maximin were resting when they saw the "White Lady," statues have been placed to represent the three scenes of the occurrence: the Virgin seated on a stone, her head bowed in her hands, in an agony of sorrow, as she first attracted the attention of the children; then, as she stood to deliver her message; and, again, at the highest point, where she bade them farewell, and, "august and beautiful," ascended into the clouds. And around these statues, which are exceedingly effective, the *Chemin de la croix* has been constructed.

When the hour for the narration of the occurrence sounds, there is usually a great concourse of pilgrims, who either seat themselves on the rude steps, or lean against the railings which protect the sacred spot. Among them are representatives of many nationalities, as well as of nearly every class and condition of life: priests, barefooted friars, officers in dazzling uniforms, ladies in dainty Parisian costumes, gayly attired peasants, and *religieuses* with their end-

less variety of coifs and *guimpes*. The priest stands below, close to the holy spring which is said never to have failed since the eventful day (September 19, 1846), and when the Lord's Prayer and one Hail Mary have been said, he begins his story, recounting the most minute details concerning the children, and dwelling upon the several points of the Virgin's message, after the manner of a last-century commentator.

Meanwhile, pilgrims who are going away by the noonday conveyance, and who probably have had no other moment of leisure, descend to the spring with jars and bottles in which to carry the water to the sick and dying at their own homes (the annals of La Salette are one long list of marvelous cures). They pass in and out among the listeners, stooping to fill their vessels, and then kneeling reverently before the weeping Virgin, in thankfulness for her bestowal of what they believe to be the water of life. The effect of this atmosphere so intensely devotional, so charged with faith in the miraculous, is very strange. One's ordinary mental experiences, even the affairs of every-day life, become unreal and intangible, so that it is with a sort of shock, as when one is wakened from a mesmeric sleep, that on reëntering the hostelry our London and Paris newspapers are handed to us, and we see the usual headlines concerning the Home Rule Bill and the French elections.

Sometimes the account of the "apparition" is followed by a procession, which winds round and round upon the mountain-side, the pilgrims carrying some of the exquisitely embroidered banners, of which there are so many in the church, and singing the Litany of the Virgin. I was never tired of watching these processions from my window, and though too far away to catch the words of the several petitions as sung by the priest, I could always hear the answering "*Ora pro nobis*;" and now and then, when a turning in the path made the singers face

me, could distinguish some of the more familiar ejaculations, — “*Virgo venerabilis, virgo fidelis,*” or the solemn “*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.*”

Our daily life, notwithstanding its austere simplicity, was full of a certain picturesque charm which was not that of novelty alone. We grew accustomed to our tiny bedrooms, with their white-washed walls and scanty furniture, and learned to keep them so tidy that they became almost attractive. It was no hardship to fill our own baths, for delicious spring water was to be had in every corridor, and immediately on our arrival we had persuaded the *sœur chambrère* to intrust us with two of the largest *brocs* that the house possessed.

In the beginning, our places were at the very end of the long table, among the most casual of the pilgrims, — simple folk, who were too busy to be absent many days from their farms and households. We liked hearing their stories of long journeys made, and obstacles overcome, to reach what to them was so sacred a place. I remember one family which had come up from the Valbonnais (on the other side of our Col, and some four thousand feet lower down) on a terrible evening, when the clouds suddenly descended and wrapped the whole chain of mountains in impenetrable mist.

These women had brought a guide with them as far as the Col; then, believing the way to be plain, had dismissed him. A few minutes later, they were in the clouds, and, as it seemed, hopelessly lost; for, instead of taking the downward path, which would have brought them in a short time to the hostelry, they had continued to ascend until they were upon one of the most dangerous slopes of the Gargas, and on this frightful incline — which I cannot even now think of without a shudder — they had wandered for hours, until, at last, getting into the bed of a torrent, they had wisely determined to descend with it; and so, near midnight, wet to

the skin and well-nigh exhausted, they reached La Salette.

For a few days we had opposite us a number of Auvergne peasants, undoubtedly well-to-do, or they would not have been at the *table d'hôte*, but having about them a distinct suggestion of hay-fields and farmyards. There was little that was objectionable in their manners, and they were always polite in handing the dishes and in carving (for the carving and dressing of salad was done at the table, and by any one kind enough to undertake it), but they did not go as far as a sweet, simple-minded woman beside me, who was so much annoyed because my plate was not changed for each course — they are changed only three times at a meal — that she frequently carried it away and changed it herself.

Later on, we were moved to the upper end of the room, in the midst of the “*eeg-leef,*” as we called it, according to that extraordinary pronunciation of *high life*, which I then heard for the first time. There we found ourselves among ladies of rank who were making their *neuvaines*, and gentle, high-bred sisters whose pilgrimage is their only respite from the weary round of hospital or schoolroom duties. The most attractive of them all was a *Sœur de Saint Joseph*, who, with her serene, mediæval face and straight coif, looked as if she had just stepped down from one of Cimabue's canvases. We did not hear her name, but one felt that it must be Scholastique or Polycarpe. For some inexplicable reason the kind creature attached herself to me, and not only looked after all my wants at the table, but when she found me, one day, attempting to brush my mountain-boots, — a labor which visitors are expected to perform for themselves, — insisted upon taking them away and brushing them herself.

One morning, having asked a question of the *sœur portière* in regard to the lodging of the poorer pilgrims, we were given permission to inspect the whole hos-

telry as we liked. So we made our way to the upper story of all, which we found entirely given up to dormitories; some holding a dozen beds, others only two or three. All were wonderfully clean and airy, with water brought into the rooms themselves, and not, as in our part of the building, into the corridors. Occupants of these dormitories pay but half a franc daily for their lodging, and may order what food they like from the kitchen, paying for each portion as they take it from the *guichet*. As they usually come provided with butter and bread and cheese and sausages, their pilgrimage cannot be very costly.

Indeed, our own *pension* was but five francs, and we could have any extra we wished — such as a *mazagrand* (black coffee) after dinner — by paying a small *supplement*, generally of twenty-five centimes. An amusing thing was that a pillow in one's bedroom was considered an extra, and charged twenty-five centimes per week. These supplements must be paid when the things are ordered; a wise provision, by the way, which saves the sisters from all the complications of book-keeping.

Now and then, when the weather was unpropitious for walking, we used to vary our occupations by helping the two religieuses who look after the little shop, and who are often hard-pressed in serving the constant succession of visitors. We soon learned the prices of medals, scapularies, and all sorts of objects unfamiliar to us, and when peasants consulted us in regard to a present to take home to "Monsieur le Curé," or a *Christ bien robuste*, as they called a strongly made crucifix, we felt entirely competent to help them with our advice.

Only one unpleasant episode disturbed the tranquillity of my fortnight at La Salette. Though August had begun, the weather became bitterly cold, a north-west storm set in, and for five days, while the rain beat against our window-panes, we saw no more of the outer

world than if we had been in a storm at sea. At an evening service, when I unfortunately sat between the open door of the sacristy and a broken clerestory window (until that moment one of my chief comforts), I took a severe cold, and was obliged to keep my room and bed for several days, which would have been dreary enough but for the unremitting care of the sisters. The *sœur portière* — one of those nurses who, like the poets, are born, not made — prepared my poultices, and always found time to come herself and put them on; the Superior — a charmingly sympathetic and human little person — brought me wonderful lozenges from her private store, and as soon as I was able to enjoy them paid me long visits, in the course of which I learned more than I fancy she meant me to learn of the hard life they lead: in the summer so often worked to the utmost limit of endurance; and in the winter, when snow-bound for four or five months, and when the fathers and the schoolboys have gone down to Corps, half-frozen and utterly solitary. The refectory sister brewed *tisanes*, and made extraordinary efforts to serve my meals hot, answering in her pretty cooing way, when I lamented over the number of pilgrims she had to serve, "that she was *bien contente* to see so many, and that Our Lady was *bien contente* also." And when, to add to my misfortunes, my watch refused to go, and had to be sent to Grenoble for repairs, the sweet *Sœur Polycarpe* insisted on lending me her own great old-fashioned silver one, because she thought "the night would seem so much longer if I did not know the hour."

The dear creatures even came to my rescue with a change of linen, when the faithless washerwoman failed to bring back my own. I could hardly keep a straight face, as we say, when a collection of their curious mediæval garments was brought to me, and I was told to choose what I liked from among them. Some were so small, and of so remark

able a shape, that to this day I have not the faintest notion for what they were intended; others were correspondingly voluminous. I naturally chose some of the latter, and am sure that the amusement I experienced in putting them on had no slight share in restoring my circulation, and so in helping forward my recovery.

But the return of fair weather, which released me from the confinement of my cell, and suggested all sorts of delight-

ful but hitherto impossible expeditions, brought with it the realization that if we were to keep faith with old friends, we must tear ourselves away from new ones. And so, one day, the last farewells were spoken, and, having confided our packages to the good Casimir (the driver whom timorous travelers should always ask for at La Mure), we took our way on foot down the "holy mountain," back to the broad highways and commonplace scenes of ordinary life.

Anna Pierrepont McIlwaine.

THE RAILWAY WAR.

SEVENTEEN years ago, in July, 1877, a strike of unprecedented intensity occurred on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which spread thence to the trunk lines and west to the Mississippi River. It was accompanied, as all great strikes are in this country, with rioting and the usual exhibitions of lawlessness. After millions of property had been destroyed and some hundreds of lives lost, it was put down by the armed forces of the state and national governments. It was originally a contest about wages. At that time public opinion and law had not progressed so far as they have since done in the direction of asserting and exercising the right of the government to supervise and control the railway companies, either in their relations with the traveling and shipping public or with their employees.

The great strike now apparently closing¹ in a triumph for the General Managers' Association and humiliation and defeat for the American Railway Union finds a very different state of judicial and popular opinion regarding the nature and function of a railway, and a very different condition of the state and

federal statute books as to the right and duty of the government to regulate and control the public traveled roads. How far the former desperate contest may have operated in the subsequent evolution of legislation and public opinion, it is hard to say, but surely such a glimpse of the yawning gulf of anarchy suddenly opening in the very midst of the commonwealth must have awakened the apathetic, taught wisdom to the thoughtful, and suggested moderation to the headstrong. At all events, courts and legislatures have been busy ever since in devising ways and means to curb the arbitrary and irresponsible exercise of corporate power, and the general mind has gradually drifted to the position that there is hardly anything the government may not with propriety do, if necessary, to check the concentration of power in private hands. A vast network of laws and tribunals has been constructed to prevent unjust discrimination in rates, but little has been done to insure just treatment of employees. On this point, though public opinion recognizes the fitness of equally stringent legislation, in actual practice there is no remedy for wage in-

¹ The reader should bear in mind that this paper, to appear in October, necessarily was

written at the end of July. — ED. ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

justice but a strike. An act of Congress was passed in 1888, providing for the voluntary appointment, by the contestants, of a board of arbitrators to adjust differences between interstate railroad companies and their employees. All expenses were to be paid by the United States, and the decision of the board was to be made matter of record. The law has no compulsive power, and has slumbered peacefully on the statute book ever since. The same act also empowers the President to appoint a commission to investigate and report as to the causes and conditions of the controversy and the best means of adjusting it. It is such a commission whose labors, now that the strike is over, are just commencing.

The present strike should be viewed in the light of recent occurrences which have had their effect in determining its form and the atmosphere in which it has been fought. In December, 1893, the receivers of the Northern Pacific Railway, having aroused the dissatisfaction of their employees by successive cuts in wages, and fearing a general strike, applied to the United States court for an order enjoining such a demonstration. Without any hesitation, Judge Jenkins issued an order in the nature of a military proclamation, directed to the men in the various grades of the service, and "all persons generally," enjoining them from interfering with the property in the hands of the receivers, or with men in their employ, and from combining and conspiring to quit the service of the receivers, either with or without notice, "with the object and intent of crippling the property in their custody or embarrassing the operation of said railroad," etc. The promulgation of this sweeping prohibition, backed up by the United States army, prevented the threatened strike, but it put the court on record as claiming and actually exercising the power to force men to continue at work against their will, and at the same time declaring that any railroad strike is an

unlawful conspiracy and every striker a criminal. Ominous growls of discontent were heard everywhere, but the fact that such an extraordinary utterance proceeded from a federal court and was supported by boundless power averted open disorder. Then came the attempt of the receivers of the Union Pacific to cut down wages, and the answer of Judge Caldwell, of the United States court, in substance, that fair wages must be paid, whether interest on bonds or dividends on stock be paid or not. His decision aroused the wildest enthusiasm among the wage-earning classes. Here a strike was averted by a policy exactly opposite to that pursued by Judge Jenkins.

Next followed the strike on the Great Northern Railway, in which the American Railway Union and its young leader, Mr. Debs, came conspicuously to the front. It was an organization based apparently on the principle that a strike must originate in the local unions, and become general only when a majority of the members of local unions had voted for it. As a matter of fact, the strike on this railway so completely embraced every branch of the service, and enlisted the sympathies of the communities which were the chief sufferers by the cessation of traffic, that President Hill speedily saw the hopelessness of his position and resorted to the device of an arbitration, in which he consented beforehand to an award granting substantially everything the strikers demanded. The conflict ended in mutual congratulations; railway managers, newspapers, business men, and the community in general, joining in a chorus of admiration for the intelligence, moderation, and magnanimity of Mr. Debs. The result was a complete victory for the strikers, and met the approval of the people of the entire Northwest.

Having thus won his spurs, and no doubt believing all the fine things that were said about him, Mr. Debs turned to see what other wrongs needed to be redressed. The Pullman strike offered

an opportunity for a contest vastly larger than the former, which only tied up the transportation of some seven States and 4500 miles of railway. It is not necessary to consider here whether the universal boycott then inaugurated was justified by the facts, or not. The press is practically unanimous in the opinion that it was both atrocious and insane. Yet even to-day, when the echoes of the great battle are dying away on the horizon, thousands of working-people in towns remote from the original storm centre are still ardently declaring that the strike is on, and that they will starve rather than resume work until justice is done at Pullman. The militia and the regular army are gradually withdrawing; the newspapers, which, according to Chairman Egan of the General Managers' Association, got their information from the railway bureau, have for many days declared that the strike is wholly collapsed, though in twenty places the police are still busy with mobs of rioters. The leading officers of the American Railway Union are in jail, charged with contempt of court in violating judicial proclamations, and under indictment for criminal conspiracy. If the newspapers are to be depended upon, the strike is wearing itself out, and before long there will be nothing left of it but the ruins of burned cars and bridges, a vast army of hungry men, women, and children, whose wild cry has been drowned by the rattle of guns, and underneath all, a deep and inextinguishable sense of wrong unredressed. Is it not a strange thing that in the midst of general distress, when the hand of the well-to-do doles out charity by the drop, a great army of workingmen, whose only capital is their hands, should voluntarily fling down their tools and face a future full of terror, not in their own quarrel, but in an effort to redress what they conceive to be the wrongs of other toilers, whom they have never seen? For it must be remembered that this is a "sympathetic"

strike. Here and there, discontent with local conditions has precipitated or aggravated the issue; but, in general, the strike was a technical boycott, intended simply to bring such enormous pressure to bear upon the Pullman company as should compel it to submit the matters in dispute to arbitration.

Prosperous people contribute more or less liberally to charity; peradventure for a starving man, some would even forego luxuries; but how commonly do we see the fairly well off throwing up their comfortable salaries, or selling all their goods to feed the poor? Yet with a terrible winter behind them, and a bitter winter and a black list before them, hundreds of local bodies of the American Railway Union have, with astounding unanimity and thrilling enthusiasm, joined this hopeless cause. What a pity that this mighty wave of heroism should beat itself out uselessly against the rocks! It reminds one of the Crusades, when the deep universal passion of man rose up, and threw itself with divine abandon into an enterprise foredoomed to failure. The very Quixotism of the effort is its pathos: for the thing was impossible from the start. The Pullman company was intrenched behind the railroads, the railroads behind the courts, the courts behind the army; and this whole mighty combination could be struck at only through the body of the public.

The strike is over, and there remains now little to do but take account of losses, punish the men who have been guilty of criminal acts, and make it plain to the working-classes that the laws of the nation must be enforced, whether they be just or unjust. Yet the commotion must not subside without the taking of anxious thought to find out the cause and determine, if possible, the remedy. Some things already seem plain. The conviction has forced itself on the minds of a great multitude of the poorer classes that this is a conflict between the wage-earners, on the one side, and the corpo-

rations, backed by the wealth, influence, and respectability of the country, on the other. A knife can be distinctly seen severing this host from that. This is deplorable, but it is not the worst. The American Railway Union is defeated, but the cause which called these elemental forces from the vasty deep remains as full of the possibilities of terror as ever. Given a pretext which shall commend itself to the sober judgment, as well as to the passionate sympathy, of these thousands, a leader wise and far-seeing, an organization perfected by discipline; these on the one side, and on the other, a national railroad organization concentrated in a dozen hands, and welded together with a pooling system sanctioned and enforced by law, and we have potentialities of industrial war to make us shudder. We have now nearly a million railway employees; these will increase in number; and their employers will have taught them the science of organization. When the next great contest comes, as come it must, will the government, as now, find itself so bound up and blended with the railway interests that it must array itself against this embattled host of workers?

As for the railways, they are triumphant; flushed with victory, they are already preparing a gigantic black list. The newspapers state in their telegraphic columns that the Southern Pacific officials announce their willingness to take back such of their employees as they may require, who have not during the strike willfully destroyed the railroad property or forcibly prevented its employees from performing their regular duties; that an affidavit has been prepared by the company, to be signed by men desiring reinstatement, declaring that the affiant has resigned from the American Railway Union, and will not again join any union or brotherhood for the term of five years, and will not become a member of any labor organization during the time he is employed by

that company. The General Managers' Association, composed of a score or more of railroads, adjourns, considering the present emergency ended, but in readiness to resume hostilities again at an hour's notice. Everything indicates a stern resolve to exterminate organized labor, to bring the individual man face to face with the combined power of the victorious companies, and to rely on the general government to support them with its army, if the enforcement of their policy should result in future disorder.

That it will result in disorder is certain. It is idle to suppose that organized labor has been crushed, or that it will permanently submit to defeat. It is only a question of time when another outbreak will occur on a larger scale, under more perfect organization, and with a more sullen and determined spirit. And it will be accompanied with violence, bloodshed, and fire. To make a strike effectual, it is necessary to prevent the company from filling the places of the strikers; "persuasion" will be used on men who offer to work, and there are no limits to "persuasion." It is not in human flesh and blood that men should endure taunts and threats, the hatred and ostracism of their fellows, in the service of a corporation. Taunts lead to blows; the taste of violence is maddening, like the taste of blood; a riot flames up and runs before the gale of passion. A peaceable strike on a railway is a thing of fancy. A strike is nothing but war; its object and intent is to stop travel, cripple the railroad in the performance of its functions, and damage the corporation as much as possible. A gentle strike, in which the men gave the company abundant notice to enable it to fill the vacant places, and then retired quietly to their homes to wait until the consciences of the officials should bring them to repentance, has not occurred as yet, and never will. The leaders may publicly advise their followers to avoid violence, but they always

expect to paralyze traffic at all hazards ; they are determined that "not a wheel shall move." The history of railroad strikes has been a record of violence, intimidation, incendiarism, train-wrecking, murder. No man can precipitate such a strike without both expecting and counting on these inseparable concomitants. They are as much a part of such strikes, at least when extensive and bitterly contested, as wounds and death are a part of war. But independently of the torch and club, as the laws now stand, a strike on a railroad carrying the mails or engaged in interstate commerce is a criminal conspiracy, and forbidden as such by law.

This proposition is not, perhaps, at present perfectly apprehended by the public, but it is sufficiently well established by judicial decision. The courts will doubtless have occasion to declare it more than once before the crop of prosecutions now sown is fully gathered. A combination of men by concerted action, whose object and intent is to prevent the regular and orderly course of interstate commerce, or whose natural and necessary result is to interrupt interstate commerce, or the passage of the mails, is a conspiracy condemned by the law, whether the means taken to enforce it are in themselves criminal or not. It may seem an alarming doctrine to the friends of labor, that a strike on a railway engaged in interstate commerce is in its very nature criminal, but such is the logical tendency of the courts, and such has already been declared the law by at least three federal judges. Judicial opinion has been steadily advancing to this position for at least a hundred years, and has reached it by applying the familiar principles of law to the changed conditions. Whatever may be the law with regard to strikes designed to coerce merely private employers, the functions of a railway are now regarded as so far public, and even governmental, the general welfare is so vitally concerned in

their free and unrestricted operation, that the public can no longer tolerate their being made the sport and prey of private quarrels, no matter what the consequences may be to individuals. It is probably the popular opinion that the right to organize a strike upon a railway is one which cannot be denied in a free country, so long as the men confine themselves to purely peaceable methods, and that to deny it means to force men to work against their will. Perhaps this is true in a controversy between private employers and their employees, but it is not true in the case of public or quasi-public corporations and their servants. Such a corporation acts through its officers, agents, and employees, and these, on accepting its service, assume a duty to the public which they cannot lay down whenever it suits them to do so ; much less may they enter into a conspiracy whose immediate object is to paralyze the public arm and inflict injury upon the whole people, in order to force a satisfactory adjustment of wages. The act of combination becomes criminal, not on account of the methods used, but of the object in view.

Here, then, lies the difficulty. The truth is, the present trouble, which grows more ominous and alarming the more closely it is studied, has grown up from seeds implanted in the heart of the existing railway system. Two sets of rights have come into existence, — the rights of the employer and the rights of the employee. The ownership of property carries with it the right to control it, limited, of course, in certain important respects, and the beneficial enjoyment implies the right to call for the whole power of the government, if needed, for its protection. It is the plain duty of the government, under existing laws, to guarantee the private owners of the public highways in the unobstructed exercise of their functions, and to put down by force every unlawful combination designed to cripple or suspend them. The government is, there-

fore, committed to the railroads. It is bound to protect them even from the consequences of arbitrary and unjust treatment of their employees, and if hot-headed and enthusiastic leaders persuade the men to revolt, the government must quell the mutiny with bayonets.

In this state of things some will declare, with Portia, as their judgment of a hard case, —

“Then must the Jew be merciful.”

And some will naturally expect to hear the representatives of the railroads, conscious of power and of the technical impregnability of their position, answer, —

“On what compulsion must I?”

On the other hand, there are rights of persons as well as of property. More sacred than all human law is a man's dominion over his own labor. The right of men working for private employers to quit, either singly or in combination, cannot be denied, no matter what the letter of the law may be. Judge Rick's position, that the railway employee must finish the immediate service which he has begun, seems correct, and is as far as the freedom of toil will permit the courts to go in specifically enforcing the contract of labor. One thing is certain: to forbid the remedy of a strike, without guaranteeing justice to labor and enforcing it, not simply by the pressure of public opinion, but by the power of the nation, is to invite social revolution. It is a problem of tremendous magnitude, and will not decide itself in a way pleasant to contemplate by the operation of the principle of *laissez-faire*; nor will the mass of mankind listen to technical reasoning, nor to an appeal to the supposed sacredness of vested interests. If there are any laws that stand in the way of a just and permanent solution of the problem, they must be abolished. The right to use the only effective weapon in a contest between workingmen and their private employers

is at present admitted by men generally as based on the simplest principles of justice, and they are apt to regard with hostility any law or government which denies it, even when applied to the railroads. This explains the patience with which communities have submitted to the loss and inconvenience resulting from railway strikes hitherto. They are believed to be no worse in principle than the fierce wars which the companies wage upon each other, with the avowed purpose to cripple and destroy, the combined losses to be ultimately saddled chiefly upon that part of the public which is not in a position to defend itself.

The pending prosecutions against Mr. Debs and his associates show how promptly allied corporate interests can reach the ear of power and set in motion the ponderous machinery of justice. These prosecutions are begun under what are known as the Anti-Trust Law and the Interstate Commerce Law. These statutes were both framed expressly to curb the aggressions of trusts and corporations, but as against these aggregations of capital, the former has proved itself harmless, and as to the latter, the courts have, by repeated decisions, stripped it of much of its importance, and the railroads have come to ignore some of its most characteristic features. Now, however, it is found that their language is capable of a construction never thought of by the Congress which enacted them, under which the government may suppress the first outbreak of a combination of workingmen. Trusts flourish in rich luxuriance in this country, as everybody but the department of justice knows, but no special counsel is designated by the Attorney-General to see that they are suppressed. Certainly it is unfortunate that so many things should concur to stamp indelibly on the minds of the toiling millions the idea that all governments alike, republican as well as monarchical, are for the rich, and are all supported by mere force. The believers in a firm

and just enforcement of the laws are in much the same dilemma as that which confronted Daniel Webster and those who sided with him, after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. If Debs and his associates are technically guilty, the law must be enforced, even if, in the crushing of these mistaken champions of labor, the law itself meets ultimate condemnation. For the railway strike problem, as it now exists, is the problem of the continued existence of a monopoly whose roots are planted in every vein and artery of the national life.

Can the solution be reached through arbitration? It would be a truly edifying spectacle, if controversies involving large masses of men and vast aggregations of capital might be submitted to a voluntary tribunal composed of wise men, and their decision accepted as final. But suppose either side will not agree to submit its case, insisting, as Mr. Pullman did, and as the railroads now do, that there is nothing to arbitrate; or will not bow to the wisdom and authority of the decision? Shall the engineer be made to seize the throttle, or the switchman the lever, against his will? Are the Goulds and Vanderbilts so sensitive to public opinion as to yield before the mere dictum of a board of arbitration which has no power of compulsion? Believing, as they do, that the chief lesson of the present strike is that successful arbitration simply renders labor organizations insatiable and incites them to intolerable extravagance, railroad managers will regard a demand for arbitration merely as a summons to surrender. Will the men trust a judge who is satisfactory to the General Managers' Association, under the direction it may be of an imperious leader, practically a dictator? Any board of arbitration, to be effective, would have to be clothed with power; then it would be a court, and no better qualified to solve the anxious questions of the time than any other court.

What available resource is at hand?

There are two. Any adjustment which proposes to deny the men the remedy of a strike must provide substantial guarantees for a prompt and just settlement of controversies about wages. Is it not possible to reconstruct the Interstate Commerce Commission, making it a court with ample powers instead of a mere administrative tribunal, whose findings have none of the authority of a judgment; and to amend the law so as broadly to cover the relations between the railways and their employees, and providing that any railroad refusing to conform to the law should be placed in the hands of receivers? Nearly one fourth of the railway mileage of the country is at present administered by the courts through receivers, and, it must be admitted, to the general satisfaction of all parties. The remedy proposed is, therefore, but an extension of existing machinery. If the power of the government could be invoked to compel fair treatment of employees, there would be no excuse for striking, and no injustice in executing existing laws which pronounce a strike a criminal conspiracy.

Notwithstanding the fact that in most other countries the railroads are either owned and operated by the government, or constructed under laws providing for ultimate government assumption, our own people are as yet far from ready to face the tremendous risks involved in such a system here. There is, however, no reason why the experiment should not be tried on a scale large enough adequately to test it, and yet not too great to be easily relinquished in case of failure. One would hardly dare propose any scheme as offering a certain and infallible cure for evils so deep seated. This country is broad enough for the intelligent application of more than one remedy. Just at the present moment, the affairs of the Pacific railways are in such a condition that if the government were a private creditor, it would foreclose its mortgage, acting in accordance with ordinary business principles. There

is really no prospect that the present companies can ever pay the interest on their indebtedness, to say nothing of principal. The government practically built the roads and made a present of them to the stockholders, together with a truly imperial land grant; the stockholders have enjoyed the bounty of the people for a generation, almost without cost to themselves. There certainly could be no injustice in insisting on the terms of the contract. But the deep repugnance which our public men seem to feel towards any strong treatment of a railroad company is likely to prevent this course. The bill now before Congress proposes to extend the debt for another fifty years, and a grand opportunity will thus be let slip for trying, under the most favorable circumstances, an ex-

periment whose possibilities no man can measure. It is not altogether improbable that the mere fact of such a trial, undertaken in good faith and with a real desire to see it succeed, might postpone for years the recurrence of such convulsions as those which have just now seemed to threaten the peace, and even the perpetuity of our institutions.

Many timid minds will shrink from either of these alternatives, under the belief that they savor of socialism. It would be well, however, for such to consider whether, in default of some prompt and vigorous exercise of the power of the government to afford radical and effective cure for existing evils, there may not grow up in the swift-coming time a problem involving the very existence of society itself.

Henry J. Fletcher.

MAN AND MEN IN NATURE.

THERE is something dramatic in the present attitude of thinking men towards the great question of man's relation to the Cosmos. Of old this problem was one for mild speculation, in which the matter was so intangible that few set much store by the interpretations given it. At most, the philosophers who spun fancies came, through the sense of property, to feel that their ideas had an enduring value. People in general attached no importance to such efforts at explaining what seemed to be permanently unknowable. With the advance of modern learning, by observational methods which have conquered great realms for the understanding, presenting the gains in the tangible form of immediately serviceable knowledge, all intelligent men have come to see that barriers which of old appeared to be impassable are everywhere breaking down, and that substantial knowledge may be gained concerning fields

which in the days of their fathers seemed to be wrapped in eternal darkness. In this age, people who consider such questions are divided into two parties: a small force of men engaged in an earnest struggle with the unknown, fighting their way along the paths which they are breaking, too busy with their contests to do more than assure and chronicle their victories; and the greater host who await impatiently the answer to the eager questioning which they make as to the meaning of these discoveries in terms of hope and duty. However faithful to the past, it is only the unintelligent who fail of interest in this marvelous work of modern science. All well-informed men, even those who profess skepticism concerning the new revelation, feel the stir of doubt and of expectation. Whether they will or no, they are compelled to go forth on the great march towards a promised but unknown land. They may regret the flesh-

pots of Egypt, and the other charms of the dear, well-known world they have left behind, but they are forced to dream and question concerning the fields which are to be the seat of their new life. All great wanderings of folk are tragedies, whether they be over the desert of reality or the ideal wastes of belief.

In the thirty years which have elapsed since the evolutionary hypotheses of the Darwinian school began to enter the minds of the people there has been a rapid, and on the whole very successful organization of the intellectual migration which it required of men. It was, in the first place, necessary to raise up a generation of inquirers who should be trained in the methods whereby the paths to further understanding could be properly opened. Next, it was essential that a class of interpreters should be created who would in a way translate the scientific results into forms which would serve to lead the masses onward. Nothing so well shows the modern gain in the vitality of our intellectual societies as the speed with which this readjustment has been accomplished. There are now hundreds, if not thousands, of well-trained men who have been educated in the manner which was necessary to fit them for work in breaking the ways into the wilderness which the derivative hypothesis opened to us. On every side there are arising men of another class whose task it is to set the new-found truth clearly before the people, so that they may make that precious use of it which pertains to the conduct of life.

Among the many works which have been put forth during the last ten years, having for their purpose the extension of the derivative hypothesis to affairs of immediate and evident interest to man, that of Dr. Henry Drummond may, on many accounts, claim the foremost place.¹ In judging such a work as this, the reader

must bear in mind the peculiar needs and dangers which pertain to the author's task. The end to be attained is so far different from that of the investigator as to demand a totally different method of treatment from that which has to be pursued where the aim is scientific inquiry. The popularizer in this field cannot do much, even in the way of cataloguing acts or weighing their precise value, else he would risk the failure of his purpose by wearying people who have no appetite for such methodical presentations. With the minimum of telling incident as a text, he has to lead his hearers or readers, in part by their general understanding, and even more by their emotions, into the field of moral improvement. Ugly-minded critics might declare that the test of success in such endeavor was that which is said to have been of old applied to the Spanish barber's apprentice, when his fitness to be a journeyman was essayed; the trial consisting in his showing the skill necessary to whip an ounce of soap into a barrel of lather. But such criticism would be unjust. All who have undertaken to bring the truths of science, particularly those which have a moral bearing, in a profitable way before laymen are compelled to recognize the primal conditions which determine success. In such work, the teacher has, in a manner, to play the part of a prophet; he has to go to the utmost verge of the limits which the facts under consideration will permit; he has to illustrate by analogy and metaphor in order that he may approach persons not habituated to scientific methods, and who could in no wise be enlivened by the recital of bare facts. From the point of view of accuracy judged by the detail of work, this peculiar task is so difficult that it may be said never to have been done in a thoroughly commendable way; estimated, however, as it should be, by the general effect of the picture which the popularizer endeavors to present, much of this work has a

¹ *The Lowell Lectures on the Ascent of Man.* By HENRY DRUMMOND, LL. D., F. R. S. E., F. G. S. New York: James Pott & Co. 1894.

very great value. Thus taken, Dr. Drummond's *Ascent of Man* must be considered as an admirable sketch, setting forth with singular clearness, and with an amazing readiness in seizing on the ways of approaching the public, certain of the more noteworthy discoveries of biologists which have a bearing on the conduct of life.

There can be no question that Dr. Drummond is, by nature and training, very well equipped for the work which he seeks to do. To a good general knowledge of science, and enough acquaintance with its methods to enable him readily to grasp the results of inquiry, he adds a singularly intense moral interest in people, and, what naturally goes therewith, a very great power of conveying general impressions by means of metaphor. Those who would understand the unprecedented success which has attended his labors will do well to read this work, paying attention to the means by which he instinctively seeks access to the reader's mind. In almost every sentence this object is gained by some comparison of a familiar kind, which has a certain spiritual significance. The critic of details can find imperfections in the connotative value of each of these similes; but if he take a larger view, he will observe that when accumulated, as they are, to the number of thousands, the separate fragments, like the imperfectly shaped stones of a mosaic, lend themselves to a large and most impressive effect,—an effect which could be gained in no other way.

The main theme of the *Ascent of Man* is a protest against the interpretation of organic nature which is presented to us by the Darwinian conception of the struggle for life. Against this essentially Hedonistic view the author sets the facts which tend to show that along with the contest for individual success there goes as constant and an even stronger endeavor to help the life of others. At the outset of the work there is more than a trace of mysticism, a quality of mind

which is always present in Dr. Drummond's thought. He sums up his chapter on *The Missing Factor in Current Theories* by the statement that "Evolution is nothing but the Involution of Love, the Revelation of Infinite Spirit, the Eternal Life returning to itself." He begins the third chapter with the remarkable question, "Why was Evolution the Method chosen?" In such inside views of creation the writer is seen at his worst, for in this part of his discourse he absolutely departs from the ways of science. He asks, "Can we perceive no high design in selecting this particular design, no worthy ethical result which should justify the conception as well as the execution of Evolution?" Further on he suggests: "Nature may have entrusted the further building to mankind, but the plan has never left her hands; the lines of the future are to be learned from her past, and her fellow-helpers can most easily, most loyally, and most perfectly do their part by studying closely the architecture of the earlier world, and continuing the half-finished structure symmetrically to the top. The information necessary to complete the work with architectural consistency lies with Nature. We might expect that it should be there. When a business is transferred or a partner assumed, the books are shown, the methods of the business explained, and its future developments pointed out. All this is now done for the evolution of mankind. In evolution Creation has shown her hand. To have kept the secret from man would have imperiled further evolution; to have revealed it sooner had been premature. Love must come before knowledge, for knowledge is the instrument of Love, and useless till it arrives. . . . The past of Nature is a working model of how worlds can be made. The probabilities are that there is no better way of making them."

The contrast between Dr. Drummond's optimistic and metaphoric way of dealing with the organic problem

and that followed by the hard-minded Huxley is shown in these pages by numerous quotations from that man of science. The pure investigator, transferring the data and conclusions of biologic inquiry to the social question, and making no allowance for the present action and future influence of the spiritual forces which control the development of man, becomes as pessimistic as Schopenhauer, and says, "If there is no hope of a large improvement," he should "hail the advent of some kindly comet which would sweep the whole affair away." Drummond, with his keen and abiding sense of the spiritual tides, is eagerly confident of man's on-going, and looks upon the existing evils as mere fragments of the scaffolding by which our social system has been elevated. Although in his treatment of the matter with which he deals Drummond cannot be regarded as a man of science, his point of view is essentially truer to the conditions of inquiry than that which is taken by the illustrious naturalist with whom he is contending; and this for the reason that he endeavors, however unsuccessfully, to deal with man from the standpoint of the vast complex of influences, spiritual as well as physical, which are working in our kind.

In the second chapter, which is entitled *The Scaffolding left in the Body*, Dr. Drummond is seen at his best, both as to the range of his knowledge and the method of presentation. So far as it goes — it is all too short — this is about the best popular presentation of those evidences which show clearly to intelligent people, not professionally engaged in science, the reasons which compel us to believe that man has come up from the lower life. Though our author clearly enjoys his wanderings through the fields of physical and organic evolution, — where, after the manner of Dante in his course through the shadowy realm, he is ever accompanied by the personification of evolution, — he feels himself

at his best, and perhaps does the best work for his audience, when, in the middle of his book, he enters on the field of social development. In his chapters on the struggle for life and that on the struggle for the life of others he preaches excellent sermons, well calculated to persuade the mind to the belief that these diverse modes of working are not essentially discordant, but that they all operate to insure intellectual and moral advance. The exposition here goes forward with delightful movement; even where the critic notes illogical personifications and assumptions concerning the motives of action, he finds himself borne along by the emotional tide which the admirable imagery arouses. It is only when he turns back, and with skeptic humor notes the departures from the scientific method, that he feels how far the writer has allowed himself to be carried away by the poetic impulse. As an instance of this we may note his statements on page 225 concerning the influences which lead to the division of cells. After setting forth in a very fair way the view held by some histologists as to the cause of cell division, he says: "As growth continues, the waste begins to exceed the power of repair, and the life of the cell is again threatened. The alternatives are obvious. It must divide, or die. If it divides, what has saved its life? Self-sacrifice. By giving up its life as an individual, it has brought forth two individuals, and these will one day repeat the surrender. Here, with differences appropriate to their distinctive spheres, is the first great act of the moral life." It is surely excessive to term moral a process such as cell division, which, so far as we can see, is as much in the control of the unthinking and unfeeling aggregate as are the shapings of crystals or the segregations which led to the separation of the heavenly bodies from a nebulous mass. The chapters on the evolution of a mother and the evolution of a father are,

from the point of view of the needs of the general public, excellent writing. The exploration of these fields demands much exercise of the imagination, yet the ever ready fancy of the author is well supported by a compact and trustworthy statement of the facts from which he takes his successive flights.

As a whole, Dr. Drummond's book may best be looked upon as a poem in prose form. It may well, for the sake of contrast, be compared with that of Lucretius. If the reader will essay this task, he will discern not only the value of the poetic presentation of scientific hypotheses in developing the states of mind of men which affect their attitude towards nature, but he may also note a matter of transcendent importance; that is, the influence which the introduction of spiritual concepts has had in qualifying the understandings with which man meets his environment.

Although Mr. Kidd's *Social Evolution*¹ is to be classed with Dr. Drummond's work, for the reason that it also essays the interpretation of duty in the light of the derivative hypothesis, it differs from the *Ascent of Man* in motive and method of presentation in a very essential way. The methods and temper of *Social Evolution* are more distinctly scientific than they are in most books which endeavor to import the spirit of biological inquiry in the study of the phenomena of civilization. The aim of Mr. Kidd is to trace, in the manner of the naturalist who is following the development of an organic series on the line of distinctly visible and measurable fact, the conditions of human advance. It is an inquiry which has for its object a criticism of the projects which are brought forward by the thinking members of the socialist party. His main contentions are, that natural selection still operates effectively and with very advantageous results among the individuals of our advanced societies, and

is also of determining value in deciding the survivals of peoples; that, so far as the reason is concerned, it acts in no wise to diminish the greed of the individual man, but ever must lead him on the paths of self-seeking; and, furthermore, that the only corrective to the remorseless struggle which individual men make for their personal gratification, the only motive to which we may look for the elevation of our societies above the beastly plane of pure self-seeking, is that form of sympathy which is known as religion.

This bald statement of the thread of theory which runs through Mr. Kidd's admirable book gives little idea of its quality. At every step of his presentation, he shows an admirable combination of the motives of the inquirer and a knowledge of his methods along with a keen sense of those scarcely visible impulses which guide in his process of social evolution. In his first chapter, entitled *The Outlook*, the writer presents a grim picture of the present conditions of our economic system, and of the inadequacy of the old-school political economy to take due account of the situation. He then turns to the conditions of human progress, and endeavors to show that there is no rational sanction for it. This leads him to study the function of religious beliefs, and to the conclusion that "a rational religion is a scientific impossibility, representing from the nature of the case an inherent contradiction of terms;" and further, "a religion is a form of belief providing an ultra-rational sanction for that large class of conduct of the individual where his interests and the interests of the social organism are antagonistic, and by which the former are rendered subordinate to the latter in the general interests of the evolution which the race is undergoing." On this foundation, whether well established or not, yet admirably stated, the author proceeds to build a very remarkable account as to the condition of western civilization; that is, the civili-

¹ *Social Evolution*. By BENJAMIN KIDD. New Edition, with a New Preface. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

zation of Europe and the colonies which it has sent forth. He attributes the singular success of these peoples not to their intellectual quality, which, following Galton, he deems much below that of the Athenians, but to the extent to which the folk are penetrated with the spirit of altruism. Pursuing the same thread of thought, he analyzes modern socialism, showing very clearly that the immediate motive of the socialistic party is the welfare of the individual rather than the higher good of the race. Following the path traced by Weismann, he maintains that any society in which the element of struggle should be eliminated would inevitably experience a decline of all those influences which make for physical, intellectual, and moral progress. This view, which is elaborated in some detail, constitutes the largest and most philosophical objection which has yet been made to the scheme of Marx and his followers.

After his review of existing conditions the writer returns to his main point, which is thus stated: "The evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual, but religious in character." He holds in general to the doctrine that the measure of power, as represented both by endurance and expansion, among the peoples of the present age is essentially determined by the share which they possess of the religious motive as represented by their sympathetic action. He endeavors to explain the decay and overthrow of the Greek and Roman societies, masterful though they were in the intellectual realm, by the lack of the altruistic impulses among the dominant classes of those peoples. In this clever analysis and admirable exposition of great events the reader will find, if he look closely to the argument, the dangerous if not fatal error which characterizes our author's work, one indeed which is apt to prove the pitfall in all such speculations. To attribute the decay of the Hellenic and

Roman societies, altogether or even in the main, to the prevailing lack of sympathy of the higher class with the lower, or of fellow-man with fellow-man, is tacitly to assume that this vast entanglement of action, which among certain peoples makes for culture and perpetuity, can be explained by dealing with a single factor. It might well be maintained that the element of sympathy had a place in the vast equation which determined that the leading Mediterranean peoples should go down, and in the end be overwhelmed by Gothic invasions. But the student who has brought himself to conceive the little which any man can yet take into mind of the forces which decide the fate of nations will revolt against such uncritical judgments. There is danger indeed that, finding the writer thus weak in one of his strongest affirmations, he will overlook the real and very great value of the work which he has done.

It is the characteristic yet inevitable weakness not only of the works we are considering in this writing, but of all the other essays which have been written or are likely soon to be produced concerning society, that they take hold on special influences which are doubtless of real value in the plexus of actions, but which cannot, in the existing state of our knowledge, or even of our methods in sociology, be proved to have a dominant constructive value. The result of all such work is not an account of the doings and the fate of men. It is doubtful whether we shall ever attain to that result. Even when the analysis of the motives is complete, the task of synthesis which will have to be done is evidently so complicated as to transcend the measure of human capacity. The great difficulty of making such a combination arises from the fact that whenever one series of actions in a particular body, whether it be that of an individual or of a society, is affected by another series, the consequences, as in the physical world, are essentially unforeseeable. They may occur very suddenly,

and under conditions which make it practically impossible to prove the steps of the derivation.

When we study the association of parts and functions which make up the body of the simplest organism, we find that our labors, however far they may be carried, do not lead us to any conception of a working formula by which we may express the interaction of the body. How then can we hope to unravel the conditions of working of such a structure as a human society, into which go, as determining influences, not only the quality of each individual of the association, but the historic value of all those which have had a part in the social development? Accepting this view of the situation, should we condemn as fruitless or misleading such essays as these of Dr. Drummond and Mr. Kidd? Certainly not, for they are profoundly helpful, inasmuch as they present to us in a vivid way the vast com-

plication and historic meaning of civilization. They do not lead to conclusions, — for that matter, science at its best rarely leads to such, — but they develop states of mind as to man's place and duty which are of infinite importance in the conduct of life. We should welcome all such works and seek their dissemination, for the reason, if for no other, that they will serve in an immediate way to make head against that combination of dreaming and ignorance which is manifesting itself in the destructive schemes of Nihilists and the subverting projects of certain socialistic leaders. It is evident that society has its account to settle with these people, and all that we can do towards showing them the complicated and critical condition of civilization will serve to make the reckoning easier. Before we proceed by the ancient way of the sword it is clearly our duty to exhaust the more modern resources of instruction and argument.

THE MEDIÆVAL TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

DURING the past few years the history of mediæval municipalities has been attracting considerable attention in Europe. Sohm, Hegel, Schulte, Pappenheim, Von Below, Gothein, Giry, Luchaire, Pirenne, and others have made valuable additions to our knowledge of the subject, not to mention a host of contributors to the history of particular towns. No branch of German constitutional history has ever before been enriched to such an extent within so short a space of time. One reason for this great interest in the subject is that most of the important questions of mediæval constitutional history are more or less connected with the problem of the origin of municipalities. One writer contends that the town constitution emanated from the guilds, another that it originated in

market privileges granted by the crown, and another that it was merely the expansion of an older village constitution. Though the battle has been carried on with the polemical zeal and acrimony which usually characterize German research, and though some of the main questions in dispute have not been settled, we are much nearer their solution than we were ten years ago. Not merely in Germany, but also in France and the Netherlands, considerable progress has recently been made in this branch of study.

In England there is no such activity, but only stagnant quiescence. England lags behind her neighbors in this even more than in other branches of historical research. This may be due in part to "the meanness and dullness of the mu-

municipal story" in England, but its duller aspects — the study of Roman relics, church epitaphs, and royal pageants — have received most attention, and in Germany and France the dramatic phases of municipal history do not occupy the foreground. "The traveller who has asked at the bookshop of a provincial town for a local history, or even for a local guide," says the most recent historian of English municipalities,¹ "is as well able to realize the distance which parts us from France, Italy, or Germany as is the student who inquires for a detailed account of how civic life or any of its characteristic institutions grew up among us."

But Mrs. Green unduly exaggerates the extent of this apathy and neglect. There have been signs of an awakening interest in English municipal history in recent years, and a few good treatises on particular boroughs, on guilds, and on the economic development of town life have been published. The preface of the work before us intimates that Mr. Green revolutionized the study of municipal history; that since he wrote nothing has really been accomplished; and that, in fulfillment of a promise made to him, she continues the epoch-making work which he began. No one will deny that Mr. Green's picture of mediæval boroughs is "vivid and suggestive;" but, while respecting the loyalty of his wife to his memory, we must protest against his exaltation to a high place among the historians of English towns. In fact, he added little to our knowledge of municipal development; and, however meagre the literature of town history may be, there are at least a dozen writers who have made more substantial contributions to it than Mr. Green did. Mrs. Green has made considerable use of their works, but gives them little credit in her preface; in the body of her treatise she even casts ungracious and caustic sneers at some au-

thors from whom she has drawn scores of important references.

The historian who attempts to trace the development of any characteristic municipal institution of mediæval England meets with what seems to be an insuperable obstacle, the lack of published records. He finds in print portions of the muniments of only a few boroughs. What is most needed at present are scholarly monographs on particular towns, and copious extracts from the local archives. The author who aspires to write a good general history of English municipalities cannot depend solely upon the data now accessible in printed books; he must have the courage to spend many months of hard work among the town archives. Mrs. Green, like most English writers on municipal history, has exhibited no inclination to resort to this heroic method of solving the problems of the past. Her material is derived from printed books, not from manuscripts. The result is that she leaves some of the most weighty questions unanswered, and she is constantly bemoaning the lack of data, "the thick darkness which still envelops the subject," "the confusion and ignorance which at present prevail." In one place she tells us that "we have not yet the means [that is, in print] of measuring the extent" of an important movement; in another place she says that "the scanty state of our knowledge indeed makes it impossible to sum up in a phrase the character of a strife which was universal, which involved every class in a most complicated and highly organized industrial society, and of which the history has not yet been fully made out for a single borough;" the facts regarding still another aspect of the subject "lie hidden in municipal archives;" and, finally, she closes her work "with feelings of compunction and dismay." Though the meagreness of her sources of information has not deterred her from making some very sweeping generalizations, it has led her, on the

¹ *Town Life in the Fifteenth Century.* By Mrs. J. R. GREEN. In two volumes. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

other hand, to drift into numerous excursions on the history of particular towns. A large part of the second volume consists of sketches of the history of Exeter, Coventry, Southampton, Nottingham, Norwich, Lynn, and Sandwich, and similar sketches are conspicuous in the first volume. What she herself says of one of these is true of all: they are "drawn in faint and uncertain outline." Thus, the treatise as a whole is discursive and crowded with unnecessary details. The author would doubtless have accomplished much more by concentrating her attention upon some prominent phase of municipal history, and by filling the gaps in the material directly from the town archives. Such scraps as the extracts printed in the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, on which she so frequently relies, though valuable so far as they go, do not afford sufficient data for a history of English boroughs.

Mrs. Green prefers to view civic life from the vantage ground of the later mediæval period, for reasons not easy to comprehend. She says it is the age "which revolutionized her [England's] industrial system," and "cast away the last bonds of feudalism," — the age in which "the weight of influence was being transferred from the old governing class to the mass of the governed." "The bonds of feudalism" were, however, felt after the close of the Middle Ages, and the greater part of the second volume purports to demonstrate that the governed had little to do with town government. The truth is that the crucial century of English municipal growth was the thirteenth, and until the civic institutions of that period are carefully investigated the solution of the main questions at issue will remain a hopeless task. Nor does she prove that there were any epoch-making changes in the town constitution during the fifteenth century. On the contrary, she tells us again and again that in most boroughs its essential features had undergone no change; that an oligarchy was supreme

"from the first" or "from the beginning," and remained dominant in town politics, in spite of some attempts on the part of the commons to place the government on a more popular basis. The revolution in civic life, according to her own account, was mainly an external one, affecting the relations of the borough to the king or manorial lord, and that revolution was accomplished before the fifteenth century. Moreover, the title of her book is misleading, for she devotes many pages to the thirteenth century, she deals with the fourteenth as much as with the fifteenth century, and occasionally drifts into the sixteenth. Even when ostensibly speaking of the fifteenth century she draws many of the illustrations in her footnotes from earlier times. "The question of origins," she says in the preface, "I have deliberately set on one side, from the conviction that the beginnings of a society may be more fruitfully studied after we know something of its actual life." This statement is incomprehensible, for a large part of volume i. is devoted to the origin of municipal freedom, and in a chapter of volume ii. she even goes back to the "primitive" constitution of boroughs. In some respects her account of municipal development in the fifteenth century is even less comprehensive than her account of it in the preceding period. Some of the most interesting and most characteristic problems of town life in that century — for example, the relations of the burghers to popular uprisings, the part played by the boroughs in national politics, the disputed question of the decay of many prominent towns — are only incidentally touched, or are wholly neglected.

It is unnecessary to present an outline of the contents of volume i.; for, as is intimated in the preface, it contains no new generalizations. The author gives some account of the changes that took place in industry and commerce in the latter part of the Middle Ages, the various classes of inhabitants in bor-

oughs, the duties and privileges of the burghers, the attainment of personal and political freedom by towns on the royal demesne and on baronial and church estates, the variety of separate jurisdictions within the civic boundaries, the relation of the church to the boroughs, and the organization of the Cinque Ports. In dealing with these subjects she does not often penetrate far below the surface; the more difficult problems are passed over in silence, or are summarily consigned to the limbo of "thick darkness." Such questions as the limits and organization of the local judiciary and the relations of the crafts to the attainment of citizenship are nowhere investigated.

A few brief extracts from the first chapter will illustrate her style of writing, and also her method of investigation: "The town of those early days [the fifteenth century] in fact governed itself after the fashion of a little principality. Within the bounds which the mayor and citizens defined with perpetual insistence in their formal perambulation year after year it carried on its isolated, self-independent life. The inhabitants . . . elected their own rulers and officials in whatever way they themselves chose to adopt, and distributed among officers and councillors just such powers of legislation and administration as seemed good in their eyes. They drew up formal constitutions for the government of the community . . . till they had made of their constitution a various medley of fundamental doctrines and general precepts and particular rules, somewhat after the fashion of an American state of modern times. . . . The townsfolk themselves assessed their taxes, levied them in their own way, and paid them through their own officers. . . . They sent out their trading barges in fleets under admirals of their own choosing. . . . Englishmen who now stand in the forefront of the world for their conception of freedom and their political capacity, and whose contribu-

tion to the art of government has been possibly the most significant fact of these last centuries, may well look back from that great place to the burghers who won for them their birthright, and watch with quickened interest the little stage of the mediæval boroughs where their forefathers once played their part, trying a dozen schemes of representation, constructing plans of government, inventing constitutions, with a living energy which has not yet spent its force after traversing a score of generations. . . . These were the workshops in which the political creed of England was fashioned; where the notion of a free commonwealth, with the three estates of king, lords, and commons holding by common consent their several authority, was proved and tested till it became the mere commonplace, the vulgar property, of every Englishman. . . . The burghers went on filling their purses on the one hand, and drawing up constitutions for their towns on the other, till in the fifteenth century they were in fact the guardians of English wealth and the arbiters of English politics. . . . On every side corporations instinct with municipal pride built Common Halls, set up state-like crosses in the market-place, such as are still seen at Winchester or Marlborough, paved the streets, or provided new water-supply for the growing population. . . . The truly characteristic part of the mediæval story is that which enables us to measure the political genius with which the forerunners of our modern democracy shaped schemes of administration for the societies they had created of free workers. . . . It was not enough that the burghers should create societies of free men, to whom the great difference that distinguished between man and man was not wealth or poverty, labor or ease, but freedom or bondage. This was the easier part of their task, and was practically finished early in their history. It was a longer and more difficult business to discover how the art of

government should be actually practised in these communities, and to define the principles of their political existence. But in these matters also the burghers became the pioneers of our liberties, and their political methods have been handed down as part of the heritage of the whole people. . . . Set from the first in pleasant places, where by conquering kings the lofty had been brought low and the humble lifted up, and where no enemy of invincible strength lay any longer across their path, the burghers might carry on their own business without care; . . . and the boroughs owed to their early insignificance and isolation a freedom from restraint and dictation in which real political experience became possible."

This idyllic picture of self-government and municipal freedom gradually fades from the reader's mind as he peruses the succeeding chapters of Mrs. Green's book, until finally, when he comes to the end of volume ii., he is inclined to believe that he must have read of all this civic liberty and independence in some other work. If this book were a mediæval manuscript, a learned editor would demonstrate to every one's satisfaction that chapter i. was an interpolation by a later hand. Instead of little principalities leading an "isolated, self-independent life," we learn that their privileged existence was a mere matter of royal caprice, and that boroughs were often laid prostrate before the throne. The king could at any moment and on the most trivial pretext rob a town of all its franchises, and retain them until they were rebought for hard cash. "The burghers lay absolutely at his mercy for all the liberties and rights which they enjoyed."¹ "The whole of their complicated system of administration was kept in working order by a generous system of bribes" paid to the king and his officials. In the internal government of these municipalities "with complete local independence" the

king frequently interfered, either "to protect the select oligarchy against the commons;" or for any other purpose that conduced to his profit. The fortunes of important cities like Norwich "fell backwards and forwards with the rise and fall of court parties." Even the highly privileged Cinque Ports were constantly pestered with royal inquisitions. The towns did not always establish their own schemes of government, even after they had attained "complete independence;" for example, "in 1403 the citizens of Norwich bought [from the crown] a new constitution at the heavy price of £1000;" and Henry V. "utterly annihilated" the civic ordinances of Lynn. Instead of enjoying tranquil self-government, with "no enemy of invincible strength across their path," we find that almost every borough was broken up into various separate sokes — most of them ecclesiastical jurisdictions — which were continually in conflict with the civic authorities and prevented the full attainment of municipal liberty. Hence "ecclesiastical tradition stood between the people and freedom," and "was fatal to the healthy development of municipal self-government." Instead of the inhabitants "electing their officials" and "distributing powers of legislation," we are informed again and again that "these forerunners of our modern democracy" had no real liberty and self-government, but "from the beginning" (from the beginning of what the author does not say) were ground under foot by a harsh and despotic oligarchy. It was a "government by the select few," by a close caste or "governing plutarchy," "who ruled for their own ends with frankness and capacity," and, in the fifteenth century, "cast into the freeman's dungeon the burgher who still prated of a free community." "Nor must it be forgotten that from the first no man of the people could hope to aspire to any post in the administration of the town." Everywhere "the oligarchy fixed their yoke

¹ All the citations in this paragraph, also, are from Mrs. Green's book.

on the neck of the people." We learn that these "pioneers of English freedom," these "arbiters of English politics," who fashioned England's political creed, these "burghers who won for Englishmen their birthright," these "shopkeepers who carried across the ages of tyranny the full tradition of liberty," kept aloof from the great political movements of the fifteenth century, and truckled to one king after another with every change of dynasty. "Throughout the Wars of the Roses the Nottingham men did just what the men of every other town in England did, — reluctantly sent their soldiers when they were ordered out to the aid of a reigning king, and, whatever might be the side on which they fought, as soon as victory was declared hurried off their messengers with gifts and protestations of loyalty to the conqueror." The town trader, "in the hurry of business, had no time and less attention to give to political problems that lay beyond his own parish." In most towns we look in vain for municipal trading barges in fleets under municipal admirals. We also look in vain for societies of free workers: the air of the borough is not redolent of liberty; as an old writer expresses it, there is "much franchise and little freedom;" at every turn the craftsmen and other inhabitants are trammelled by their rulers. We hear little of boroughs where "the lofty had been brought low and the humble lifted up;" man is sharply distinguished from man, not merely by freedom or bondage, but "by wealth or poverty, labor or ease." Wealth is the stepping-stone to high station, and especially to a place in the ruling plutarchy. A "broad chasm" separates merchant traders from retail dealers, and rigid barriers keep apart master craftsmen and journeymen and servingmen or common laborers. "All evidence goes to show . . . that antagonism between the man who asks and the man who pays a wage were [*sic*] very

much the same as now; and that class interests were if anything far more powerful." "The burghers yearly added to their number half a dozen, or perhaps even a score of members wealthy enough to buy the privilege, while the increase in the unenfranchised class, which had begun very early in town life, proceeded by leaps and bounds." We find few corporations "instinct with municipal pride," constructing good pavements and magnificent civic monuments, but we are presented with a lurid picture of decayed buildings, and streets reeking with filth and obstructed with refuse. "The first sight of a mediæval town must have carried little promise to the visitor." In Hythe "streets were choked with the refuse of the stable, . . . flooded by the overflow of a house. . . . Timber dealers cast trunks of trees right across the street, dyers poured their waste waters over it till it became a mere swamp. . . . There was hardly a street or lane which was not described as 'almost stinking and a nuisance.' . . . Everywhere gates and bridges were falling to decay, ditches unrepaired, and hedges overgrown. . . . Nor was this the condition of smaller towns only." The streets of Nottingham were "blocked with piles of cinders." In Norwich "the market-place was not yet paved in 1507, but a judicious order was issued that no one should dig holes in it to get sand without the mayor's license."

In volume ii. Mrs. Green deals mainly with the internal development of boroughs as distinguished from the history of the struggle with the lords for municipal franchises. There are chapters on manners, the market, traders, artisans, and crafts. In treating such subjects as manners and "books of courtesy" the author is more at home than in dealing with institutions of government. The greater part of this volume is devoted to the nature of the town polity, the question whether its government was democratic or aristocratic. At the outset we are told that the "commonly accepted"

theory is that borough government in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was democratic, and later gradually became aristocratic. Certainly, this has not been the prevailing theory during the past twenty-five years. Since Brentano wrote his essay on guilds most English writers have accepted his dictum regarding the dominance of an early aristocracy, and the few historians who have vigorously protested against this theory do not seem to have disturbed England's faith in Brentano. Mrs. Green appears to accept his view on this point; she rejects with disdain the theory of "the passage from democracy to oligarchy," and yet she speaks in a vague way of a primitive *communitas*, of which she claims to be the discoverer, and which she calls the early town democracy; and then she proceeds to prove that after the thirteenth century almost every town was ruled by an oligarchy or "official caste." "We may, perhaps, date back to a distant past the claim of the whole community to have all laws ratified by their 'entire assent and consent,' to be made privy and consenting to all elections, to know verily how the town moneys were raised and spent, to admit new burgesses by the common vote of the people. These were rights which the oligarchies constantly endeavored to make void from the time of Henry the Third to the time of Henry the Eighth." In the great majority of towns a second council was formed, but even this system "to some extent represented a victory of the oligarchy." Despite what she has said regarding the prevalence of an early democratic community, she tells us that, in certain towns at least, the oligarchy had been supreme "from the first" or "from the beginning." She informs us more than once that we seem to discern traces of this oligarchy very early or from the beginning, but what these traces are she does not state. Her views are so protean that it is difficult to follow her in this part of her work. In one place

she appears to sneer at the theory of the passage from a democracy to an oligarchy, but in the chapter on the Town Democracy she evidently believes that the democratic *communitas* was the original nucleus of borough government, and in the last chapter of the book she says, "What had been the democracy of 1200 became the oligarchy of 1500." Thus she agrees with Dr. Colby, who investigated the subject some years ago at Harvard University, and whose paper in the *English Historical Review* Mrs. Green either has not read or has passed over with silent contempt.

Mrs. Green wields a very facile pen, and she often works up old material with a skillful hand; but the style of the book is not in keeping with "the meanness and dullness of the municipal story." She herself dwells repeatedly upon the lack of dramatic elements in English municipal history, upon its "dull monotony." Of one of the most prominent boroughs she says, "The civic life stretches out before us like stagnant waters girt around by immutable barriers; scarcely a movement disturbs its sluggish surface;" and of another important municipality, "There is something phenomenal in the record of a town so tranquil." In the narration of such a story we expect a less lofty strain, simpler language, and fewer ponderous phrases. Her well-rounded, labored periods grow wearisome as we penetrate into dry details of industrial growth and town life. No amount of frills and furbelows — not even copious citations from *Piers Plowman* — can make the theme fascinating, however edifying the story may be. Though her statements are generally lucid, she has obscured the sense of one whole chapter by the exuberance of her phraseology; and her fine writing sometimes covers loose thinking and delusive generalizing.

Though her treatise is useful in the present condition of the literature of the subject, the English municipalities of the fifteenth century still await an historian.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION AND TRAVEL.

A WOMAN's chance discovery in a pile of rubbish, a few years ago, of the official correspondence of a Pharaoh who lived a century before the Exodus has an importance scarcely inferior to that of the Rosetta Stone. These letters, written in the Assyrian language and character, are all from the Asiatic portion of the Egyptian empire. The tributary king of Assyria and the governors of towns in Palestine, Phœnicia, and Asia Minor are the principal writers, and they report the condition of their various governments much the same as in more modern times.

This "find" has not only greatly extended our knowledge of Egyptian history and appreciation of the intellectual condition of that part of the world, and especially of the Canaanites, at that time, but it has wakened hopes that other heaps of rubbish may conceal other royal archives. It is not impossible that in some hidden collection of tablets, like that of Tell el Amarna, or of papyri, there may be an account of the bold explorers who discovered the gold mines of South Africa unknown ages ago. Still more likely is it that there will be some record of the pioneers who followed in the footsteps of these men and built Zimbabwi and the other mining towns and castles, the ruins of which are scattered over Mashonaland. A history of that great Sabæan colony, its origin, progress, and final downfall, — whether through the irresistible inrush of savage hordes, the far distant ancestors of the Kafir and the Zulu, or through the exhaustion of the gold, we cannot tell, — would necessarily prove of the greatest interest. It is more than probable, it is certain, that this episode of African history, as it apparently extended over centuries of time, contained more of romance, of exciting adventures, of hopes and fears, of gains

and losses, than that of our modern California or Australia.

We can hope beside that records may be brought to light which will clear up the mysteries still clinging about the shadowy land of Punt, and the expedition sent out to explore it in the year B. C. 2400 by Sankhara of the Eleventh Dynasty, as we learn from the inscription in the Wady Hammamat. This region some scholars believe to be the still partly explored Galla and Somaliland, known also as the "horn of Africa." The discovery of the abandoned gold mines in the southern part of the continent seems to show that it was better known to the men of those distant ages, whose civilization, learning, and wealth we are now only beginning dimly to appreciate, than to those of any other time except our own. This may be true even if we accept the somewhat doubtful story of Herodotus of the fleet dispatched by Necho in the year B. C. 620, which returned to Egypt reporting that it had circumnavigated the continent; or the tales of the Carthaginian merchant travelers who are said to have crossed the Sahara and to have traded with the inhabitants of the Niger basin.

The exploration of Africa, which is yet in progress, may be said to have begun with the formation of the African Association in 1788. Up to that time, since the voyages initiated by Prince Henry the Navigator and those of Vasco da Gama, little had been done by any traveler, trader, or colonist except to touch here and there along the coast. Mungo Park was one of the pioneers of this association, and there are those still living, of whom the present writer is one, whose childish ideas of Africa were largely drawn from the rude pictures of this daring but ill-fated traveler whipping a pool to drive away the innumerable frogs that his horse might drink, or lying ex-

hausted under a tree and receiving water from a compassionate negro woman.

Though there has been a continuous succession of travelers since his day, the most memorable period, and that which gave the greatest impetus to exploration, was the year 1849. It was in that year that Livingstone, in the first of his great journeys, reached the shores of Lake Ngami, a discovery which kindled in him the inextinguishable enthusiasm of the explorer, and caused him finally well-nigh to forget his original purpose of discovering new lands simply that they might be fields for missionary work. Notwithstanding his gradual sinking of the higher in the lower aim, however, no man has done more in our days to promote the work of christianizing the savage world. At the same time, a man of a very different stamp, Gordon Cumming, had just finished his five eventful years of hunting in South Africa, the fascinating account of which he published the next year. By this book he attracted a whole army of sportsmen and professional hunters, by whom and the "trekking" Boers the game which then swarmed on the plains and in the river bottoms was either exterminated, or else driven in greatly diminished numbers to the yet comparatively inaccessible Zambesi valley. On the east coast, in this same year, Mt. Kilimanjaro, superb with its two snow-clad peaks, was discovered by Dr. Rebmann, and Mt. Kenia, snow-clad also, though directly under the equator, was seen by his fellow-missionary, Dr. Krapf. Their report of these wonders filled men's imaginations, recalling the ancient traditions of the Mountains of the Moon at the source of the Nile, and reviving the interest of the civilized world in the solution of that mystery. In this same eventful year, also, Dr. Barth set out from the Mediterranean on his great journey of twelve thousand miles, lasting nearly seven years, during which he crossed and recrossed the desert, explored the central Sudan, and

gave to us the greater part of the knowledge which we possess of those flourishing and populous negroid states to the south of the Sahara. From that time there has been a continually increasing host of travelers, missionaries, and adventurers who have penetrated into nearly every part of the continent. The map, which was mostly blank or conjecturally drawn in our childhood, is now filled with lakes, rivers, mountain chains, plains, and deserts, while the political boundaries which mark the division between the different states and colonial possessions of the European powers show still more evidently the changes wrought by the last half century. The motives which have prompted this conquest of Africa have been various. On the west coast they have been mainly commercial since the first cargo of slaves was shipped to the New World. Undoubtedly there has been much missionary effort there, and Liberia and Sierra Leone both show what has been attempted for the development of the freedman; but mercantile interests, the exchange of palm oil for gin, now that the slave trade has ceased, have been predominant. In the south, Livingstone, the devoted missionary and explorer, and Gordon Cumming, the ardent sportsman, were the men who were the leaders and examples of those who have opened up this region. On the east coast the missionary has been invariably the first in the field, while in the north commercial and political interests have mostly prevailed. The so-called "partition of Africa," which has occupied the public attention so much recently, is due largely to trade interests, though political motives have not been wanting. The great powers that have shared together the unappropriated parts of the continent have been actuated principally by a wish to open new markets for their own products as well as to secure and develop the trade and resources of the regions which have become their "sphere of influence." France and Italy, cramped by

their European boundaries, have sought in Africa freedom to expand and a field for the activities of their young men, a nursery for soldiers and statesmen. Then mere jealousy, occasionally leading a nation to annex comparatively valueless territory to prevent a neighbor from taking it, has played a not unimportant part.

In all this opening up of Africa, however, whether it has proceeded from political, commercial, or in some cases, it must be confessed, from religious motives, the native himself has suffered grievously. The original inhabitants, if the pygmies represent them, as we are inclined to believe, linger only in the recesses of the great and inhospitable forests of the Congo and Aruwimi. The descendants of those who have driven this race to their last refuge are in their turn being crushed out by the raids of the slave hunters in equatorial Africa, or by the almost equally destructive advance of western civilization in other parts. To Livingstone it was the source of the bitterest regret that the slave raiders were the first to profit by his discoveries. The devastation caused by these enemies of the human race is almost inconceivable. There are regions of great extent, in the Congo Free State especially, which a few years ago were filled with a peaceful and industrious people, but are now uninhabited wildernesses. It is difficult to realize what damage an expedition of several hundred men almost necessarily does to a sparsely settled country poorly supplied with food. The expeditions, for instance, from the east coast to the interior, even when peaceful, literally "eat up" the country. But if the wretched native, in despair, attempts to defend his banana groves and wells, even from those who would pay for food and water, he suffers dearly for his act, and the result is often much the same as if he were attacked by a slave hunter.

The literature of this period of ex-

ploration and development, it is hardly necessary to say, has closely followed every movement. At first it consisted mainly of accounts of journeys into unknown regions. Now these are comparatively rare, and have given place to histories of countries, scientific treatises, government documents, missionary reports, and biographies of men who have given their lives to Africa. There are also works on the ethnography of the native races, their language and literature. But the largest class of writers are the travelers, neither explorers nor men with scientific aims, who simply describe the scenery and life of the countries through which they pass. A very favorable specimen of this class is the veteran Dr. H. M. Field. His latest work¹ is an account of a few weeks spent in Northern Africa in the winter of 1892-93. It is written easily and pleasantly, and we judge from the frequent Scriptural allusions and illustrations that it was for a special audience. Though it contains nothing profound or original, yet Dr. Field is a good observer, and describes the picturesque life of the half-African, half-European towns on the Mediterranean exceedingly well.

He had unusual opportunities for meeting interesting people, both natives and foreigners, of which he always availed himself for the benefit of his readers, and some of the most entertaining and suggestive passages in his book are accounts of interviews with leading men in the places he visited. The fact that this was his second journey to the region enables him to write somewhat more intelligently and to give more truthful impressions than the traveler to whom everything is new and strange. Of Gibraltar he tells nothing new, but there is much that is of interest in his account of Tangier, almost the only place where Moor and Christian freely jostle each other in the

¹ *The Barbary Coast.* By HENRY M. FIELD. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

streets. He had an interview with the bashaw, "a magnificent specimen of manly strength and beauty," who gave him the rare privilege of seeing the prison. The horrors of this place, where starvation is the only and continual discipline, are rather hinted at than described. There is a striking picture of the late Sultan, "the only one in existence that gives any just impression of the man." It is the enlargement of a photograph taken by a kodak while he was riding in the midst of a great procession, four years ago, in Tangier. A pleasant anecdote, showing his kindly feeling, is all that Dr. Field has to tell of him; though he devotes a chapter to the relations which Morocco sustains to the European powers, and emphasizes the fact that because of its great and undeveloped resources in agricultural and mineral wealth "it is the greatest prize in the world"! Of Algeria, naturally, he saw far more than of Morocco. Besides the capital he visited Constantine, and rode through the mountains of the Kabyles, of whom he gives a particularly interesting description, obtained from one who had lived long among them. He also went into the southern part of the colony to the edge of the Sahara. The impressions which he gives from what he saw and heard, as compared with those of his former visit, strengthen the conviction that the French, after sixty years of conquest, have done little or nothing to overcome the sleeping but ever living hostility of the natives. The prefect of Constantine said to him: "All is quiet now, but an insurrection may break out at any time. We cannot guard against it, nor even anticipate its coming, any more than that of an earthquake. . . . One thing we cannot do: we cannot touch the religion of the people. If we did, there would be an insurrection to-morrow!" Notwithstanding this feel-

ing of living on a volcano, the Frenchman has come to stay, and he is planning to connect Algeria with Senegambia on the west coast and the states of the central Sudan by a railway, a magnificent scheme, to which Dr. Field devotes a chapter. There is nothing noteworthy in this, nor in his very sketchy account of his visit to Tunis and Carthage. This is the occasion of a diffuse and didactic chapter upon St. Augustine, which, we fear, will find fewer interested readers than his brief sketch of Jules Gérard, the lion-killer. This chapter and a dull recapitulation of the familiar events leading to the ruin of Carthage are perhaps the only instances of "padding" in a book which tells us much in an entertaining manner.

Of a very different character is Mr. Lucas's history of the British colonies on the west coast.¹ It is packed full of information, clearly and concisely given, first of the general history of the discovery and settlement of the whole coast by the various European nations; then each colony is described separately, its history, government, commerce, resources, and present condition. The general impression left by the book is not favorable. These colonies have been from the beginning, and still are, hardly more than mere trading settlements. Though the slave trade by sea has ceased, yet slavery itself, with its attendant barbarism, exists almost within cannon-shot of the towns and factories, and little is done to suppress it or to elevate the negro. The most satisfactory condition is found at Lagos, the least at Sierra Leone, where "Mohammedanism is increasing more rapidly than Christianity, and education is making no progress."

One of the most remarkable of recent journeys is that of Dr. James Johnston,² who crossed Africa from Benguela on the Atlantic coast to the mouth of the

¹ *A Historical Geography of British Colonies.* By C. P. LUCAS. Volume III. West Africa. Oxford: University Press.

² *Reality versus Romance in South Central Africa.* By JAMES JOHNSTON, M. D. New York: T. H. Revell & Co.

Zambesi. It was a walk of 4500 miles, occupying seventeen months; and though his way led through regions inhabited by tribes hostile to every stranger, he never fired a shot in anger or in self-defense, nor lost a carrier by death. This is an absolutely unique record for a journey of any extent, and shows that he had extraordinary tact and patience in dealing with the natives, as well as unremitting care for his men. His object was to see whether there was an opportunity for Christian negroes from the West Indies to aid the missionaries as lay assistants, especially in teaching the natives the industrial arts. Taking six from Jamaica with him, he traveled from station to station, from the establishments of the American Board at Bihé to the Scotch missions at Blantyre and on Lake Nyassa, only to be disappointed at each. There was no opening for his Jamaicans, who ultimately returned to their island. The missionary work did not seem to him to have advanced beyond the initial stage, and little progress had been made in christianizing the negro. This failure of his hopes has affected his impressions of the whole of the country through which he passed more unfavorably, perhaps, than he is aware. Its fertility, for instance, had been greatly exaggerated. Much of it was a barren wilderness, and the climate was pestilential. Of Mashonaland, the latest British acquisition in this region, he says, "No one looking out on the dreary wastes we have traversed during the last forty-five days could hope to earn even a bare living from the sandy soil." He traveled here for twenty-three days without seeing a native village, but this may have been due to the raids of the Matabele, and not to the poverty of the land. In Salisbury, the new town which sprang up with the advent of the miners, bankruptcy was the "order of the day," and the liquor trade was the only thriving business. "Out of a hundred wagons on the road to Salisbury, seventy carry an average of two thou-

sand bottles of intoxicating liquor each." The only things in which he apparently was not disappointed were the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, and the famous Bechuana king, Khama, who is "a noble example of what Christianity and civilization can do for the African." Dr. Johnston was very successful as a photographer, and the reproductions of his pictures which are given in the book are the most beautiful of African scenery which we have ever seen.

A great part of this same region was the theatre of the adventures of which Mr. Selous writes so entertainingly in his new book.¹ He is a hunter by profession, and is honorably "known throughout Africa as the man who never tells a lie." But for this reputation it might be hard to credit some of the stories which he tells, as, for instance, of the night attack upon his camp by lions, or the escape from the Mashukulumbwi, a native tribe on the upper Zambesi, a story of extraordinary endurance, woodcraft, and pluck. They are told, moreover, with great simplicity and modesty, and with literary skill very unusual in one more accustomed to hold a gun than a pen. It is interesting to note that he does not regard the extinction of the large game in Africa as probable, with the exception of the white rhinoceros, of which only a few individuals are left. The native chiefs in the regions in which he hunted now carefully preserve the game. The only difficulty, indeed, which he had with the noted Matabele king, Lobengula, was about a hippopotamus which the king accused him of killing without permission. The latter part of his volume is chiefly devoted to an account of his pioneer work in Mashonaland. In 1889 he was employed to guide a gold-prospecting company through this country, and soon after he built a road for the South African Company through the wilderness to

¹ *Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa.* By F. C. SELOUS. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

the mining region. This he accomplished with marked success and without exciting the hostility of the natives. It is curious to notice with what different views these two men, the hunter and the Scotch physician, both equally truthful, regard the same country. We have quoted Dr. Johnston's opinion. Mr. Selous, on the other hand, thinks well of it not only for its mineral but for its agricultural wealth, and as a place for stock-raising. Though well within the tropics, its elevation above the sea is so great, three to six thousand feet, that it has "a thoroughly temperate climate." In winter it is "apt to become so keen and cold that an Englishman suddenly transplanted from home, and deposited, without knowing where he was, on some part of the Mashona uplands, would never dream that he was in tropical Africa, but would rather be inclined to believe that he stood on some wild moorland in northern Europe; and the sight of a bed of bracken, looking identical with what one sees at home, would only lend color to this belief." If any justification of the recent Matabele war were needed, it could be found in Mr. Selous's description of the ruin wrought by their raids. In 1840, when they first came into the country, the peaceful Mashonas occupied it in great numbers, cultivated the ground, were rich in herds, lived in walled towns, and practiced some rude arts. Now a miserable remnant have fled to the tops of almost inaccessible cliffs, where they live in constant terror of their fierce neighbors. When Mr. Selous, with a party of only ten, passed by one of their kraals, the people everywhere fled precipitately at his approach, "the old women running from the cornfields, wailing and shouting, and the cattleherds and goatherds leaving their flocks to shift for themselves." Of Zimbabwi, which Mr. Rhodes, the premier of Cape Colony, proposes to make a grand South African mausoleum, Mr. Selous has much to say that is interesting. He does not agree with the conclusion reached by Mr. The-

odore Bent in his *Ruined Cities of Mashonaland*, that the Sabæan occupation ended in the extermination of that people, but he believes that there was a gradual fusion with the natives, the traces of which are still to be seen.

Another side of life in this country when the English miners took possession is pictured in a most charming way by Lady Rose Blennerhassett.¹ In the first part of her entertaining volume she dwells mainly on the incidents of the journey from the Cape to the hospital at Umtali, a mining town in the eastern part of Mashonaland. The last two hundred miles she and her companion walked, a feat of which she writes most modestly, but one without a parallel. The path led through a wilderness in which fever-haunted swamps alternated with sun-scorched plains. They slept in a lean-to, "and the lions were so near that we could hear the piglike grunt they make when they are hunting." At another halting-place, "the lions, coming down to drink at the swampy pool just in front of our huts, made such a terrific noise that the earth seemed to shake with their roaring. It was a strange sensation to find ourselves so near all these wild creatures, with not even the slenderest door or mat to shut them out of our hut;" and a most dangerous thing, as Mr. Selous afterwards assured them. Their servant was one Wilkins, "an excellent but doddering old person," who said that he had been with Livingstone, and told many anecdotes of the great explorer. Here is one of them: "One morning, sisters, and 't is as true as I'm a-biting this crust, we were surrounded by strange niggers, and them niggers meant mischief if ever a nigger did. Livingstone, he says, 'We're lost,' says he. 'We must go back and give up. Come here, Wilkins, and advise me.' And I up and says, 'Give up, doctor? Never! Let's go and drive 'em off.' The doctor, he

¹ *Adventures in Mashonaland.* By Two Hospital Nurses, ROSE BLENNERHASSETT and LUCY SLEEMAN. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

looks at me. 'Right you are,' he says. 'Lead on, my brave fellow, and I'll follow.' And as true as I'm a living man we slew seventy before breakfast!" The various incidents of their two years in Untali are told with such graphic simplicity, touched often with humor, that the reader must sometimes fail to realize their situation. At one time the place was literally besieged by lions, who raided the cattle-pens at night, "and in broad daylight coolly chased the police horses across the commonage." A leopard attempted to force its way into the hut where they lay ill of a fever. A patient died in the hospital, "and a man with a loaded revolver sat there all night to protect the corpse from the wild beasts." A description of the Christmas week, 1891, "when camp and township remained 'on the burst,'" leads one to suspect that at times there was little to choose, so far as companionship was concerned, between the men and the beasts. It is scarcely necessary to add that the book is full of bright sketches of the people whom they saw, and that it is a remarkably graphic picture of life in a frontier settlement.

On the steamer which took the two nurses from Zanzibar to Europe "was a wizened-looking child of about eight or nine, only redeemed from positive ugliness by a pair of magnificent Eastern eyes, large, lustrous, and solemn. She understood and spoke a little German, French, and Italian, but said little or nothing, made no noise, and moped about in corners." This was Ferida, the daughter of Emin Pasha, who was at that time making his way slowly towards the Congo, a few months before his murder. The German government has just published a splendid work, descriptive of this his last expedition, by his companion, Dr. Franz Stuhlmann.¹ There is a rare combination of qualities in this author, — thorough

scientific training, keen powers of observation, a strong interest in human nature, and literary skill, and his book is the best which has yet appeared on eastern equatorial Africa. After describing the noteworthy incidents of each march, he gives an account of each tribe which has been encountered, its mode of life, dwellings, household implements, weapons, and customs generally. In this way he has gathered an invaluable collection of ethnographical facts, as many of the tribes are apparently doomed to a speedy extinction. Emin had a roving commission to explore the territory belonging to Germany, but an ambitious desire to lead an expedition across the continent took possession of him. From Lake Victoria he went to the frontier of his former province on the Nile, and, after a vain attempt to induce his old Sudanese soldiers to join him, strove to cross the great forest in which Stanley's expedition so nearly perished. The story of these days of fruitless efforts is perhaps the most pathetic in the annals of African travel. The pasha was nearly blind, and greatly weakened from an unhealed wound. There was little food to be had, and he was encumbered with helpless women and children. Finally smallpox broke out, and, separating the well from the sick, he sent the former back to the coast with his companion; his parting words to him being a greeting to his child, Ferida. He himself remained with a few score of men and women, and, after some months' delay, was compelled, probably, to accompany a band of slave hunters to the Congo. About three days' march from the river he was murdered by the leader of the party. A very interesting account of a visit to Uganda is also given by Dr. Stuhlmann, as well as a brief sketch of the recent civil and religious dissensions which have led to the English protectorate.

Into the northern part of this same region Count Teleki led the expedition of which his comrade, Lieutenant von

¹ *Mit Emin Pascha ins Herz von Afrika.* Von Dr. FRANZ STUHMANN. Berlin: D. Reimer. 1894.

Höhnel, is the historian.¹ It was a hunting and exploring expedition, and they were successful in both objects. Three hundred and fifty head of large game, including twenty-eight elephants and seventy-nine rhinoceroses, fell to the count's rifle alone. Too much space is given to these hunting incidents, which have a great similarity, and the reader at last is inclined to be shocked at what seems to be wanton slaughter. From Zanzibar past Mt. Kilimanjaro, through Masailand and over the Kikuyu highlands, where they had an unfortunate and unnecessary encounter with the brave Wakikuyu, they are on familiar ground. Beyond this they turned from the regular caravan route to Lake Victoria into the unknown regions to the north, seeking two large lakes said to exist in Samburu. The difficulties and dangers which they encountered in this wilderness, from the wind which blew with the force of a hurricane and nearly buried them in the sand, and from the want of water, it would be hard to exaggerate. Scarcely a day passed without one or more of their followers being reported dead or missing. At length, on March 6, 1888, they reached the southern shore of a great lake, and, to quote from the narrator, "although utterly exhausted after the seven hours' march in the intense and parching heat, we felt our spirits rise once more as we stood upon the beach at last, and saw the beautiful water, clear as crystal, stretching away before us. The men rushed down, shouting, to plunge into the lake, but soon returned in bitter disappointment: the water was brackish! . . . A few scattered tufts of fine, stiff grass rising up in melancholy fashion near the shore, from the wide stretches of sand, were the only bits of green, the only signs of life of any kind. Here and there, some partly in the water, some on the beach, rose up isolated skeleton trees, stretching up their bare, sun-bleached

branches to the pitiless sky. No living creature shared the gloomy solitude with us; and far as our glass could reach there was nothing to be seen but desert, — desert everywhere." From where they stood sixteen craters of volcanoes could be counted, from one of which, smooth and straight as a chimney, arose clouds of smoke.

For a month they struggled along the dreary eastern shore of the lake, which they named Rudolf, after the ill-fated crown prince of Austria, nearly perishing from want of food and water. At the northern end — it was about two hundred miles long by twenty-five broad — they found an inhabited country; but the natives were hostile, and, in the weak condition of their followers, they could not force their way through. A week's journey to the eastward brought them to a similar but smaller lake, to which they gave the name of Stefanie, the wife of the crown prince. Its water was very brackish, and the beach was strewn with fish, "which lay about in great quantities in various stages of decomposition." Although these discoveries do not appear to have any other than a geographical importance, yet the expedition will rank high among exploring expeditions for the courage and skill with which the two Europeans overcame great obstacles. Lieutenant von Höhnel took the scientific part of the work, and proved himself to be an excellent collector and cartographer. In an appendix he gives a partial list of his collection of specimens of the fauna and flora of the regions visited, among which are many new species. The translation, it may be added, is admirably done.

The legendary and folk-lore literature of the African races is still very meagre. Many travelers, as Dr. Stuhlmann for instance, give a few examples of stories in the accounts of their journeys, but few as yet have made a special study of this branch of science. Therefore Mr. Stan-

lated by NANCY BELL. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

¹ *Discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie.* By Lieutenant LUDWIG VON HÖHNEL. Trans-
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ley's little book ¹ of stories, told over the camp-fire by his native followers, has a peculiar value. Mr. Stanley's lack of literary skill probably gives rather an artificial air to them, and here and there one notes suggestions of Western and Asiatic influences; but that they are substantially genuine specimens of the tales of Zanzibari porters there is no reason to doubt. They are almost exclusively stories in which the animals — in one a rabbit, in another a terrapin — bear the principal parts, and are represented as superior to man. In one only, if we are not mistaken, is the supernatural element entirely wanting, and love between a woman and a man described.

Far more important than this collection are Mr. Heli Chatelain's fifty tales of the Angola tribes on the west coast who speak the Ki-mbundu language.² He has evidently used great diligence in gathering the material for this volume, and his notes show an extraordinary knowledge of the language and customs of the natives. The original text of each story is given upon one page, and a very literal translation on the opposite. Animals, again, are prominent in these, the leopard especially, and there are several stories of the hare, bearing a faint resem-

blance to some of Uncle Remus's. In many there are interesting allusions to the beliefs and modes of life of the natives, and occasionally a didactic strain is evident. Some of them, too, show a certain unexpected refinement in thought and language, indicating an intelligence above that of the mere savage. The editor has given a page of music and maps of the region, which increase the value of his interesting volume.

A few words may be added in respect to the regions yet unexplored in Africa. The most important of these is the central Sudan, including the negroid states south of the Sahara. Only one or two Europeans have succeeded in reaching them, and it is probable that for years to come their Mohammedan rulers will pursue their policy of excluding Christians from their territories. Next in importance are parts of Abyssinia and the regions adjacent on the south now in the Italian sphere of influence. The southern and southeastern portions of the Congo Free State are still very imperfectly known. With these exceptions, it may be said that Africa is as thoroughly explored to-day as Asia, and probably better known as a whole than South America.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. History of England under Henry the Fourth, by James Hamilton Wylie, M. A. Vol. I., 1399-1404; Vol. II., 1405-1406. (Longmans.) It is ten years since the opening volume of this work appeared, and students of English history had naturally begun to fear that Mr. Wylie's minute study of the reign of the

first Lancastrian king might never be completed; for to students the book proved of exceptional interest and value, though possibly it made no very strong appeal to the general reader. The work might well be called *The Story of a Usurpation*, so typical is the history of sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion contained therein, — a record

¹ *My Dark Companions and their Strange Stories.* By HENRY M. STANLEY. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

² *Folk-Tales of Angola.* Fifty Tales, with Ki-mbundu text, Literal English Translation,

Introduction, and Notes. Collected and edited by HELI CHATELAIN. Published for the American Folk-Lore Society by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society. Volume I. 1894.

of revolt in Wales, disorder in Ireland, quarrels with Scotland, and treason everywhere. With more exactitude than is often the case, the author's labor may be called exhaustive; it is history given in detail, and each item is annotated with extraordinary thoroughness, and complete sketches of the principal actors, sometimes of peculiar interest, are usually interpolated. This method of writing, of course, makes broad views of events or effective generalizations almost impossible, but it has in this case made a most authoritative and permanent book of reference, whether we regard the religion, statecraft, warfare, finance, trade, or social life of the time. So it is to be hoped that the index promised with the third and concluding volume will be fuller and more comprehensive than those which sometimes accompany English works of like importance. — *Social England, a Record of the Progress of the People in Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Industry, Commerce, Science, Literature, and Manners, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day*, by Various Writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D. C. L. Vol. I., *From the Earliest Times to the Accession of Edward the First*. (Casell, London; Putnams, New York.) A work encyclopædic in its scope, and probably destined to be so in its proportions, when we remember that the few definite divisions in which the subject of the social history of England can be satisfactorily treated in the first volume will later have to be divided and subdivided, and the subdivisions even divided again. While the book is evidently intended for the general reader, it is written throughout in the spirit of the latest and most enlightened scholarship, and the contributors to this volume give us always competent, and in some instances very excellent work. The editor's admirable and all too brief introduction, outlining the plan of the history, and most effectively summarizing the story of English social progress through the centuries, imparts to the reader a feeling of confidence in the success of a project fortunate in such clear-sighted and able guidance. The four epochs considered in this volume begin as they should, with England Before the English, Celtic, and Roman Britain being relatively as adequately treated as Saxon or Norman England. The inevitable repetitions, resulting from the plan of regarding each section of the sub-

ject in turn as much as from the composite authorship, are generally as little evident as may be, and indeed the work, on the whole, so well fulfills its purpose that it would be an ungrateful task to particularize blemishes or weaknesses, usually of superficial importance. — *Slav and Moslem, Historical Sketches*, by J. Milliken Napier Brodhead. (Aiken Publishing Co., Aiken, S. C.) A demand, rather than a plea, for the recognition of Russia as a great civilizing force, particularly when confronted by the unspeakable Turk. — *The Indian and the Pioneer, an Historical Study*, by Rose N. Yawger. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) In a couple of volumes bound in one, Miss Yawger, who is a teacher in Union Springs Union school, has collected various facts concerning the Indians, especially those near Lake Geneva, and also concerning the early settlers of the region, and the present local life in school and church. The local touches are frequent, and give a certain specific value to the work. — *Samuel Longfellow: Memoir and Letters; Essays and Sermons*. Edited by Joseph May. (Houghton.) These two volumes contain the record of the character and work of a singularly refined and gentle nature, which yet had a rocklike stability. There was in the outward expression a certain wavering which seemed, superficially, the mark of an unstable mind, but it would be juster to liken it to the quivering of the needle which was struggling against untoward influences after a steadfast pointing to the north. The affectionate nature of the man, his dreamy temperament, forgetful of actualities apparently, yet always mindful in the most delicate manner of persons, won him a half-whimsical but always loving regard, and his fine sensibility as well as his frail physical being interfered with a full and rounded activity. Altogether an unusual man, with a touch of incompleteness which left one wondering if there were not somewhere else another half to him. — *Whittier with the Children*, by Margaret Sidney. (Lothrop.) A somewhat intimately written sketch of Whittier, first in his own boyhood, and then in his relation to children, especially two who are named. There are some pleasing little touches of incident, but the writer scarcely reaches the point which she admires in Whittier when she says, "Mr. Whittier had the remarkable faculty of ef-

facing himself in his intercourse with children."

Fiction. Sweet Bells out of Tune, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. (The Century Co.) One of the outspoken characters in this tale says to the heroine, "It's not a common experience you've had to bear so early in married life, even among what I call the most frivolous and brainless set of people on this continent." It is a pity that Mrs. Harrison, with all her cleverness, does not succeed in extracting something more from this comedy of frivolous and brainless people than the hurried close of an evening's stage melodrama. It is not so very difficult a matter to disclose the process by which a selfish man of society, with low ideals, estranges a pure-minded and high-bred wife; the real problem is to show how they can return to a genuine and not mock peace with each other, and that problem Mrs. Harrison has shirked. — Dostoevsky's Poor Folk (Roberts), to which, by the way, George Moore has contributed a suggestive introduction, is written in one of the most artificial of all literary forms, — the form of letters which pass between the two chief characters. Whether such a manner be the best in which to tell the tale of the love and self-sacrifice of poor old Makar for the unfortunate Varvara may well be a question; but there can be no doubt that Dostoevsky has produced here a tragedy of extraordinary power. He has made us feel, as perhaps no one else ever did, the hopelessness of the miserable fate of poor folk; and, by way of alleviation, he has marvelously brought out the beauty of such a love as Makar bore for Varvara. He seems to say, as Mr. Howells has said, "Let us make men know one another better," — know the despair of the poor, and the beauty not quite gone out from their lives. — The Ebb Tide, by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne. (Stone & Kimball.) More than one lover of Stevenson must have read this story in the magazine in which it was first printed. From its opening chapters it seemed possible to such readers that the aroma might prove too pungent to be fixed in a more permanent form, but this feeling has been thoroughly dispelled, and the publishers, in spite of some inappropriateness in the cover-design, have done their part of the work daintily and well. That phrase from the Missionary Hymn, contrasting antipodean

man and his surroundings, is the keynote of the story. The reader is constantly struck with the writers' design, we think, in the contrast between the vileness of the three principal characters, men of diverse temperament and history, and the lovely surroundings in which they work out their evil destinies. Again we feel, as for example, aforetime, in *A Night with Villon*, kinship with the lapsed, from whom only the barrier of adequate and regular nourishment divides at least some of the excellent. On this point Stevenson has elsewhere more definitely insisted. There is a touch of *fin de siècle* sharpness in a phrase or two, a suggestion of the manner to which, in him, we are unaccustomed. The style remains, however, a delightful thing; there is still the absolute clearness in seeing all with which the author deals, and there is happy selection, both of which qualities, it seems to us, more than any balancing of phrase and curiousness in epithet, give to his books a wonderful and un-English charm. It would appear from this that Mr. Lloyd Osborne has suffered the fate of the minor collaborator; but to him may possibly be ascribed the correctness of the American local color and the lack of grotesqueness in the use of American slang. — *Salem Kittredge, and Other Stories*, by Bliss Perry (Scribners), are, in a way, as interesting to the critic as they are entertaining to the general reader. Their author seems to look back longingly on the time and material of romance, but to step resolutely forward, nevertheless, into the present, the ordinary, the commonplace. With this contemporary life Mr. Perry does not seem deeply and completely enough in sympathy ever to do any really first-rate work. But he can already do some that is very diverting. His manner is that of the skillful *raconteur* at table: he handles his incidents excellently, and does not bother about much else. Usually he gives his stories a humorous turn that is sometimes a trifle farcical, and sometimes a bit satirical. — *A Prodigal in Love*, by Emma Wolf (Harpers), is a novel that somehow one reads through, despite the protest of one's better judgment and taste; and yet the book is surely not worth the reading, for it is scarcely more than so much sensational trash. — *The Hon. Stanbury and Others*, by Two. The Incognito Library. (Putnams.) The Hon. Stanbury, a sketch rather than a story,

is well told, in a terse, clean-cut, readable style. There is some originality shown in the choice of a subject and its treatment, — the history of the love of the Hon. Mr. Marks, a stolid, slow-witted, unimaginative man, whose besetting sin is gluttony, for a poor dancer, a woman broken in health and no longer young; and the reawakening of the man's better nature wrought thereby is indicated delicately and without exaggeration. The two shorter tales which complete the volume, each having a pathetically forlorn and aging spinster as heroine, though fairly well done, are of no special importance. — *The Wedding Garment*, by Louis Pendleton (Roberts), is a Swedenborgian tract written in the form of a novel. As a tract, it undertakes to instruct in the doctrines of the New Church concerning the life to come, but in this it is scarcely more successful than in its character as a novel. The author does not show enough literary instinct and power to make respectable use of his richly imaginative material of Swedenborg's splendid vision of the other world. — Mr. Noah Brooks expresses the hope that his readers may find in his *Tales of the Maine Coast* (Scribners) "the same recreation that the writer has found, and at the same time gain some notion of the characteristics of the people." Recreation the reader will find, undeniably, for the writer of these tales has something very much like the newspaper man's instinct for the interesting. And, too, the reader will gain some notion of the characteristics of the people, but of these characteristics as they manifest themselves under exceptional rather than ordinary circumstances. For the rare art of making the commonplace significant has not been given to the author. — *Quaker Idyls*, by Sarah M. H. Gardner. (Holt.) Between the appropriate drab covers of this little book one is given glimpses of old-fashioned Quaker life in Philadelphia, New York State, and Boston. The sketches — they can hardly be called stories — are as placid as they should be, but, unfortunately, lack something of the spice of humor, often unconscious, which is supposed, with reason, to be a distinguishing element of Quaker character. — *Red Cap and Blue Jacket*, by George Dunn. (Putnams.) A loosely constructed story, whose rather stilted style may perhaps be supposed by the author to indicate an eighteenth-century quality.

The principal characters are, a nobleman, who, by an act of unspeakable baseness and cruelty, has succeeded to his victim's title and estate, and a Scotch schoolmaster, given to discoursing at portentous length on any subject under discussion, who has adopted revolutionary theories, which a visit to France during the Terror naturally serves to bring to confusion. In the prison of the Luxembourg he meets the real Lord Wimpole, and escapes with him to England. The revelation of this gentleman's wrongs is, on the whole, very calmly received by his friends, and the cousin, though forced to surrender his ill-gotten goods, is speedily supplied with love, honor, and distinction almost sufficient to counterbalance the loss. The closing incidents of the tale remind one of the final act of the ordinary comedy of the last century, in which all is summarily made right, and they bear the same relation to anything in actual life. Indeed, while there is some cleverness shown in certain portions of the story, an atmosphere of unreality surrounds the whole. — *A Pound of Cure, a Story of Monte Carlo*, by William H. Bishop. (Scribners.) The moral purpose of this rather tedious tale has perverted its author's artistic sense, for Mr. Bishop has shown himself capable of better things. And the grim joke of it is that the book must be as ineffective morally as it is artistically. Here is one of "life's little ironies."

Travel and Nature. Eskimo Life, by Fridtjof Nansen. Translated by William Archer. (Longmans.) Dr. Nansen is well known by his *The First Crossing of Greenland*. In this book he gathers the results of his study and observation during the winter when he was housed among the Eskimos, and describes their mode of life, their social ideas, and their religion. He was much attracted by their affectionate nature, and though the descriptions are somewhat lacking in sharpness and individuality, they serve to justify the general impressions which Dr. Nansen seeks to give. He passes in review the whole course of European influence, and draws a final conclusion that this influence has been almost wholly mischievous. He counsels the Danish government to withdraw its officers and leave the Eskimos to themselves. — *In the Wake of Columbus, Adventures of the Special Commissioner sent by the World's Columbian Exposition to the West Indies*, by Fred-

erick A. Ober. (Lothrop.) Although the main part of this book is occupied with a record of the journeys which Mr. Ober made when interesting the authorities of the West Indies in the Chicago Fair, the author had an intelligent plan of visiting all the places, whether in the Old World or the New, which were connected historically or by tradition with Columbus. The book thus is in the nature of a series of illustrations, both by pen and camera, of the scenes in which Columbus was a figure. As such it has an added value to the historical student who may not be able to make the pilgrimage himself. For Mr. Ober is a persistent sight-seer and an animated narrator of his experience. — *A Year amongst the Persians, Impressions as to the Life, Character and Thought of the People of Persia, received during Twelve Months' Residence in that Country in the Years 1887-88*, by Edward G. Browne. (Macmillan.) Dr. Browne, who is lecturer in Persian to the University of Cambridge, England, was most admirably equipped for his year in Persia: not only had he a colloquial familiarity with the language as well as an academic knowledge of it, but he had enthusiasm, an open mind, and a passion for the acquisition not merely of the external life which awaits every intelligent traveler, but of the inner, especially the religious mind. Hence his book, while a most interesting narrative of personal adventure, has a profounder value as an exposition of the Bâti faith, and a sympathetic study of the religions of Persia. The writer is so lively and withal so naïve that his work is a treasure trove to the reader of travels. — *Wayside Sketches*, by Eben J. Loomis. (Roberts.) A book made up partly of sentiments regarding nature, in which fancy plays an undue part without playing it well, and partly of stories or allegories which could be classed as products of the imagination only in a subject catalogue. It is fact and fancy of an old-fashioned sort; we seem to detect a Byronic influence in "the voice of the mountain speaking to its brother peak" (only Byron would have made it a sister); but the sentiments uttered are those of a Sunday-school paper. At every allusion to the moral sentiment the page breaks out into capitals. — *The Friendship of Nature, a New England Chronicle of Birds and Flowers*, by Mabel

Osgood Wright. (Macmillan.) A miniature collection of essays done in a manner suggestive of miniature painting, with delicate stippling and fresh light colors. The effects produced are very pretty, and the feeling of the book is true and sweet; but one wonders now and then whether the picture is not completed by a touch of invention, or at least whether the objects brought together do not come in sight, like Chateaubriand's moon, just in time to prevent him from bringing it perforce into his page. — *Our Great West, a Study of the Present Conditions and Future Possibilities of the New Commonwealths and Capitals of the United States*, by Julian Ralph. (Harpers.) A lively, picturesque book, in which practically each locality is allowed to play its own brass band. It is exhilarating to read of the splendid energy and dauntless hope and faith which are engaged in laying bare the great material resources of the West. Mr. Ralph does not shut his eyes to the reverse of the picture, yet he opens them only for a moment. There is, for example, but little concerning the uninformed public opinion, and the ease with which combinations are made for the enrichment of the few and the impoverishment of the many. — *On and Off the Saddle, from the Great Northeast to the Antilles*, by Lispenard Rutgers. (Putnams.) The ground covered in this slender volume is extensive, and the pace at which we are carried over it (the programme for the first day is a drive of a hundred miles) fairly takes away our breath. The motion is rendered uncomfortable by the continual jerks with which the narrative proceeds from the past to the present tense and back again. The following sentence will afford a fair example of the writer's style: "A drive of twenty miles back from the railroad, where the shriek of the locomotive is never heard, we began to see signs of animal life: prairie chickens fly up in front of our horses, alighting fifty feet off, so tame were they." For sheer incoherence this would be hard to match. The book ends appropriately with a cyclone. — *Eastward to the Land of the Morning*, by M. M. Shoemaker. (Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati.) The rambling discourse of a traveler from Brindisi to Japan. He does not weary the reader with the matter-of-fact details of his journey, but seeks to give a series of magic-

lantern slides of scenes. He is disposed to advise his friends not to make a single journey round the globe, but to bisect the world, and take half at a time. — The Partridge: Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson; Shooting, by A. J. Stuart-Wortley; Cookery, by George Saintsbury. Fur and Feather Series. (Longmans.) One of a series of monographs on English game birds and beasts. It is not so limited in scope as would appear at first sight, for the partridge touches English life at a number of points. In fact, if there were room on the title-page for the sub-title English Traits, it would not more than cover the range of a delightful volume in which we learn all about the partridge from the egg to the dinner table, besides having an incidental glimpse of some of the finest traits of English character, and an opportunity to observe the admirable training for literature and politics afforded by an organized national sport. Mr. Macpherson celebrates the partridge in sober and simple fashion, Mr. Saintsbury shows literary skill and zest, and Mr. Stuart-Wortley's writing is clever, spontaneous, and thoroughly felicitous in tone. — Beyond the Rockies, a Spring Journey in California, by Charles A. Stoddard. (Scribners.) Dr. Stoddard, who has served his apprenticeship as a traveler in foreign countries, here shows his training in the natural manner in which he touches lightly on the mere circumstance of travel, and occupies himself with the more permanent impressions formed on a journey from New York to New Orleans, thence to Texas, to New Mexico and Arizona, in Southern California, California, and home by Salt Lake. It is a journey which many people take, and which they will find agreeable to repeat in this easily flowing narrative.

Literature and Literary History. Prose Fancies, by Richard Le Gallienne. (Putnam's.) Some twenty-five brief essays on light topics more or less connected with the life of a man of letters. They are graceful, touched now and then with genuine poetic feeling, and gay with a merry humor. They are, nevertheless, — shall we say it? — affected by what we may term a journalistic consciousness, a cleverness of the moment which means good "copy." Coming across them singly in a weekly journal, one is glad of such a sauce of good literature; coming upon them together in a deliberate book,

one thinks how journalism is tingeing literature. — History of the English Language, by T. R. Lounsbury. (Holt.) The general history of the language and the detailed account of the changes in inflection — both of which, by the way, have been revised and enlarged — are addressed, of course, chiefly to scholars, and for the needs of such the book is, within its own limits, admirably adequate. But it is surely not only to scholars that a history of the language of Shakespeare and of modern London must appeal, — the language of the man who knew life best, and of "the particular spot where," as Henry James says, "one's sense of life is strongest." For it is only by this intimate union with life — with what is best and most vital in life — that a history of even the mother tongue can hold the attention of the general reader. And such a union — the meaning and the promise of it — Professor Lounsbury shows in his clean-cut, vigorous account of the varying fortunes of our language.

Philosophy and Religion. La Définition de la Philosophie, par Ernest Naville. (Georg et Cie., Genève et Bâle.) It is philosophy "in the abstract" that M. Naville defines, but the bounds of his definition form the outline of a system of modern Christian philosophy. Rejecting both rationalism and empiricism as exclusive of one or another set of phenomena, he preaches spiritualism, and seeks to reconcile science and religion by means of a synthesis which shall account at once for physical laws and the course of history. He first considers the explanation of phenomena according to class, law, cause, and design (*l'explication par la classe, par la loi, par la cause, et par le but*), laying stress upon psychological laws, introducing the will as a *cause libre*, and putting design on equal footing with cause as a subject of investigation. He then discusses the scientific method of arriving at truth through proposition (*constatation*), supposition, and verification, and then proceeds to the treatment of the philosophic processes of analysis, hypothesis, and synthesis, giving hypothesis equal rank with the others, and considering the doctrines included in religious dogma as hypotheses to be examined by philosophy. The style is very clear and simple, and the arrangement of the book is almost geometric, each axiom being printed in italics at the head of the chapter which elucidates it, duly numbered

for purposes of cross-reference, and included in a summary at the end of the volume. — The first of four volumes to be devoted to the writings of Thomas Paine has been published. The writings are collected and edited by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, who has already rendered important service by his *Life of Thomas Paine*. This volume covers the period from 1774 to 1779, and, with the exception of a few trifles at the beginning from a magazine edited by Paine, is occupied with his political papers, including *Common Sense*, *The American Crisis*, and other papers bearing the signature "*Common Sense*." The homely force of these papers is distinguishable now, and it is easy to see what an impression they must have made when the subjects were not historical, but related to conduct and action immediately. — *The King and the Kingdom, a Study of the Four Gospels*. (Putnam's, New York; Williams & Norgate, London.) There is no occasion to criticize with undue severity an anonymous author who writes in his preface, "Not scholarship, as may easily be seen, but only earnestness of thought and sincerity of purpose can be urged in favor of this work." Its object is to present a diatessaron, drawn from various translations, amplified by remarks of the commentators, especially Dean Alford, and lavishly expounded by the author himself. His wish has been to present the simple gospel, innocent alike of dogmatic theology and "higher criticism." This, it seems to us, could have been done more effectively than in three goodly volumes without the reliefs of subdivisions into chapters or parts. And surely, the writer, when he came to the *Widow's Mite*, should not have let himself be enticed into the great questions of philanthropy, — from Foreign Missions down to the Country Holiday Charity. — *A Chorus of Faith*, as heard in the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago, September 10-27, 1893, with an Introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (Unity Publishing Co., Chicago.) To judge from Mr. Jones's Introduction, and from the many pages of extracts from addresses of welcome and farewell which stand at the beginning and end of this volume, there was no dearth of flamboyant oratory in Chicago. The speakers were "strangely moved" with the sense of a "supreme moment" and with many another great thought. The bulk of the book gives brief passages from

many speeches by many types of men on such universal themes as Brotherhood and the Soul. Of course there was harmony, and much prophecy of great good to all the world; and sad enough it is to reflect that within a year Chicago, the very seat of the Parliament, has had its Debs, and the country its session of Congress. It is still very much the same world. — *Papers of the Jewish Women's Congress*, held at Chicago, September 4, 5, 6, and 7, 1893. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) The papers and discussions were almost wholly by women in this congress, and treated historically of Jewish women at different periods, women as wage-workers, Influence of the Jewish Religion in the Home, Mission Work among the Unenlightened Jews, and finally considered How can Nations be Influenced to Protest or even Interfere in Cases of Persecution? where the topic was specifically the current persecution of the Jews in Russia. — *A True Son of Liberty, or, The Man who would not be a Patriot*, by F. P. Williams. (Saalfeld & Fitch, New York.) A somewhat confused attempt at setting off a single-minded adherence to Christ against what the writer appears to think an entirely worldly conception underlying the principles of American nationality. A little more effort at seeing God in history might release him from his very strained attitude. — *The Question of Unity*, edited by Amory H. Bradford. (The Christian Literature Co., New York.) We have already commented on Dr. Shields's remarkable essay on the Historic Episcopate. Dr. Bradford conceived the notion of inviting criticism upon the book from representative leaders of different religious orders. He introduces the collection, and allows Dr. Shields the final word in gathering up the general impressions. They are scarcely more than impressions, for the space given each is limited, and as such they are rather the outcome of general thought than specific studies of the question under consideration. The little book will hardly give impetus to the movement for unity, but it makes a sort of weathercock to show which way the wind is blowing. It veers like most weathercocks, but is reasonably steady.

Books for and about the Young. Twenty Little Maidens, by Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrations by Ida Waugh. (Lippincott.)

Twenty pretty stories with little girls for heroines. They are natural children, and the story-teller has pleasing fancies about them while she is telling the trifling incidents of their adventures. The good taste and refined feeling of the book make it somewhat exceptional, and the simple manner in which the children are shown either helping or being helped marks the wholesomeness of the tales. — The Chronicles of Faeryland, Fantastic Tales for Old and Young, by Fergus Hume. Illustrated by M. Dunlop. (Lippincott.) Mr. Hume uses his inventive power more effectively here than in his grown-up stories, for his skill is in the narrating of adventures without too close regard for their logic or their probability, and these fairy tales are a free handling of the familiar conventions. They have a zest about them which is quite attractive. — No Heroes, by Blanche Willis Howard. (Houghton.) A bright story of generous self-sacrifice in a boy, and so couched in the natural language of boyhood, half formed, fun concealing feeling, and nature concerning herself more with the block than the sculpture, that a manly boy will read it without discomfort, and take to heart a lesson which he might refuse to commit to memory. — The Sunny Days of Youth, a Book for Boys and Young Men, by the Author of How to be Happy Though Married. (Scribners.) The writer, in his accustomed colloquial and informal fashion, gives very sound advice or warning on a great variety of matters relating to both major and minor morals. Even careless or unliterate youth will probably find the book easily readable, as its admonitions are plentifully illustrated by anecdotes, always apposite, and sometimes new, or as good as new.

Textbooks. From Henry Holt & Co. we have four textbooks for French classes, each prepared by an instructor of American youth. The first, except for the type and the publishers' imprint, has an air entirely French, as its title-page will show: *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, par Alcée Fortier, Professeur à l'Université Tulane de la Louisiane. In the language of the works with which it deals, it enumerates and briefly characterizes the principal authors and books in the whole course of the history of France, — "*ce grand pays*," as the writer declares with pardonable zeal,

"*qui s'appela la Gaule de Vercingétorix, et qui est maintenant la France républicaine.*" Of the other books it is necessary only to say that they have been carefully equipped with all devices to aid the learner. Their titles are: *Michel Strogoff*, par Jules Verne, abridged and edited, with Notes, by Edwin Seelye Lewis (Princeton); *Selections from Victor Hugo*, Prose and Verse, edited, with Introduction and Notes, by F. M. Warren (Adelbert College); and *Contes de Daudet* (including *La Belle-Nivernaise*), edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Indices, by A. Guyot Cameron (Yale). — *Livre de Lecture et de Conversation*, by C. Fontaine. (Heath.) A judicious mingling, entirely in French, of simple readings, questions, and drill in the forms of language, especially the verbs. It is the author's belief that the expression of Goethe regarding the Greeks as his favorite writers may well be modified by learners of the French tongue into "*les verbes, les verbes, et toujours les verbes.*" But it is not forgotten, as teachers sometimes forget, that conjugations and language are distinct things; and the writer's practical purpose is to bring them vitally together. — In Heath's Modern Language Series a new number is Genin's *Le Petit Tailleur Bonton*, edited, with Notes, Vocabulary, and Appendices, by W. S. Lyon. The pupil is lifted bodily over every stone in the way. In the same series is Gustav Freytag's *Der Rittmeister von Alt-Rosen*, edited by J. T. Hatfield. The book is judiciously equipped with historical apparatus and a reasonable body of notes. — A somewhat novel venture is *Petite Histoire de la Littérature Française depuis les Origines jusqu'à nos Jours*, par Delphine Duval, Professor of French in Smith College. (Heath.) Here the somewhat dubious introduction of the pupil to the history of literature by means of a manual, illustrated sparingly by examples, at least in verse, is justified by the fact that the pupil is at the same time enjoying practice in the language. — *Old English Ballads*, selected and edited by Francis B. Gummere. (Ginn.) In the interesting and valuable introduction to this well-selected and carefully-edited volume of ballads, Professor Gummere discusses thoroughly the question of their origin. He concludes in favor of a very sensible sort of "communal" authorship. Incidentally, he sug-

gests the deep human interest and meaning of these "survivals of a vanished world of poetry." In doing so, however, he seems to disparage what he inadequately calls the "poetry of the schools." But perhaps this is due only to his effort to gain a wider hearing for that poetry which is distinguished by its lack of personal sentiment and reflection, and by a peculiar charm of spontaneity.

Social Philosophy. The Cosmopolis City Club, by Rev. Washington Gladden. (The Century Co.) Cosmopolis is a city of Utopia, though its club and the doings thereof pertain wholly to our own land. This book,

which readers of the Century Magazine will recall, tells of the talks and achievements of an imaginary group of men who believed with Andrew D. White that "the city governments of the United States are the worst in Christendom,—the most expensive, the most inefficient, and the most corrupt." Believing as they did, these men banded themselves together to improve the affairs of their own city; and this they accomplished, establishing in the end a new and reformed city charter. Though in the form of fiction, the book describes what might perfectly well be, indeed in several cities has been, fact.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

At the Inn of the Bear. It is rather amusing to contrast the Lucerne Schweizerhof or the Roman Quirinal of to-day with a hotel where princes, cardinals, and kings put up two hundred years ago. Even allowing that this has fallen away from its high estate, one can still see that the nineteenth century may well pride itself on increased decency and amenities, not to speak of luxuries; though, to tell the truth, perhaps our forefathers had more luxuries than comforts in life. People who quaffed their wine from filmy old Murano and cups wrought by roistering Benvenuto Cellini were not badly off as to the æsthetics, but any one who will look up the ancient Albergo dell' Orso may have a hint of what their traveling accommodations were.

Leaving behind those modern streets with their most modern titles which give Mr. Augustus Hare such exquisite pain, one still finds a quarter of Rome where the names have a smack of the olden time, and the "Way of the Golden Lily," the alleys "of the Lute" and "the Dove," thrill one with suggestions of a more picturesque age than ours. An Italian author of to-day compares the narrow, dark Via dell' Orso, which leads from the Torre della Scimmia (Hilda's tower) to the Tiber, to the dry bed of a once rapid, rushing river. It was a great artery of the city; now it is a deserted by-way. In ancient times, this being a fashionable quarter, and the Inn of the Bear

attracting all great and distinguished travelers, the hirers of sedan chairs, and later on of coaches and saddle horses, had established themselves in this street. An inferior rival of the Bear, the Inn of the Lion, long ago disappeared, was likewise in this street, kept by the famous beauty Vanozza Cattanei (painted in the Vatican, by Pinturicchio, as the Virgin, with her papal lover at her feet), the mistress of Alexander VI., and the mother of Cæsar and Lucrezia Borgia. In a year of scarcity, she and her second husband, Carlo Canale, were allowed to sell their wine free of the general tax, thereby driving a good traffic in the lower rooms of the Lion.

At the point where the street converges with Via Tor di Nona stands our venerable hostelry. Readers of Marion Crawford will remember that it was at this place Anastase Gouache was thrown down by the prince's carriage. Whether the inn gave its name to the street, or the street to the inn, is lost in the night of time.

It was a brilliantly sunshiny, or, as we who love the old city say, a real *Roman* day, when I hunted out the spot. As I came to it, the end house of Via dell' Orso, I craned my neck up to see what antique traces there might be left, but was rewarded only by an expanse of dull red wall with a narrow moulding at its top. At the front, however, is a big, arched doorway leading into a large vaulted ground room which is used as a

stable, though the old stone columns which support the massive vaulting have a grimy dignity, and are known to date back to great antiquity. Pausing before the door to pencil down the inscription over it —

ARCI CONFRATERN.
B. M. LAVRIETANAE
FURNARI ET
PRO MEDIETATAE

I was joined by a group of sympathetic idlers, who gazed up at the house with new respect, but lent me the larger share of curious attention. On the Tor di Nona side is the present entrance, a small door with a broken lamp overhead lettered "Albergo dell' Orso;" for through the vicissitudes of seven centuries it has been, and remains, an inn. On the second floor, to the left, is a charmingly quaint little arched window with columns and fretwork which, though stuccoed over, preserve their old outlines, like a tiny crest on a visiting-card, to vouch for ancient lineage. From the narrow street door two flights of dingy steps, on opposite sides of the brick-paved entry, lead to a long room, likewise brick-paved, which serves as the hotel office. There a young woman had all the crockery from the chambers set out in startling array, and the whole place seemed a vortex of virtuous attempts to clean up. Expressing my wish to see the rooms in which Dante, Machiavelli, and Montaigne lodged, I was courteously handed over to mine host and his dame, two fat, slatternly people who took great pride in showing their house.

The bedrooms are ludicrously small, reminding one of ship dimensions, and are now papered with very dashing yellows and blues; but, imbedded in the walls of several rooms, mine host showed the ancient stone arches of the loggia which once formed the front of the house. In the wee chamber with the bizarre window, the woman announced triumphantly, "Here it was Dante slept when he came to Rome as ambassador of the *Argentine Republic*," — a slip smartly snubbed by her spouse, who dilated on the antiquity of everything, and said that as there was "not another window like it in the world," it had been copied for the museum in Via Capo le Case. The old houses jutting on the Tiber having been razed to make way for the new embankment, the window commands an extensive view of the tawny river, the Castle of S. Angelo, the bridge,

and the "low hills to westward;" but how was it all when the proud young ambassador came to Pope Boniface, nearly six centuries ago? The gentle poet face, still rounded with hope and tender dreaming, as his friend Giotto painted it, was not hardened into gloomy sternness by bitter exile and the salt flavor of the stranger's bread. On the eve of this fourth embassy, when it was proposed in the Florentine Council that he should go as the head of the deputation, he cried, with a youthful arrogance made pathetic by the irony of after events, "But if I go, who will stay? If I stay, who will go?" And it was during this same Roman stay (protracted, it is said, by the Pope's machinations) that he waked to find himself a proscribed outcast from beloved Florence. Truly, then, if tradition can be trusted, this little room saw the poet's awakening to the stern realities of life and changed fortunes; it was here that Clotho began to twine in the darker threads of a web which was soon to have no bright ones, and the spot is consecrated by a poet's chrism of suffering.

Outside in the ever young sunlight the passing throng is crowding as eagerly over the Ponte S. Angelo as in the jubilee year when Dante saw its double current of humanity. (*Inferno* xviii. 29.)

How a great personality dwarfs all the lesser shades! Machiavelli and Montaigne have grown flimsy and unsubstantial to me, here, in the spell of a greater memory, a more breathing, pulsating life and work. Popes have largely lost their power, the greatness of the bustling Florentine republic is like a tale that is told, but the young generations, feeling the throb of a quick-beating heart, yet cry in sympathetic, loving reverence, "Onorate l'altissimo poeta!"

— Now and again we fail sadly to improve the people we are making it our business in life to improve, by rating them too low. I gave myself conscientiously to amusing a group of street boys with table games for several months before I discovered them to be worthy of much better things. Then the discovery came by the merest accident.

The boys were twelve and thirteen years of age. There were seven of them, and they came to my room once a week. Their ignorance of the commonest facts of country life (I have heard a squirrel called a young monkey) led me one night to show them a

Natural History for Street Boys.

dusty natural-history collection I had made when a very small boy. Instantly it was to them as if they were in a fairy palace. The specimens (mainly insects and birds' eggs) were battered, worm-eaten, and discolored; but my boys' eyes were full of wonder, and reverence was in the touch of their hands. They were touched with a new enthusiasm that boded much good. I saw that I should have to rack my brains no more for amusements; that our meetings were at last to answer a real purpose.

The collection alone, petty as it was, held the attention of the boys for several nights. Then, as it was winter, I tried to tide the precious interest over to spring by planting seeds in sawdust and sand, and getting them to do the same. Early in March, I was able to show tree buds and catkins as trophies of walks in the country, and a little later, live frogs, turtles, and snakes. As soon as bird-nesting time arrived, it was easy to make a striking display every week. On occasional Saturdays I took the boys into the country, and there they became infected with the egg-collecting fever.

"Other things being equal," says good Dr. John Brown, "a boy who goes bird-nesting, and makes a collection of eggs, and knows all their colors and spots, going through the excitements and glories of getting them, and observing everything with a keenness, an intensity, an exactness, and a permanency which only youth and a quick pulse and fresh blood and spirits combined can achieve, — a boy who teaches himself natural history in this way is not only a healthier and happier boy, but is abler in mind and body for entering upon the great game of life, than the pale, nervous, bright-eyed, feverish, 'interesting boy,' with a big head and a small bottom and thin legs, who is the 'captain,' the miracle of the school; *dux* for his brief year or two of glory, and, if he lives, booby for life."

By midsummer the boys had contracted an entomological fever, and late in August I was permitted to spend in the country with them the ten days provided by the Country Week Association. There we made a specialty of raising caterpillars. Thus we entered upon the winter well provided with cocoons and chrysalids. Curiosity regarding the transformation of these guaranteed some sort of continuous interest, but, not daring to trust to this alone, I got a wise

collector to talk about his specimens, with the hope that some time a series of lectures might be possible. I also secured such simple books of ornithology, oölogy, and entomology as would give us significant facts about our own specimens. This textbook study served fairly well so far as the boys were concerned, but I am not a scientist myself, and could put no zest into the work. I knew it could not last, for their enthusiasm, in the long run, was going to depend on mine. I love Thoreau and I love Burroughs and all the rest of the outdoor fraternity. I longed to share my pleasure in them with the boys, but lacked the moral courage to make so risky an experiment. Finally I remembered the charming bird biographies of Olive Thorne Miller, and ventured on them. It was a happy venture. This so far emboldened me that I read them, in quick succession, parts of Bradford Torrey, Bolles, Abbott, Burroughs, and even Thoreau. Of these, Burroughs, I think, was the favorite. That the finer shades of thought or the strictly literary qualities of these writings were apparent to the boys I do not for a moment affirm. Of course I had to choose chapters wisely, and avoid altogether, or simplify, as I read along, unfamiliar words and references; but the salient ideas were taken in, and the fresh out-of-door flavor was appreciated.

This past summer, the study and collecting have gone on very much as in the year before, except that the nature-love is now "inside the skin." This it is that makes me glad. The boys no longer wait for me to take the initiative. They take electric-car rides into the country by themselves, when they can raise dimes. When there are no dimes, they walk out through dismal city streets to such country as is to be found at the end of two or three miles, — tame enough, as most of us know.

These boys are forever past calling every flower a daisy, every bird a robin, every snake a rattlesnake, every insect a bee, and every tree an "ellum," as they did in the beginning. That is something. They have learned to observe; whereas at first they discerned nothing, their young eyes are now sharper than my own.

They have a rudimentary appreciation of the beauties of atmosphere and color. The theory of evolution still puzzles them. "Once, you know, a monkey, he fell asleep,

an' after a long time he woke up an' found he was a man," fairly expresses their understanding of it ; but they have acquired a sense of orderly development (the plant from the seed, the flower from the bud, the butterfly from the worm), and along with this a feeling of reverence for the Power at work in the world about them.

These are small things, perhaps, and these small things may not visibly modify the lives of my boys. But the effort out of which they come may be worth while, notwithstanding.

Those of us who have faith that no good influence, however weak, is vain, as well as those of us who are Wordsworthians enough to believe in the special ethical value of a love of nature, will feel it is really no small thing for the child of a city slum to grow to manhood with such a love within his soul. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." In these hours of rollicking country research are "life and food for future years."

Cuban and Academician. — The first election to the French Academy during the present year took place in February. It brought a writer of sonnets — and of only a single volume at that — into the chair left vacant by the death of Mazade, who was for fifty years the weigher of European politics in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It was a difficult task for newspaper correspondents, who had not followed closely the inner mysteries of recent French literature, to render account of the lucky poet. Edmund Gosse, in the *Contemporary Review*, has finally enlightened English and American readers as to the poetic quality of M. José Maria de Heredia. But who shall succeed in tempering the refreshing legend which the daily press had "grown" about his name ?

The highest point of misinformation was reached, perhaps, by the Paris correspondent of the *London Daily News*, who, I believe, also writes the lively and inaccurate Paris notes for Mr. Labouchère's *Truth*. According to this version of his life, M. de Heredia is a mulatto of Cuba, a former minister of the French state, and has been mixed up with a defunct gambling club of Paris. The last accusation was the consequence of an incorrect reading of names in a recent baccarat scandal ventilated by the French courts. The confusion with M. Severiano de Heredia, the French politician,

is probably due to the fact that Vapereau, in his latest edition of the *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains*, speaks of no other bearing the family name. The epithet "mulatto" was doubtless due to a defective logic working on the statement that the Academy had not actually elected a foreigner to its very French bosom, since the poet is of mixed blood.

In the vivid truth of things, José Maria de Heredia was born in Cuba, of a mother whose grandfather was a member of the parliament of Normandy under the old régime in France. By his father he descends from the proudest blood of the early Spanish *conquistadores*, a fact that has inspired one of his most stirring sonnets, *To the Founder of a City* : —

"Toi qui fondas, orgueil du sang dont je naquis,
Dans la mer Caraïbe une Carthage neuve."

His first literary work, when he was scarcely more than a boy, at the end of his studies in the *École des Chartes*, was a careful edition and translation of some of the chronicles which narrate the great deeds of his ancestors. They have always had the same effect upon his soul that the reading of Chapman's *Homer* had on Keats, making him feel like

... "stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Of course, the Spanish-American Frenchman could never have made the Englishman's mistake of placing Cortez where Balboa stood. But he, too, has traveled to good purpose — and sonnets — "round many western islands,"

"Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold."

His latest addition to the still unwrought literary mine of this American heroic age is a deliciously painstaking translation into French of the memoirs of the "nun Alferez," who, in man's attire, overran all that was then known of America ; playing high, drinking deep, and stabbing to right and left as valiantly as any hero of them all.

In 1870, M. de Heredia wished to enlist in the service of his mother's country ; but, in spite of the fearful need of defenders, his near-sightedness caused his rejection. He did not finally secure his naturalization as a French citizen until the publication of his sonnets, gathered into a small volume, had made the literary sensation of a season

and opened his way to the Academy. The esteem of Les Trophées has not ceased its growth with his election; the little book has now had nearly a score of editions, something long unknown in the annals of French verse.

In the innermost circles of literature, the poetic power of the rich Cuban, living quietly in his house on the Rue de Balzac, and mingling only with chosen spirits, had been known for many years. Taine, with the eye of an historian of art for chiseled forms, whether of things or of thoughts, asked to learn prosody of him. Among the poet's treasures is the manuscript wherein Taine wrote out those playful sonnets on the Cat which were somehow published after the philosopher's death, to the dismay of his widow. On the first leaf is the flattering dedication: "Offered to José Maria de Heredia, lapidary in diamonds and fine pearls, by a worker in paste, his admirer and his pupil, H. Taine. December, 1883." It was at the instance of François Coppée that the poet collected his sonnets for publication; and MM. de Vogüé and d'Haussonville, backed by the Parnassian poet Leconte de Lisle, whose methods he has followed, made him decide to become a candidate for the Academy. Taine's chair was now vacant; but a talk with his friend Zola, who preferred that his own chronic candidature should bear on the place of the philosopher whom he claimed to follow, — and who still keeps him from the Academy, — led to the election as it finally came about.

The special power of the poet's pen, comparable to the goldsmith's steel, has its parallel in the conversation which has made him a welcome guest at the banquets of the chosen few. Among the notes of the painter, Joseph de Nittis, there is a gruesome instance. Heredia was recounting a surgical operation in cruel detail. "*Diable de Heredia!*" said Goncourt, "he goes about the butchery as he does about a sonnet." "Naturally!" retorted the poet. "I have the old blood of an Inquisitor in my veins." The painter remarks that he was feeling uneasy himself, when one of the party fell over on the table. The archaeologist and art critic, Fourcaud, had fainted before the poet's vision of reality. A more pleasant detail is that the grace of his faultless verse has been inherited by his daughter Blanche, who has already published her *Premiers Vers*.

Two Encounters. — One sunny morning I was lazily sauntering along the narrow

Campus Martius, where the Romans of today do a large part of their shopping. It was spring, a time when the feminine "fancy lightly turns to thoughts" of ribbons and laces, and my attention was absorbed by the beguiling contents of a small window. I was lost in contemplation of a delicious green silk, when all at once I felt the passers-by press closely against me, and a swift intuition said within me, "Your purse!" I delved my hand into my pocket. Intuition was right. The portemonnaie was gone. I looked up and down the street, and singled out, a little ahead, two youths whose voices I had heard by my side a few seconds before. I dashed after them, and came alongside just as they were about to turn a corner.

"Excuse me!" I exclaimed breathlessly; and as I spoke they turned with courtesy. One was a shabby-looking fellow of about eighteen, the other a neatly-dressed school-boy. "Excuse me, but just at this moment I have lost my purse," said I, and then paused anxiously.

Their faces filled with kind sympathy.

"Ah, really," replied they, and waited for me to go on.

"It was just as you brushed past me that I missed it," I continued, with a throb of fear lest I should receive a blast of young impudence in return for the implication.

"Oh, do you suspect us?" they asked, with a certain air of surprise; and the younger lad added, with a smile of indulgent amusement, "Why, I am the son of a lieutenant!"

I colored hotly, and it flashed into my mind that perhaps I had dropped the purse in that last shop where I bought my gloves; but I fancied I saw a faint twitching of the younger boy's face, and I was loath to abandon even this faint clue, so I went on, without giving myself time to think: —

"Well, you must pardon me, but I *do*. I missed it just as you passed. Pray excuse my rudeness. I know I am offering you an insult. Please forgive me. But in the moment of losing money it is one's instinct to try to recover it." I paused again helplessly.

"Why, of course," said they sympathetically; and then, as an inspiration, "Would you like to search us? Perhaps you would feel better satisfied."

I hesitated. Practically I knew the search would be a farce, but I was vaguely unwilling to give them up.

"Pardon me," said I sheepishly, "but I should."

"Well," responded the elder of the two, "it is all right. Do not worry. We want you to be quite satisfied, and we can just step into a doorway. It would not be pleasant to do it in the street, as it might attract attention."

Dreading a street crowd more nervously than they could, I agreed to the discreet proposal, and we trotted along amicably side by side, I feeling that I was on a fool's errand. They turned into a narrow back street, and indicated a small passage leading to a cheap restaurant, which gave me somehow an unpleasant sensation of yellow-paper novels, and made me inclined to back out of the whole thing, and determined to get rid of them as soon as possible. However, we stepped into the dark corridor. A gentleman passing at the moment gave our trio a surprised, curious glance. When he was gone, the "lieutenant's son" turned out his pockets, ostentatiously shook his handkerchief, and begged me to "feel" so as to be quite assured. Of course that was impossible. The quest was over. I thanked them meekly, and apologized humbly for my suspicion, to which they responded that it was all right, not to trouble, they only wished me to be quite satisfied, they did not mind at all, pray not to think of it again. They touched their hats respectfully and took their leave.

For some occult reason that expression "pray do not think of it again" seized my attention, and I felt a sudden reaction from my humility. "Not think of it again." After all, my purse was *gone*. They were almost too polite. Honesty would have been more brusque. "If I lose track of them, I can do nothing more. I will see if they go to a suspicious place."

I tripped nimbly after my quondam companions. They perceived me following, and the elder turned, with a shade of righteous indignation, and the question, "Are you not satisfied?"

"No," said I boldly, "I am not."

"Would you like to search us again?" queried he. "We told you to look for yourself."

"No," I returned, "a lady could not ex-

amine you;" and then, with sudden conviction, "I want you to go with me to a policeman."

(In parenthesis be it said that this was a stray shot, for I had not seen a policeman during the morning, and had no idea I should see one.)

It was their turn to be aggressive.

"I could prosecute you for such a proposition," quoth the "lieutenant's son;" and I had a vague feeling that he could, but I suddenly felt I would brave it out.

"Well," said I, "give me back my purse quietly, and we will say no more about it."

"Give you your purse! How can I give you what I have never had? You shall have my father's address, and then you can satisfy yourself about me."

"How should I know it was your real address?"

At this the elder nodded with ready perception of the point, and ejaculated in friendly fashion, "*Ha ragione!*"

"Let us go to a guard," said I again.

"What will my home people say to me if I get mixed up with the police?"

This was a reasonable Italian point of view, but an idea occurred to me, and I said, "A person who has not taken anything does not mind going to the police. I have not stolen, and I should not mind being examined by the guard." (I fear this was a circumstantial fib.) "If you have not taken anything, you will not object, either. In five minutes he will see you have nothing, it is all over, and you go on your way."

They hesitated.

"We go to the police at once," repeated I.

To my amazement, the "lieutenant's son" drew from the waist of his trousers my shabby black purse and laid it in my hand. Too astonished to upbraid him, never having realized that he truly had it, I thanked him with meek gratitude, as though it were a gift out of pure bounty. The older fellow laid his finger on his lip, and my two pickpockets vanished like a snow-wreath; whereupon I waked up from my stupor of surprise to regret I had not had the presence of mind to moralize a little bit or to have them arrested.

Later that same season I was in the Swiss mountains, and one morning I started off for a long ramble up in the pine woods. It was very enticing. The smooth white paths and lofty aisles with patches of blue sky

between seemed to invite one on indefinitely, and I wandered along, absorbed in the day dreams which piny smells stimulate and foster. At last I started homewards, but after making several turns I found that some of them must have been wrong, and that I had got quite out of the right way. It is easy to lose one's bearings in a pine forest where every tree symmetrically resembles every other. I twisted and turned vainly, and, in despair, struck aside from the bewildering labyrinth to find myself in a clayey stream, down a deep ravine. Clambering out on the other side, with muddy feet and clogged ideas as to the points of the compass, I was relieved to see daylight through the trees, and, soon after, to come out on the greenest meadow in the world, sloping away in a velvety expanse to the foot of the hill, where a farmhouse and a generous barn proclaimed human beings. My spirit rose with the thought that in ten minutes I could skip down the vast emerald field, find out whether I must turn to the right or the left, and perhaps after all reach home in time for the lunch which was beginning to seem very attractive. As I went on, rejoicing, I noticed that, from closely cut grass, I was coming to a part which had not yet been mown, and I had a swift consciousness that I should not be there.

I stooped to pick two big azure forget-me-nots, and as I raised my eyes I perceived a peasant woman at the foot of the field talking violently. With a virtuous desire not to walk over the grass any more than possible, I cried to her to know which direction I must take to reach a path to the Pension S—. The volley of words I received in return gave me no information, but convinced me that I was a trespasser being terrorized. Again I called to her to know which was the shortest way out of the great grassy expanse, and this time her flood of language

was fairly virulent. I had no idea that Swiss German could express such maddened abuse.

We were getting nearer each other now. No insult seemed too outrageous, and the flow was not at all stemmed by my apologetic explanation that I had got lost; that, being a stranger, I did not know which way to take; that I was very sorry, and wanted to get out of her field as soon as I could. Perfectly absorbed by the buzz of her own anger, she heard nothing.

"Sorry, indeed! * * * [Stars stand for bad words.] Just let the master catch you! * * * Get out, you hussy! * * * Get out! * * * You wait until I come to you! * * * I'll put you out by the shoulders!"

As I could extract no guidance from her, and every bewildered step I took seemed to infuriate her the more, while her words were emphasized by the barking of a big, angry dog who was straining wildly to get at me, it occurred to me that if I let her drive me out she would probably do it in the direction of some road or path. I therefore walked to meet her, saying gently, "Please tell me which way you want me to go."

Angrier than ever, she threw up her arms, headed me off as though I had been a naughty, errant cow, and then took me by the shoulders fairly to shove me out of the domain. I yielded to the pressure, allowing the torrent of bad words to flow freely over my head. My conjecture proved correct. She propelled me past dog and house, so that, a few moments later, while the angry echo of the virago's voice still vibrated on the midday air, I stood safely on the highroad in a tremor of suppressed nervousness and amusement at this violent ejection. In a flash came the thought, "Oh for the stern fidelity of a Swiss maid-servant and—the manners of a Roman pick-pocket!"